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LESSONS OF MIDDLE AGE

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF VARIOUS CITIES
AND MEN

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON"

*Andrew Kennedy
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"Boyd"*

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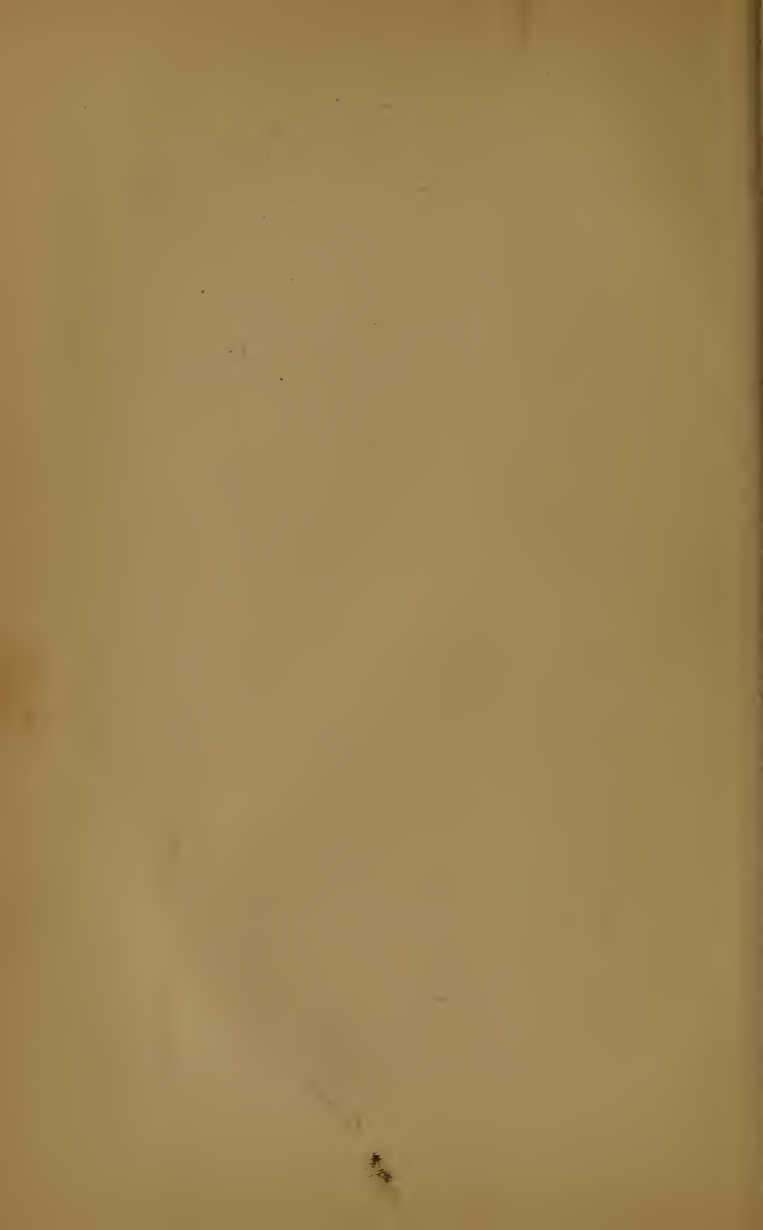
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CHAPTER I.

OF AN ANCIENT CITY.

HAS it happened in the reader's experience, that there was some place which used to have for him a sort of mystic charm and fascination about it? It was not like other places: it was "an unsubstantial, fairy place:" like the Vale of Avalon, like the Alhambra at Granada, like the Mosque of St Sophia; like Mecca or Damascus to the man who has never been there. You remember the curious feeling that arose in you when you first saw that place. And how strange a thing it seemed, if it was appointed to you to grow familiar with it! Perhaps the mystic charm vanished, when you came to know it better; as the divinity that hedges a prince ceases to invest him to the view of his familiar friends. Perhaps the peculiar fascination was felt more and more deeply, as time went on: no familiarity having power to exorcise the genius of the place.

It has happened to the present writer, that after having had his home and work in various scenes and atmospheres, he has at length been appointed to abide in a place which from his early years has had to him that mystic charm.

And to very many besides him this place is in like manner transfigured. It is a gray old city of six thousand inhabitants and of more than a thousand years; not without its share of toil, worry, and gossip; but through all the prosaic details of modern life and care, there comes a solemn undertone from past centuries; as over the laugh of the lads gathered in the evening at the street corners, and the rattle of omnibus wheels running down to the railway station, there may be heard by such as listen for it the deep murmur of the surrounding sea. It is a city of solemn ruins and ivied walls; of innumerable ancient remembrances, tragical and pleasant; once of fiery storms and strifes, of heroic courage and martyr endurance, but now of academic quiet; of scarlet gowns and black caps; of dear associations in the mind of many a country clergyman, looking back through the softening haze of years on the season of his college life. Thus was it first shown to the writer. It was here his father studied: and that good man, though he lived to near fourscore, never saw it again after his student life was ended. Providence set him far away from it; and he ever spoke of it as a kind good man would speak of the abode (long unseen) of some of his most hopeful years. What talks have I listened to, ever since I can remember, between men with gray heads, looking back with a fond enthusiasm on this home of their departed days! It was a memorable hour, in which I first beheld the spires and colleges of the quaint and ancient city. And thus beholding it, did not the thought strongly press itself on the writer's mind, that if the

opportunity ever came of finding his home and duty here, that opportunity would be impossible to be resisted? In all the land, it seemed as though this were his appointed place, where he could be at home as in no other.

At length the day came when the cure of this city and parish became vacant by the sudden death of a certain great preacher and accomplished man; and the greatest honour that ever befell the writer in his lifetime came to him when he was thought worthy in some humble degree to take that eminent person's vacant place. The evening came whereon the writer was informed that two gentlemen were in his study desiring to see him; and entering to them, without the faintest thought of who they were or what was their errand, he found he had come, as we often do thus unexpectedly, to a great turning-point in his life. One face was familiar; the other was unknown: but the purpose of that visit was speedily made apparent. The writer had formed ties elsewhere, hard to break; but, after a little time of great doubt and perplexity, he was led to a decision never for a moment regretted; and so he came here. It is two years ago: two years exactly, since he came; yet, though now knowing everybody, knowing all about the place, knowing thoroughly its life, its ways, its tendencies, the mystic glory has not gone from it at all. It is still as strange as ever to think his home and charge are in the sacred city, which bears the first-called apostle's name. It is a gray old place indeed; and when you look along the chief street, looking towards the east, by winter moonlight or in summer

sunshine, its aspect is dreamy as that of no other place the writer knows in this hard-working country of liberal politics and literal sentiment. In these days the autumn fields round it are yellow with harvest; and at sunset, the level September sun falls brightly on the recent houses of light-coloured freestone, and on the dark masses of the ancient ruins and spires. If you had walked out two miles to the west this afternoon, over a track of velvety turf leading through sandy downs beside the sea, and then turned and looked back on the scene glowing in the sunset, you would have thought involuntarily of the imagery of the Apocalypse. For there indeed was a Golden City, bounded by a sea of glass mingled with fire.

Yet you come to it by a railway, as though it were an ordinary place: a curious railway of a single line of rails. *That* is its usual communication with the outer world. Our little railway turns off from the main line six miles away: coming first through rich fields, lacking trees and hedges, but great in their agricultural value; winding down to the bank of a little river, which the flowing tide makes a large one; crossing it by a wooden bridge set alongside a stone one centuries old, which will doubtless see the end of a good many wooden bridges: then skirting a broad lagoon, beautiful at high water, dreary at low; then passing through sandhills and downs, till you come to a little wooden station of inexpressible shabbiness. There omnibusses wait: just like other omnibusses. They will convey you and your baggage where you will; tra-

versing various streets and pausing at various doors ere they reach that which is your destination.

This is again a bright sunshiny day, but with the crisp air of the latter half of September. If you had gone forth at eight in the morning, you would have been aware of that peculiar quality in the still atmosphere which one associates with ripened harvest fields silently waiting the sickle, or with the yellow stubble environed by trees and hedges still green. Pleasant are the pictures recalled by that quiet autumnal air; bracing is its effect on body and mind. And if you had scrambled down a steep bank, and from the side of a jutting rock entered the clear ocean, you would have been effectually wakened up, and have returned with active step to the work of the day. Though this be the season of universal holiday-time, we are all at home. For the calls of duty so tie the writer that he cannot get away; on Sundays his presence is needful. And the household is the more reconciled to abide in this place, by the reflection that truly there is no better place to go to in these weeks of autumn. But it is holiday-time with the children; lessons are all forgot. And although it is an end hard of attainment in one's own parish, the writer is intermitting his work as much as may be; and trying to cast off all thought of the regular round of duty. The Sunday comes, and he must preach to a great congregation; mainly of strange faces. Most of the inhabitants are gone for the time; but instead of leaving behind them an empty church, whence the clergyman may likewise be absent, (as was the pleasant fashion

in another city, left behind,) they leave their places to be filled up by manifold visitors. For this ancient city, of gray walls and green ivy, of stern rocks, broad sands, and wide sea, has become so much the autumnal resort of people from other places, that only the other day the writer had the mortification of reading an advertisement wherein it was described as "this rising and fashionable watering-place." Surely a sore degradation of the solemn University-seat and Cathedral city of fifteen hundred years !

But kings and queens come no more ; and archbishops and princes are gone. The stirring days of this city's history are fled ; and such days are not likely to return. We have our University still, not without its famous names ; and from amid the ruins and ivy, the world both of science and of theology has heard the utterance of the most advanced thinking of the day. But the Cathedral church is a ruin ; though a lovely ruin even in its stern desolation ; and all the Cathedral staff has been long since swept away. The country, as Dr Samuel Johnson said, is "sunk into Presbyterianism." The stately services, the long processions, the gorgeously arrayed dignitaries of Roman days, have wholly disappeared. I do not believe that such a thing as a cope or chasuble exists where there used to be so many. No censer has swung here, neither has any brave witness for the truth been here burnt at the stake, for hundreds of years. Bitterly bad the ancient church must have been in Scotland, to have been so utterly cast down and cast out ; to have driven a whole

nation into the very extremity of the opposite extreme from it. And the extremity was extreme. Hideous have our churches been; irreverent beyond expression our rural congregations; from the days of the Reformation till within a very few years of the present time. Anything in any way associated with the old worship and government, however good in itself, has been summarily rejected by many. I have known good Christian folk who utterly repudiated a sentiment so harmless, and indeed so praiseworthy, as "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." Not but these words expressed the feeling that was in their hearts; but they would rather that feeling had been expressed in some other way. Yes: as for ecclesiastical pomp, there remains not here even the palest shadow of the ancient way. The ancient way has been wiped out for ever. Would that what in it was beautiful and right had been spared: the magnificent church, the noble organ, the voices audibly blended in common supplication, the uncovered head in the sacred precinct, the knee bent in prayer! Even the mediæval houses, mostly of wood, are gone; only three dwellings in the city date from pre-Reformation days. The moral atmosphere is entirely changed since the days of the city's glory; and even of material features, not much remains the same, unless the rocks, the sea, the sky. Doubtless that broad blue expanse on which I have just looked, ceaselessly fluctuating; the low hills across the bay, fourteen miles off; and the long stretches of light yellow sand; look to me, in this clear September sunshine, as they did five

hundred years since to the cardinals and kings who gave this place its splendour; as they did two thousand years since to the savages that here chased the wild boar.

It is an evil, inherent in the present order of things, that there is no standing still. When you have got all your belongings as you would wish to have them, it is sad that they will not remain so. Your carpets wear out, and the morocco of your chairs: year by year your books get shabbier; and even if you can afford to bind the friendly volumes, you obliterate the old familiar faces, thus doing. Worst of all, your children grow older, and you have lost the little boy or girl of former years. It is all well, what you have got, in the confirmed vigour of body and mind; but still something is lost, something that was very dear. And your own feeling towards most things changes: thus comes that change within which makes the greatest change on things without. We grow accustomed to things; they cannot strike us now as they strike a stranger. Would that things would keep their first fresh feeling and racy enjoyableness! But it goes off; and doubtless the edge of what is painful grows blunted as well as the edge of what is pleasant. *These* are the latter years: this is the time you used vaguely to look forward to, long ago. On the whole, they are the best days you have ever seen: thankfully does the writer acknowledge *that* for himself. Yet he has got on so far, that the haze of beauty is gathering round the past. And from this better time he looks back with a special interest on the days when he was a

country parson, wandering much in leafy lanes, sitting much beneath the shade of great green trees. O the magnificent beeches and gnarled oaks, now far away! For the trees here are few. People have got so much into the way of saying that the keen sea air would kill them, that they have not planted them: though they grow beautifully where they have the chance. In the quadrangle of that college which I see when I look up from my writing, there are two fine elms of graceful form; and where two elms grow, how much more would two hundred? But, not having been planted, of course they do not grow; and it is to be confessed that the country immediately surrounding the ancient place, is not without a certain aspect of bleakness. There are trees, indeed, and well-grown ones: it was a slanderous tongue that told Dr Johnson that there was just one tree in the city and another about ten miles off; but there are not trees enough to give the region that warm and rich shade which makes the glory of many other places. In its grandest days there never could have been here the beautiful close, with its rich foliage, which you may see round certain Anglican cathedrals. The archiepiscopal palace here was a fortified castle, frowning sternly on a bare cliff rising from a lonely sea: able to stand a siege, as it had to do now and then. And the cathedral, great in size and severe in the beauty of undecorated Gothic, stood boldly forth, on its rocky foundation, to the northeaster fresh from the German foam. A keen and sharp air must have been felt, on many days, even by such as

paced the cloisters; and the Gregorian music of matins and vespers must often have been blended with the roar of foaming waves.

Wherein, then, lies the charm of the ancient city? Well, it is hard to say. Doubtless it is there, and you feel it; but it exhales, it vanishes, it is gone, when you try to analyse it. It is not the beauty of the surrounding country. For though the wide sea is grand, and the broad sands unrivalled, yet the inland landscape is comparatively featureless; featureless by comparison in a country whose features are in many places so beautiful, in some so sublime. It is an undulating landscape that stretches around, bare of hedges, bare of trees; nor are the hills high enough to be heathery. There are wide prospects in all directions: the eye grows accustomed here to look at vast stretches of view. There are real mountains to be seen in the distance, if you look across the bay: and turning to the east, there is nothing to break the expanse of water till you get to Denmark. But close around the city, there are no great avenues of green shade, making twilight on the bright summer day; and though there are two little streams, there is nothing nearer than several miles that deserves to be called a river. There are no hedge-rows, fragrant with honeysuckle and wild roses; the blossoming hawthorn does not perfume the air of June. It is an austere beauty that is here resent; and the sea is the great thing after all: with blue waves in sunshine, and black waves in storm. The charm is mainly in antiquity; in the gray age of the look

the place takes, when you see it in the light of its old associations; in its academic tone; in its monastic quiet; and, to some degree, in making believe very much. For if you be one of those to whom the days spent in a visit to an English cathedral city are a perpetual feast; who gloat over the old houses of wood; who pervade every nook of the close; who are aware of a sanctity thrown over all the scene, from the vast house of prayer, with its gigantic towers, its solemn bells, its long aisles, its ancient oak, its windows like the Northern sunset, its white-robed train, its sublime music; to whom anything Gothic has a charm unspeakable; and if it be appointed to you to live in a country where there are no cathedrals and no ecclesiastical pomp, but where the sense of beauty is outraged by ninety-nine churches in every hundred, and where you are surrounded by good folk most of whom cannot even understand how some natures crave for the beautiful in architecture and are revolted by the hideous; then here alone in that country have you some faint echo of the thing you rejoice to see. And if you be one who delight in pacing academic courts, with their flavour of antique learning and hopeful youthfulness together; if Oxford be in your memory a glorious vision of tower, spire, quadrangle, and grove; and if even the less charming town by the Cam, with its canal-like river and its magnificent avenues behind the colleges, be cherished in remembrance; then here you have some shadow, befitting a poorer kingdom, of the like learned haunts. Here are various collegiate quadrangles, all of them Gothic, one

of them cloistered, wherein one may walk up and down and mildly rejoice; here you may pass under ancient archways, where the learned and the heroic have gone before you. Here you may look upon the graceful leaf-like form of the pointed window; and come after much instruction to know by example what is meant by Byzantine architecture, what by Norman, what by Early English, what by Decorated, what by Perpendicular. Simple and humble are some instances of these; very grand some others; but if you had lived in places where for months you never saw a pointed arch, nor indeed a round one unless in a bridge, you would know how to value all these things. The love of Gothic art, starved elsewhere in this country, here finds some food: in what you may esteem a humbler Canterbury and Oxford both in one.

Such is the scene from which the writer sends forth this volume of essays. Several others have gone before it; and this, he may say with some confidence, is the last. There is little time now, for the production of such pages: though they have found many readers and gained many friends. And the writer has insensibly drifted away from that stage in which to write these essays was natural and pleasant. Graver duties await him, fitted for grave middle-age; nor is he without the hope that, ceasing from these pages, he may, by abundant labour, be able to produce some work of such weighty thought and deep insight as no human being shall ever care to read.

CHAPTER II.

CONCERNING TEN YEARS : WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THINGS LEARNED IN THEM.

THIS afternoon, I went and saw several sick persons, rich and poor, whom it was my duty to go and see. Some of them dwell in very handsome houses ; some in very poor little cottages. It is pleasant, when one has to visit sick folk who are poor, to find that it is not necessary (as it often is in towns) to climb long and unsavoury stairs, but that the humble friends to be visited abide in real quaint country cottages, which the advancing city has yet spared. Pleasant to me is the little bit of grass in front, and the old untended hedge of thorn ; pleasant the lowly dwelling of one story, with its weather-stained walls and its roof of red tiles ; pleasant its homely interior, that carries one's thoughts back to a certain country parish long unseen. Capriciously, the advancing tide of building here and there spares such a place ; in a little while to be engulfed by the great stone and mortar sea.

In such a place, this afternoon, an aged grandmother told me an instance of the extraordinary precocity and

understanding of a little grandson, who stood casting bashful yet wistful looks at the visitor from beneath a great mass of uncombed hair. Each Sunday that little man attends divine service at a certain church, concerning which I desire to say, that if any intelligent reader chooses to send me ten thousand pounds, or even five thousand, to expend on the beautifying of it, the wish of that intelligent reader shall be faithfully and lovingly carried into execution. On returning from church on a forenoon on which it happened that the present writer did not preach, that fine little man with the great head of hair has been known to use such words as the following: "We hadna our ain minister the day: it was anither man that preached." I listened to the good old grandmother, relating these facts, with the reverence and interest with which, for many reasons, I always listen to anything told concerning little children by those most nearly related to them, who cannot have much of life to come. It is a contrast that never ceases to touch, and that is always most suggestive, childhood and age side by side: the little feet that may have so many weary steps before them, and the aged ones whose long rest must be near. I suppose the lines you may read here are very commonplace, and I don't know who wrote them; but I read them in a newspaper ten years ago, and I cannot forget them, though I have forgot all the rest of the poem:—

They lie upon my pathway bleak,
These flowers that once grew wild,

As on a father's careworn cheek
The ringlets of his child :
The golden mingled with the gray,
And chasing half its gloom away.

But besides the general consideration which would have made the important narrative interesting, it had chanced that on the same day an analogous history had been related to me in a very different scene. In a very handsome drawing-room, not very far away from the little red-tiled cottage, a young mother had bewailed to me the increase of slang, even among the very young : adding as an instance the following information. Her son, aged five, and her daughter, aged eight, had a little quarrel. The daughter desired to make it up again : the boy was obdurate in the sense of ill-usage. On which the little girl said persuasively, holding out a friendly hand, " Come, Frank, and extend the flapper of friendship ! " And the little boy was instantly melted and won by so touching an appeal to his better feelings.

If the metaphysical reader is under the impression that these incidents are related with the design of enforcing or illustrating any principle, all that need be said is that the metaphysical reader is very far mistaken. The writer is slowly but surely approaching his proper subject, by a path which, though apparently devious, is in truth straight as an arrow. These brief narratives are to be esteemed in the light of a rapid glance to right and another to left as he proceeds ; but their relation to the matter to be discussed at great length in the following pages is one

which it would take too much time to set forth satisfactorily. And, that it may not be set forth in an unsatisfactory manner, I have been led, after much reflection, to resolve not to set it forth at all.

Having seen various sick persons till about five o'clock, I then ceased from that interesting but sometimes very trying duty ; and proceeded to take a short rapid walk in the waning light. It was a frosty afternoon, one of the earliest of November : the air was crisp, and all the western sky was red : ruddy was the glow cast on the windows of that suburban lane, and upon the faces of the passers-by. Certain circumstances, not of general importance, made the writer's thoughts turn upon that great, familiar, and unutterably touching matter, of the lapse of time. Never again, after to-morrow's sun has risen, will he be able to call himself the same number of years old that to-night he still may. But the special thought suggested was this, How differently different people take the lapse of time, and bear their years. There were many trees, small and great, by the sides of that suburban way. And what struck one was this. Some had their leaves quite green, even to-day, when most leaves are crisp and sere, and when many have fallen. And beholding a quite green tree, thick with leaves, and a bare withered tree of the same species, side by side, one could not help thinking, Now that tree is like Smith, and that other like Brown. Brown is withered ; Smith is green. Each is of the other's age in fact ; but how different in appearance ; and yet more in

feeling. Yet the fact doubtless is, that though Smith and Brown belong to the genus human being, and to the species clergyman, they differ constitutionally and essentially. They differ, even as that tall acacia, with its drooping leaves, green as in June, differs from that russet-beech that shows a ragged bulk against the sky, and that has strewn this pathway deep with rustling leaves. Yes, there are not many things in which people differ more from one another, than in the fashion in which they take the lapse of time.

There are folk who begin to feel as though winter had come, early in September. There are those who, at that month's middle, or even its end, think that it is almost summer still. I have been told by a lady who began early to feel as if old, how once, when some one had spoken of her as young, she interrupted that person, and (in all good faith) exclaimed, "Oh, no; you don't know how old I am: I am nearly a quarter of a century!" Of course that was a solemn way of putting the case; *a quarter of a century* sounds as though it denoted quite a different number from *five-and-twenty*. We do not now esteem the age thus gravely denoted as a venerable one; but probably many readers can remember a time when they thought four-and-twenty (for something was lacking of the quarter of a century) very old. For young or old is a matter relative to your position. My friend Smith, who is a clergyman, related to me that when he came to be thirty-eight, he esteemed himself as very old indeed. But a sudden change was wrought in his feeling by the fact,

that a certain famous University made him, at that age, a Doctor of Divinity. This circumstance, which might have tended to number him (in his own judgment as well as in the judgment of others) among the grave and reverend seniors of his profession, had just the opposite effect. For, as he said with great force of reason, "Though I am old for a human being, I am young for a Doctor of Divinity!" And if a man be enabled to think himself young *quoad hoc*, he will readily proceed to think himself young *simpliciter*.

And now, my friend, you and I are going to look back from this calm and mild November evening, over ten years. We are going to compare our experience of that time, and of what it has left behind it.

There is a part of our life, in which ten years teach us more than we shall learn (if we see them) in the next thirty, not to say forty. It may be pleasant, and not quite unprofitable, to sum the gains of that time in the matter of knowledge acquired. You do not expect, or wish me, indeed, to name the greatest lessons those ten years past to-night have left behind them; or the most vital influences they have exerted. This is not the time or place. Yet we can think of some not unfit to be mentioned here.

How do you think and feel about Money, middle-aged reader, as compared with the way in which you thought and felt about it ten years ago?

Most readers of the English language remember little Paul Dombey's question, What is Money? They remember likewise how his father vainly tried to give that thoughtful little man an answer which might satisfy him. But there is nothing which more effectually delivers us from all speculative difficulties than the want of money; and any human being who would be too thankful if he could be assured he would always be able to pay his way, will generally be quite content with the definition of money as pounds, shillings, and pence. We all know the small round things which people are so anxious to get, and which can get their possessors so much. We know, likewise, the crisp, rustling, clean bits of thin paper which in England represent gold and silver; and some readers probably know the dirty, sticky, and occasionally ragged squares of vegetable tissue which in Scotland do the like. Then the great question of greenbacks suggests itself to the perplexed mind; and a vision, indistinct and far-extending, of the many odd materials which in different portions of the earth serve as a circulating medium. But into such matters we shall not be tempted aside; and more need not be said, than that we all know what is meant by money.

It is all very well for Dr Newman, who never knew in all his life what it was to be unable to pay his baker, or to buy shoes for his children, to be rent asunder by such matters as the establishment of the Jerusalem bishopric: or even to bring himself to daily doubt whether in this world there be anything except himself—perhaps

not that. But a poor clergyman with six children, an ailing wife, and a hundred and fifty pounds a year, feels these things not at all. "The hound that is chasing the game," says the Spanish proverb, "does not feel the fleas." And one good that comes of the want of money is, that it keeps us from feeling the want of certain other things. Fanciful wants are real to the man who has every real want supplied and anticipated. It was a Duke, with limitless estates, and who could command everything in this world that wealth and rank can obtain, who arrived at the condition of mind in which his earnest desire was, the Thames at Richmond should run dry. "Oh, that weary river, always running, running, and I so tired of it!" You might gradually bring any human being to *that*, by thoroughly supplying each successive want he felt. And on the other side, by cutting off the supply of the simplest wants, you might have made the Duke content, for the while, with very little. Wreck his yacht off some savage coast : half drown him : let him struggle to shore with life pretty nearly extinct : then pick him up and take care of him. And in half-an-hour, how thankful the man that wanted the Thames to cease running, or that cried for the moon, will be for a dry blanket and a tumbler of hot grog !

Not for long, of course. No human being will be content for long. We all want something more. *You* want something more, my friendly reader. I wish you may get it. I want something more too. I want that ten thousand pounds already named. Don't you wish I may get it ?

These things, however, although important and interesting in a high degree, ought to come in later in this discussion. I write of money. Not that I am going to set forth its praises. That is sufficiently done in all books of Political Economy. These works, for the most part, leave us with the impression that to increase in material wealth is a nation's great end. A very venerable authority has informed us that the love of money is the root of all evil. Doubtless that is so. We have all seen many things that make it plain. And yet, the moderate desire to get money is the root of much good. Why does the London cabman turn out on a drenching rainy day, and (himself exposed to the elements) convey you in luxury, seated on the greasy plush, and with your feet in the musty straw, whither you would? It cannot be because he loves you so much; for he never beheld you before. No; it is the sixpence a mile. And to him the accumulating sixpences mean food and shelter: his cup of tea, his jug of beer. The like simple principle prevails in all other cases. People take trouble to serve you because you pay them for it.

There are many people who would do almost anything for money. I speak of people who maintain a reputable character. There are too many who would get money by any means whatever; who, to that end, would cut a throat, would swindle a poor wretch out of his last shilling, would forge a will, would marry an infamous woman. But of these last I am not thinking now. I think of people who go to church and the like, and think themselves extremely

good and respectable. I have known one or two farmers, paying a rent of a good many hundreds a year, who would tell you a lie to get half-a-crown by it. I have known, too, many persons, in a humbler rank, whom it would have been very unsafe to trust with untold copper. And there are respectable households where the pervading atmosphere keeps ceaselessly though silently saying, "Get money; rightly if you can; but get money." *You* have not come to that, my reader: but perhaps you may be willing to confess that ten years' experience has made you stand a good deal in awe of money. You have seen what it can do: you have seen what the want of it can do. How much evil, what misery and destitution, what sin and ruin, every clergyman in a large town parish has seen come of the want of money! Let it be said, that the utter want of it is in most cases the consequence of sin, as well as the cause of sin and misery: but, sad to say, the consequence often falls on those who have nothing to do with the cause. Here let me say that if you had seen and known what I have seen and known, you would wish to see the boasted liberty of the British subject sharply interfered with in two not uncommon cases. When the father of a family of poor little children is a skilled workman, who could maintain them, and maintain himself, in comfort and respectability if he chose to work steadily: and when he does not choose to work steadily, but earns enough to keep himself generally drunk, leaving his wife and children to starve by cold and hunger; I don't hesitate to say that I wish that man was treated as Virginian

slaves used to be, and made to work under the lash to earn that which may support those he is bound to maintain. A man who does not know how to use freedom has no right to it. After a certain length of time of such accursed heartlessness and cruelty and selfishness as I have known, let that man's liberty be forfeited; let him be taken and made to labour as a slave in public charge; and let what he earns be applied to support his wife and children. It would be a mercy to himself: but the truth is, I don't care a straw for himself. Charitable people are placed in a cruel dilemma by such cases. If you support the poor hungry children, you are just encouraging their blackguard father to go on in his evil ways. And on the other hand, you cannot let them perish: you will not willingly let them suffer. My other case in which a righteous interference with personal liberty is demanded, is that of poor creatures who have acquired an invincible habit of drunkenness. After a while, they *cannot* retrieve themselves and reform. In their sober moments, they speak as reasonably as mortal can of the insanity which possesses them: they tell you truly that they cannot help it. The sight of a whisky-shop or a gin-palace is to such an overwhelming temptation. As regards drinking, their case is hopeless as was Sir Walter Scott's as regarded writing. When that great man knew it was killing him to write, he could not cease. You remember his sad comparison. "Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and say, 'Now, don't boil!'" Now, such wretched drunkards as I have mentioned, would, when in their right mind, be

thankful to put themselves under some irresistible power ; thankful for some iron hand that would come in and save them from themselves. Surely the day will come when the law will come in and save them. Already, the law will not allow a woman to walk on a rope a hundred feet from the ground, and the like. It will abridge your liberty by taking care of you against your will, physically. Why not morally ?

Well, of course, we can all see reasons why. But in this particular case, let the experiment be made.

I remember how, reading as a young lad Paley's *Moral Philosophy*, I used rebelliously to rise up against many of the great man's statements in the famous chapter on *Human Happiness* ; and especially against the declaration, that *Happiness consists in Health*. For it seemed very plain, that though the absence of health may keep you from being happy, it is by no means sure that its presence will make you happy. I do not take up the further consideration, that some of the happiest people we have ever known, managed to be happy without health. But as with Paley's health, so is it with money, as regards happiness. The presence of money, everybody knows, will not make you and keep you right : but the want of it, as a general rule, will make you and keep you wrong. You may remember how Thomas Campbell the poet, after a hard struggle with straitened circumstances lasting through several years, thought he could bear any earthly trial more easily than the want of money. "Take any shape

but that!" he said to misfortune. Think of Hazlitt, walking London streets, meeting a friend, and saying, "For God's sake give me a shilling: I feel a raging fire within me: I have eaten nothing since yesterday morning!" You may see from what is told us of many great men, that their saddest and most humiliating troubles have come of the want of money. Little of the genius of poor Robert Burns appears in the letters he wrote entreating the loan of a few pounds.

But I do not think of Otway and his roll; nor of Chatterton starving; nor of Johnson and Savage; nor of the awful glimpses of Grub-street authors we owe to Pope. I do not think now of bare garrets which I know; nor of poor little neglected children, often hungry, always ragged. The want of money pinches as painfully a good way further up the social scale. The straits of gentility are not undeserving of pity; though they may not get it in due measure. Can you imagine an instance of more thorough misery than that which Mr Thackeray gave us in the *Book of Snobs*, describing poor Major Ponto and the extravagance of his contemptible jackass of a son?

"I found poor Pon in his study among his boots, but in such a rueful attitude of despondency that I could not but remark it. 'Look at that,' says the poor fellow, handing me over a document. 'It's the second change in uniform since he's been in the army, and yet there's no extravagance about the lad. But look at that! by heaven, Snob, look at that, and say how can a man of nine hundred keep out of the Bench?' He gave a sob as he

handed me the paper across the table; and his old face, and his old corduroys, and his shrunk shooting-jacket, and his lean shanks, looked, as he spoke, more miserably haggard, bankrupt, and threadbare."

Now *that* is the kind of poverty and wretchedness of which I want you to think. Major Ponto, if he could have made up his mind to retrench his establishment, to send his lazy son to Australia or New Zealand, and to cease trying to keep up a false appearance of means he did not possess, would have had a revenue more than amply sufficient to procure for him and his the "bread to eat and raiment to put on." And possibly many people who have much less than nine hundred a year would find their pecuniary difficulties depart, if they could make up their mind to go down some steps in life. The poor clergyman already named, with six children and a hundred and fifty pounds a year, would be a comparatively wealthy man if he were to live exactly as labourers do; and especially if he gave up finally the endeavour to bring up his children as ladies and gentlemen. If his daughters went out as servants, and his sons became day-labourers, the whole family would always (bating some great misfortune) have plenty to eat, and garments that would exclude cold. But then, as you know, it comes to this: that the poor clergyman CANNOT make up his mind to all this: he will pinch himself blue, and his wife will wear her fingers to the bone, rather than give up the battle to keep the place in life, the degree in the social scale, which belongs to even a very poor clergyman, if he

faithfully do his duty. And forasmuch as this retreat to a lower level, where only the bare wants of nature will be felt, is a thing not to be, there remains just the battle with limited means; that terrible battle of self-denial, anxiety, and sordid, ceaseless calculation, that has broken the spring of many hearts, and cut short many lives. A well-meaning lady has recently published a little volume which professes to explain how a house may be managed on £200 a year. And here is her not very encouraging picture of what the wife in such a house must be:—

“All who marry on £200 a year must be educated for such a limit, or must educate themselves for it. They must be early risers, methodical managers, have an intimate knowledge of wholesome cookery and useful needlework; must be economical of time, careful of waste pieces, of dripping, of suet, of bones, and of cinders, which are all of the greatest use in household management.”

Well, thinking of the want of money, and of the straits and anxieties which come of it, one thinks of such a person as the father or mother of that family; and of sorry schemings to make the most of “waste pieces, dripping, suet, bones, and cinders.” One thinks of people with an income a great deal larger, who, in relation to their different position, may have just as hard and ceaseless a battle, though not exactly in the same ways. Think of Sydney Smith at his dismal Yorkshire living. It was £400 a year, and he had various methods of adding something to it; yet you know how, for all his cheerful

temperament and his "short views," he would sometimes, as he sat in the evenings looking over his accounts, and planning how to pay them, fairly break down, bend his head upon his hands on the table, and burst out, "Ah! I see I shall end in gaol!" There must have been a constant heavy pressure always on that brave heart, before Sydney Smith, with his stout nervous system and his splendid circulation, yielded thus! And I don't know a picture that touches me more deeply, than that of man or woman, the father of a family or its widowed mother, sitting up after the rest have gone to bed, adding up accounts which there are very scanty means to pay, and scheming hard to make ten shillings do the work of twenty. Cannot you see such a one, not able to add the figures rightly: casting up some column of figures ten times over, and ten times getting a different result from all the rest: looking with pure terror for what the awful amount will be: and all this with trembling hands, a throbbing confused head, and a heart far heavier than lead? All this may be borne with little outward appearance. But rely on it, it is telling. It is wearing the poor heart out. It is sapping life.

How the least movement will jar at such a time miserably on the shaken nerves! A little child stirring in the room will make the figures incapable of addition; even the poor cat is apt to be angrily ordered out. And then the awful prospects of the future: the sickening calculation of what will become of the children: the scheming how to pare a little closer, anywhere: I believe firmly

that not the poor beggar on London street or country highway, suffers such anxiety and misery about the procuring of the means of subsistence, as do many most reputable folk, maintaining a highly respectable appearance before the world. But yearly the poor head is getting under water: the strength to work and to bear is being sapped; and the ceaseless dread of impending misfortune takes possession.

“Is your mind at ease?” “No, it is not.” Of course you know the story of poor Goldsmith’s last hours. It was the want of money that killed that delightful writer at the age of forty-five. He did not see how to pay his debts, or how he was to live. There was little spring left in his constitution, and so he could not stand an illness which a hopeful heart would have made little of. Let us listen to Mr Forster.

“A week passed: the symptoms so fluctuating in the course of it, and the evidence of active disease so evidently declining, that even sanguine expectations of recovery would appear to have been at one time entertained. But Goldsmith could not sleep. His reason seemed clear; what he said was always perfectly sensible: ‘he was at times even cheerful;’ but sleep had deserted him, his appetite was gone, and it became obvious, in the state of weakness to which he had been reduced, that want of sleep might in itself be fatal. It then occurred to Dr Turton to put a very pregnant question to his patient. ‘Your pulse,’ he said, ‘is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have. *Is*

your mind at ease? ‘No, it is not,’ was Goldsmith’s melancholy answer. They are the last words we are to hear him utter in this world. The end arrived suddenly and unexpectedly.”

I remember well how a physician told me of a poor fellow, an unbeneficed preacher, who came to consult him about some illness he had. Suitable remedies were prescribed; and it did not seem that much was the matter; yet the poor man did not get better. In fact, he was living in a little lodging he could not pay: he had not a friend in the world who could help him: all his hopes in life were blighted: and all the doctors in Britain and all the medicines in the Pharmacopœia could make nothing of such a case. But the physician was wealthy as well as kind: and he devised means, not medical, which with wonderful speed restored that poor fellow to health and hope. Do you remember how it is recorded of Thackeray, that in one of his latest visits to Paris, a friend called for him, and found him putting some sovereigns into a pill-box, on which he wrote, *Dr Thackeray’s prescription: one to be taken occasionally*. And on the friend asking the meaning of this, the kind-hearted great man replied, that he had a poor friend in a drooping state, who could not mend by all means tried; and he thought he had hit upon the right medicinal gum. Let us trust Dr Thackeray’s prescription proved most effectual. Of one thing we may be quite sure: to wit, that the treatment of that poor patient did great good to the Doctor himself. And he has gone where it will not be forgotten.

Then it is not merely that the want of money may make people miserable: it may make them bad. No doubt Becky Sharpe thought quite rightly when she thought she could have been very good if she had had five thousand a year. Trouble and sorrow often do human beings great good; but not when they come in the shape of the want of money. A poor anxious middle-aged father of a little family, if he go on for three or four years with the dread or reality of debt lying with a dull weight on his heart, and ever watching to save the occasional sixpence: screwing himself in the matter of clothes, never buying a book, walking long distances because he cannot afford to ride, toiling on when the doctor has told him he must definitively give up all work for a time: will not merely come to have wretched sleepless nights and horrible dreams, likewise occasional attacks of that dreadful pressure on the brain which, unchecked, means apoplexy or insanity, and the ever-growing irritability of the nervous system which points to paralysis or *angina pectoris*. Worse things will come. His whole moral nature will be deteriorated. He will grow fractious and ill-tempered, soured and envious: he will say bitter and malicious things; he will come to hate those who are better off than himself. Let the present writer (who is indeed a Doctor, though not of medicine) offer a prescription suitable to that perilous time. At such a time it is good to try to help or comfort somebody. This may be done without giving that money which you have not got. Let me tell you a story which I never

forget, which was told me long ago by a dear and wise friend. On a certain morning, as he was on his way, walking to a place several miles off, he met the postman: and from that terrible unconscious arbiter of destiny he received a certain letter. With a shaky hand he opened it, when the postman had departed; and therein read certain tidings, briefly told, which (as he fancied) utterly blighted his hopes for this life. Such fancies are commonly wrong; and in his case the fancy proved signally so. Having put the letter in his pocket, he went away up a lonely hill, all by himself, pursuing his intended path. The ground felt indistinct under his feet; and all sounds strange to his whirling brain. But in a very solitary spot in the bosom of the hill, he heard a curious noise; and turning aside to see, he found a poor sheep lying on its back, frantically struggling. It had got its fleece entangled in some long tough sprays of bramble: these had got twisted round it; and after each new struggle it sunk into a state of exhaustion that showed death was not far off if relief did not come fast. My friend was roused from his gloomy stupor. Here, said he, is a creature as miserable as myself. With a clasp-knife he speedily set the sheep at liberty. The poor sheep got on its feet, and its life was saved. My friend told me his heart was a good deal lightened by this little opportunity of helping a fellow-creature. And from that day, whether owing to the sheep or not he could not say, his affairs revived: his fortunes looked up: he became a very prosperous and successful man.

So much for Money.

A good many years ago, the writer was standing in the Court of Chancery, in Lincoln's Inn Hall. Lord Truro was Chancellor. The time was 3.30 P.M. The present Attorney-General, then Mr Roundell Palmer, was speaking. He made a pause at the end of a paragraph in what was doubtless a very able speech. Then, after the pause, he resumed; but he was speedily cut short. For the Chancellor, suddenly rising, said, with a bow, "Ah, I see you're going upon another ah ah—:" and then bowing again, scuttled out of court in a manner characterised rather by rapidity than by dignity; leaving the counsel to gather up his papers and put them in his bag and depart. This procedure was the occurrence described in the *Times* as *the rising of the court*. It was less imposing to witness than to read of.

Now, intelligent reader, why do I look back over more than ten years, and recall that incident of the past? Simply for this reason; and let me beg your attention to it. I, like the Attorney-General, have now finished one portion of my subject. Like him, I have made a brief pause. And now, in the words of Lord Chancellor Truro, I am going upon another topic, or head of discourse. You see I have ventured to complete the sentence which the Keeper of Her Majesty's conscience left in obscurity. It is all very well for a great man like him to do these things. But in print, there is no more established verity than this: If a sentence have been once begun, it is highly expedient to finish it.

As we go on, through successive years, we find that life is a longer thing than we had fancied. There is a great deal of spending, wrote Thackeray, in a thousand pounds: and we find out that (short as life seems) there is a great deal of living in three score years and ten—yes, and even in the odd ten years. Thus, as we grow older ourselves, we come to understand better what an immense deal old people must be remembering. I doubt not, middle-aged reader, that this is one of the convictions that have been profoundly impressed on you by these last ten years. Ten years ago, you thought yourself nearly as old as anybody. You know better now. I am sure you feel a growing disposition to defer to your seniors. Your own little experience of what a human being may go through in a not very long life, has opened your eyes to the meaning of a life of fifty, of sixty, of sixty-five years.

Eleven years ago, I went to a certain place, to buy a fire-proof safe. I don't mind frankly confessing to you that its use is to hold the parchments which are the title-deeds of my various estates, which have at different times been purchased with the great sums yielded by my excellent writings, all of which are worthy of your attentive consideration. The safe likewise contains the crosses and orders which I have received from the Emperor of China, the King of Bonney, and other foreign potentates. I remember vividly the words of the friend from whom I bought the safe. He advised me to take a good big one: bigger than I needed at that period: for, said he, you will

find that you are always putting something more into your fire-proof safe.

That statement proved to be true. But I have learned, since then, what is the great box or safe into which you are always putting. It is your memory. No matter how full that receptacle is already, every day you are obliged to put something more into it. At last, as you know, old people find that the box (as it were) bursts open, and lets out the last things put in; while the things put into it many a year ago remain safe in its depths.

If you, my reader, being thirty-five, are standing along with a friend whose years are sixty-five, at the top of a hill, you each command precisely the same extent of scenery. At least, if there be a difference between the scenes present to each of two men so placed, the difference arises solely from causes in the men themselves. Perhaps your less worn eyes can see farther and more clearly than those of your elder friend, which have seen more service. Or it is just as likely that the senior in years has the advantage in power of vision; the young men of this generation, whether from over-application or from the prevalent use of gas-light, don't seem to have so good eyes as their fathers. You will hardly believe it, but my friend Smith tells me that he has known an educated man *cast up* to another man (suffer the Scotticism; it is expressive), as something to his disadvantage, the fact that by hard study he had become near-sighted. "You are half-blind, you know," was the kind and sympathetic remark. Of course, there is no reply to such a charge. Yet I have witnessed

a fair retort extinguish a like assailant. "Here comes Brown," exclaimed Blockhead in a railway carriage surrounded by his fellows: "Here comes Brown with his old bald head." "Yes," said Brown, promptly but with entire composure: "the outside of my head is rapidly becoming as ill-furnished as the inside of yours has always been." The severity of the statement lay in its sober truth. And this, to follow associations as Mrs Nickleby was wont to do, reminds me of a parallel reply which I once heard with pleasure. Mr Carper, a pompous and stupid vicar, began to relate to an assembled company, in the presence of a man who had been his curate but who was now a neighbouring rector, some turgid and foolish sentences from sermons which that man had preached in his days of immaturity, crudity, and curacy. The ex-curate bore it good-naturedly for a while. But at length he said, "Well, Vicar, it is good in you to remember so much of my sermons: for I confess, though I heard you preach each Sunday morning for a good many months, I cannot remember a single sentence ever I heard you say." The assembled people were plunged into deep thought. Dead silence prevailed. You could see each was considering whether he could remember a sentence spoken by the vicar. Nobody could. For indeed that individual's sermons were constructed on that economic principle, that he might safely preach next Sunday to any congregation the sermon he had preached to it last Sunday; and not a soul would know a word of it.

But back, my devious muse, to whence you deviated.

All this came of saying that when two men stand together on the same hill-top, each has the selfsame prospect before him. Any difference in the prospect actually apprehended, comes of the different eyes with which they see it; for there is just the very same thing for each to see. But though the prospect of space is the same to the men who stand together in space, how different is the prospect of time to the men who stand together in time! Standing here, on this third of November, how different the view that spreads before the man of thirty-five, from the view that spreads before the man of sixty-five! You look round, and you see tolerably distinctly a period of a little more than twenty years: beyond that limit there are special events looming through the mist of years; mountain tops rising above the tide of time. But think, to what vast recesses *his* view penetrates, who remembers a career of more than fifty years. What a tremendous deal he has come through! Your own briefer course has battered you not a little: is it not wonderful to see how well your friend is looking after his long way? The old heart has kept beating away all that time; the teeth have eaten (no wonder some of them are gone): the eyes have read, the hands have written! It is a wonderful thought. And it is only gradually, and through the process of years, that you fully take it in. At five and twenty, you fancied you knew everything: you could not see why your views and opinions might not be received as just as good as those of a man of twice your age. At five and thirty, if you have confidence in a man of sixty-five as a wise and

good man, there is hardly any opinion of your own that you would not feel shaken if he expressed to you his deliberate disapproval of it. For you have found that opinions and beliefs ripen into maturity, just as grain and fruits do, through time; and only through time. And the best-weighed belief of the ablest man in middle age can no more be esteemed as a mature belief, than the green corn of July (beautiful as the crop and the season may be) can be ranked as ripened grain. As sure as the yellow ears of September are the ripe wheat, the considered and conscientious convictions of a wise and good man above sixty are the sound and mature ones. And if you be wise and good, you will come to these in the end. You know, too, whether there ever were truer words said than these: that the way to many opinions and beliefs is through their opposites. Have you not, in several things, got to just the opposite pole of thought and feeling from that which you held ten years since? As the tastes in food and drink, which last longest, are the tastes for things which at the first you disliked: as the music which keeps its hold on you year after year, is the music which at first hearing did not especially strike you, while the lively pretty air that took your ear at first speedily palls and wearies: so is it with our beliefs in a hundred ways. The beliefs which we hold by, and which we never will let go but with life, are those we arrived at through the teaching and maturing of years: while the opinions we held so feverishly and uttered so passionately in the blood-heat season of youth, are gone

for ever: are looked back upon with wonder, sorrow, shame.

Thus, as we grow older, we lose independence of character. We grow more disposed to enlist under a banner, and to follow a leader. Is it not true, men in middle age, that in those past ten years you have parted with a great part of that confidence in yourselves by which clever young lads irritate their parents, and the less thoughtful and sympathetic of their seniors in active life? For myself, I confess I am cowed by the moral weight of a good and wise man with gray hairs: I should say rather white hairs, for our hairs, my old companions, in so far as we have any left, are fast growing gray. I know two or three men in my own profession, from whom if I found I differed on any one of a large class of questions, I should feel my confidence in my opinion shaken: I should reconsider the grounds on which I hold it: I should soon land in the conclusion that I had been wrong. I don't say that in all matters I should be so guided by even them. And a thing which helps a little to reassure me, is, that I find these good and wise men sometimes seriously disagreeing among themselves. But now that I have got a little experience myself, and so know what it is worth, I venerate those who have got so much of it. It is your young fellow without a penny who talks slightly of worldly wealth: when a man has made his first thousand pounds, he has learned better. It is so, in a nobler sense and way, with experience. You don't understand its value, till you come to possess a little of it. Then you

duly respect those who have a great deal more of it. And the upshot is, that while clever men of twenty-five do generally condemn their seniors, sensible men of thirty-five are apt to be very much led by their seniors. You come, gradually, to see good reason for many customs and observances, which you used to laugh at. For most things your fathers habitually did, you gradually come to see good reason. Let me relate the experience of my friend Smith. "My venerable father," said he, "kept up for nearly fifty years a certain ancient hospitable usage. In my early manhood I used to laugh at it, once a year as it occurred. I thought it absurd: and no statement of the pros and cons would have made me think it otherwise. But that good man did not argue with me. He bided his time. And now I have come to see that he was right: and I mean to take up that ancient custom and maintain it loyally. Of course my boy will laugh at me by-and-bye."

Let me sum up all this by uttering a prediction in the ears of my younger readers. They won't believe it: but never mind.

If you think almost any old usage absurd and ridiculous, some day you will know that it was not absurd or ridiculous. If your father was a wise and good man; and if he maintained some opinion or custom you thought preposterous; some day you will come round to hold the like opinion yourself, and to maintain the like usage.

It does not of necessity follow that the usage or opinion was right; but you will gradually grow into thinking it so.

A thing into which you have doubtless got an insight in these past ten years, is the rationale of the well-known fact, that most people prefer their own ways, habits, and possessions (if the possessions be good at all); and not merely like all these best, but think them absolutely the best. Very naturally, we make our own way the standard. It is the first meridian; and we measure the distances by which other things depart from it; and we are too ready to conclude that by just so much they have departed from what is right. If ours be the plumb-line, of course all things that do not square with it must be off the perpendicular. And those of us who have travelled a little in foreign countries, but who have not travelled long enough to feel at home in them, know how curious a feeling it is, when we find that every little thing is so different there from the corresponding thing here. It is but that Nature loves variety: and so suggests varied ways to the various races of men. But we are ready to attribute it all to some strange perversity in the moral nature of the people: some malignant preference of evil to good, done just to spite us. And you may possibly have seen proof of the universal love and popularity which the Briton has gained for himself in certain countries of Europe by the strong manifestation of that belief; and by despising, as unquestionably wrong and bad, whatever he has not seen before. It is indeed a curious thing to remark how strong is the craving for variety in human nature: how each man has his own little ways; and sternly refuses to let these be appointed for him by another, thinking the other's little

ways absurd and evil. It annoys one, when your place in life is given up by you and occupied by another, to see how immediately your successor sweeps away the little arrangements you had brought (as you fancied) to perfection, and inaugurates a new system of his own. If you, being a clergyman, are preferred to another living : and if after your former charge is filled you come back to visit your successor, you will find that, in spite of a firm determination to like him, there are little irritating circumstances that will provoke you. In the vestry, you will find the looking-glass at which you used to tie on your bands hung in a different place : you will find the position of chairs and tables altered : if you were wont to put on your bands first and then your cassock, your successor will put on his cassock first and then his bands : if your way was to cultivate entire silence for a few minutes before going into church to begin the service, you will find your successor talking away to the last, and casting back a cheerful smile on you as he walks out of that apartment in his canonicals. And entering the church, what a turn over there will be ! New psalms and hymns are now sung to tunes unknown to you. The choir occupies different seats. The pulpit has been heightened or lowered : it has been covered afresh with purple velvet, and the dear old crimson you loved has gone : everything looks different. And even in the enforced uniformity of a service fixed by law (and such may all services ever be !) there is scope afforded for fifty little changes, all of which you think for the worse, all of which your friend thinks

for the better. Even the Lord's Prayer he will not say as you used to do. He places the emphasis differently; and (as you think) utters it remarkably ill. As for the parsonage and its belongings, let me not speak of that. The furniture in what was your study is vilely arranged. How could any sane man have his writing-table set in that corner, when you (after long thought) had found the precise spot where such a table ought to stand, and when you told the man so? Then as for the garden, what perversity made potatoes be put where your wife had flowers, and flowers where every man of common sense would have had potatoes? The trees and shrubs are all altered: the features of the dear old spot are changed: the place, in fact, is spoiled!

Ah, my friend, how wrong you are in thinking all this! It is just that your way pleases you; and your successor's way pleases your successor. And that which pleases a human being best, is the best thing for the human being. So, when your successor walks you about the well-remembered walks, and shows you eagerly what vast improvements he has made, he is showing a lack of philosophic discernment. And when you sulkily follow him, throwing cold water on his enthusiasm, and refusing to be pleased with anything, you are testifying your lack of philosophic discernment too. Each little change he has made is a little pin he has stuck into you. What more absurd, you think, than taking away that looking-glass in the vestry from the place it held so long! How ill-chosen those psalms, and how vulgar and unecclesiastical the

music ! How horribly he says the Lord's Prayer : and what a mess he has made of the house and the garden and shrubbery ! There, even the entrance gate was green, and he has gone and painted it white. What a perverse, intractable man he is, always wanting in every little thing his own way !

And pray, what do you want now ? Just *your* own way. Is it not fair that your friend should have his belongings in the way in which they best please him ? They are not yours now : and if you cannot be more reasonable and amiable, you had better not come back and see them any more. If you cannot, without being jarred and put out of joint, bear to see little variations from the use you had established, then stay away from the place where you are quite sure to see them.

Now all this is what a young fellow cannot understand. You arrive at it not through reasoning ; but by the process of the mellowing years.

I learned something of this in autumn, at the seaside. In a certain great city, I bought a little sheaf of walking sticks, of yellow varnished oak. These I conveyed by land and sea, till they reached the spot where they were to be allocated among the individuals who were to use them. One stick, very large, unwieldy, and uncomfortable, fell to myself. It had a great thick handle, crooked, and set on at a most awkward angle. I found it at first very uncomfortable to walk with. But in a few days my hand got accustomed to it, and I came to like the stick

very much. To others, unaccustomed to it, it remained awkward as before.

That oak stick taught me a lesson; and I gratefully record my obligation to it. The lesson was: Not to be angry with people for preferring their own ways; and for declining to let you drive them into other ways which are perhaps absolutely better. For these persons may have grown so accustomed to the old ways, that the old ways are best to them, if not best in themselves, or in the judgment of a disinterested spectator. Preference is a relation between us and the things preferred; the result of use. Let people be happy in their own way. My yellow stick, the worst possible to many, is truly the best to me. Now I owe this to it: that it has cast a certain dignity about many little habits, and oddities of manner, in various good men, at which in my thoughtless ignorance I was ready to laugh. Especially it has taught me to regard with respect the little ways, if not in themselves offensive, of old people. It would be a terrible thing to them to change the ancient way. So, if it make them happy, let them speak of *ventulation*, of *Levvyawthan*, and of *Kapper-nawm*: let them look for a long time at the outside of their letters, wondering from whom they came, and don't you petulantly tell them that the best way to ascertain that fact is to open the letter: let them twirl their thumbs, and enjoy the like innocent pleasures: it would be terrible and cruel to push them out of the dear old ways. The *old familiar faces* may not be the prettiest faces; but they are the faces we like best to see. It is

these little knobs and knots which made the walking-stick of life fit the aged hand : and to cut these off would put the whole thing out of gear.

So I prize the stick, already much named. I would not willingly part with it. It has taught me much.

Let the following words of wisdom be added. It is a good thing to have things which other people don't like. For in a little while, *you* will come to like them just as heartily as if they were universal favourites : and two good effects will follow :

I. People won't steal them from you :

II. People won't hate you for having them.

If you had an umbrella which the world at large esteemed as hideous, but which to yourself seemed beautiful, how secure your tenure of that umbrella would be ! How much more likely it is that you will get a lost thing returned to you, if you are able to advertise that it is of no use to anyone but the owner ! Such is that great awkward stick, wherewith I walked about at the seaside in autumn. I have tamed the unwieldy beast, and made it useful to myself ; but it would be a long while before it would be of any use to any other mortal.

And further, when people see you walking with the hideous umbrella, or with the unwieldy stick, they won't know how happy you are with them : and instead of envying you, hating you, and vilifying you, they will sympathise with you and be sorry for you. The average human being is willing to do a good turn to the man whom he esteems as placed on a very inferior level to

himself, or whom he regards as a well-meaning odd creature. Now your hideous umbrella may gain you that estimation, with the attendant advantages. It will shield you from the evil eye of envy, hatred, and malice. And in this world *that* is something.

Besides, if you are a wise man, you will not think a bit the less of any of your possessions, because stupid people who have no intuition of great truths think it worthless or ugly. *You* know better. You have a secret treasure; secret, though you daily place it before many eyes. Because a hundred donkeys had stumbled over a big stone in the road, and only kicked it away in wrath, would that make its value less to you, when you had picked it up and found it was a mass of solid gold? And though ten thousand men cannot see in your big umbrella what you see, you see it all the same.

Willingly would the writer expatiate on this subject at great length. There is a vast deal more to be said about it. But I forbear.

Another thing which my readers and I have learned in these departed years is this.

When you have a great many things to do, don't lose time and perplex yourself by thinking in what order you shall do them. Begin anywhere: take up just the first thing that comes to hand, and do it. Then do the next that occurs: push on: and so you will come to an end. And you may possibly be surprised to find how soon you have succeeded in mowing down that great array. When

you return home, after being three days absent, during which your letters were not sent after you, you will find accumulated on your study table (let us say) fifty letters. For you are not like a poor unfortunate archbishop, who has to write two hundred letters in four days. On reading your letters, you find that forty need to be answered. After you have washed, and had a cup of strong tea, go and sit down at your writing-table. Never mind the order in which your letters came, or the order of their importance. *All* are to be answered. Take the first that comes to your hand; answer it in the fewest possible words: lay your letters on a handy table (let us suppose) behind you; and throw the answered document into the waste-paper basket by your side. Treat the next letter in the same way, and it will surprise you to find how soon you will reach the last. If there be one or two letters whose answers need longer thought, and larger space, lay them aside till next morning. But this principle, as to the way of going at the many letters to be answered, holds good of all work. No doubt, sometimes there are things entitled to come first; but with the common things that spring up every day, and specially with those that accumulate when you have been three or four days absent from home in your busy season, just begin anywhere: go on steadily: and so shall you reach the end.

If you come down in the morning of any day, and find that the post has brought an unusual number of letters and other documents, needing care and thought and work: and if further on looking at your record of engagements

you find that there is a great number of things to be done on that day, and all inevitable without gross neglect: here is a good plan. Make a list of the things you are to do that day. Those to be done indoors do in any order. As for the things to be done out of doors, let them be written on a separate piece of paper; and then number them in the order in which they can most easily be done, avoiding needless retracing of the same ground. And I venture to predict, that though the day's work may be hard and long, you will get through it wonderfully. You may not, indeed, clear your list: though perhaps you may: but you will make a great hole in it. And you will not lose energy in paralysing perplexity: you will not be working with half a will, and with the feeling you should be doing something else: as many people are doing, through all their working time.

I have said it before, but I wish to say it again, that pen ink and paper are the great clearers up of most worried and overdriven minds. If a man have a vague idea that he has a tremendous number and variety of things to do: or that he has a tremendous number and variety of worries and annoyances gnawing the enjoyment out of his life; let him sit down and write a list on one sheet of paper of all the things he has to do: and on another sheet of all his worries. Well, the lists may not be short: but I venture to say they will be shorter than the man expected. And further, the killing thing, the vague sense of indefinite number and magnitude, will be gone. Oh, it is such a blessing fairly to see the size

and shape of anything we are afraid of ! Nobody is ever very much afraid of anything whose shape and size he thoroughly knows. It is the indistinctness, the undefined shape where shape is none, that has ever made ghosts so terrible. If Milton had given an exact account of his Satan's form and dimensions, instead of writing of something "long and large," that "lay floating many a rood," we should not have the shuddering sense of something fearful which we get from the famous lines now.

My friend Smith, only yesterday, told me the following facts. On Sunday he preached twice, to a very large congregation. This put him into a somewhat feverish state. On Sunday evening, glancing at his record of engagements for Monday, he found that they were very many ; and some rather trying and perplexing and even painful. Then in addition, he felt the ceaseless sense of pressure, and of work that never can be overtaken as one desires, peculiar to diligent clergymen in parishes where the population is numbered by thousands ; and felt by such even where the population is numbered only by hundreds. Now Smith has so severe ideas as to the observance of the Lord's day, that he would not make a list on Sunday night before going to bed of what he had to think of and do next day. The result was, that he did not fall asleep till past five in the morning ; and that he came down next day as oppressed and perplexed as mortal could be. *Then* he made his list, feeling very bewildered and confused. But he told me that though it took him upon that day just as hard pushing as his strength was equal to, from half-past

nine in the morning till half-past twelve next morning (allowing an hour's rest at dinner), to overtake what he had to do; yet he *did* overtake it all: and at 12.30 A.M. sat down in an easy chair before the fire, feeling very fagged and very thankful: holding all his work in clearly defined perspective. Now, it was the want of clearness of view arising from the absence of the salutary and beneficial written list, that gave him the sleepless night, and the awful sense of worry on Monday morning. I rather think that hereafter my friend will esteem the preparation of his list even on Sunday evening (when needful) as a "work of necessity and mercy."

A thing which in middle age we come to see a good deal of, is what may be called Petty Diplomacy. Have you not found that there is a rooted idea in many minds that it would argue simplicity and want of astuteness, to take the straight and obvious way to the end you want to reach; and that the deep thing, the experienced-looking thing, is to approach your end by a circuitous course, round corners? All my respect for my seniors, I confess, cannot reconcile me to this. It appears to me that the notion does generally arise from silliness; and sometimes from moral obliquity.

I remember, when I was a boy, walking with a certain old gentleman in the Regent's Park. The old gentleman and I agreed that it would be desirable and pleasant to ascend Primrose Hill. We determined thitherward to direct our unequal steps. Accordingly, we proceeded to

walk away in quite a different direction. The old gentleman thought this was deep. He did not know the way out of the Park to the Hill; but he concluded that the wise thing would be to go by a way that did not seem the way; and to approach the height diplomatically. With the directness of aim which characterises boyhood, I pointed out the hill to him, and suggested we had better follow the path that led straight to it. The old gentleman, under protest, and hoping to put me in the wrong, agreed to follow that path: and of course, it led straight to the place we wanted. The old gentleman's experience of life had led him to the belief that the straightforward way to every end, physical or moral, was not likely to be the successful way. Now, of course we all know, there are apparent short-cuts, which lead you a great way round: and apparent circuitous courses which take you straight to what you want to reach. But these are exceptional cases. And I believe that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, petty diplomacy is as needless, as it is irritating to all candid minds. If this essay were not so long already, I should like to say a great deal more on this matter: and to give some account of the means by which my very slight acquaintances Mr Dodger, Mr Trickyman, and old Dr Deepe, fancy they succeed in managing their fellow-creatures. Meantime I forbear: these things must wait another day. But just at present I desire to record, that I have seen more affectation of diplomatic wiles and reserve, in men of no earthly standing, engaged in measures for which not one man in a thousand of the population of

Britain cares a brass farthing, or filling up vacant places which would not by their emoluments tempt a respectable butler, than I believe to exist in cabinet ministers; and than I know to exist in the very limited number of cabinet ministers with whom I have conversed. Indeed the most wily diplomatist ever I knew was an old woman who pervaded a certain tract of country, providing female servants for the inferior houses therein. Not Lord Burleigh, with that significant shake of the head,—not Talleyrand, who from his serene elevation looked down on an individual we all know, calling him *Palmerston pour rire*,—could equal that awful woman. The deep stratagems by which she proposed to attain the simplest ends,—the astonishment with which she heard a proposal to ascertain what a human being's feelings towards a certain situation were, by the obvious means of asking the human being,—the solemn and awe-stricken voice in which she said “Ah, *that* would never do,”—all these things are among the cherished remembrances of my youth.

But let us cease, my devious muse. My readers will not stand any more of this. In a subsequent chapter the subject shall be resumed; and carried on at the most wearisome length. Of that you may be well assured. I have not got more than half way through my relation of the gains of departed years.

CHAPTER III.

THE REST OF IT.

WHENEVER any preacher begins his sermon by saying, that before proceeding to his proper subject he will recapitulate what he said upon a former occasion, the effect on the writer's attention is most paralyzing. Probably the effect on the attention of most human beings is the like.

Therefore, I make no reference to that very long essay which you may have read in former pages of this volume, under the title *Concerning Ten Years : with some Account of Things learned in them*, beyond saying that, after writing a certain portion of that document, the belief became forcibly impressed on me, that nobody could be expected to read any more of it. Thereupon I stopped, promising to continue that essay at another time : and here is the rest of it. I remark that American editors call the rest of a book, essay, or the like, the *balance* of it. But this chapter will not in any degree balance the former one ; because that was very long, and this will be very short.

If you please, you may ascertain, by turning back to it, what was the matter treated in the last paragraph of the

former essay. But not from me shall you learn what it was.

My friend Smith recently related to me an incident of his boyhood, which I am now to relate to you. On a certain occasion, he did for the first time in his recollection, practise what may be called the art of Petty Diplomacy. He and certain other boys of a certain school, competed for a prize offered by the master to the boy who could, with chiefest oratorical effect, repeat the famous poem of *The Battle of Hohenlinden*. The contest being over, a little man named Styles was declared to have done best; Smith was second. Accordingly Styles was to receive the higher prize; Smith the inferior. The prizes consisted of little books illustrated with pictures. The pictures in one were printed in bright colours; those of the other were in plain black and white. The master of the school presented the two books to the observation of Styles, telling him to take his choice. Around stood the boys of the school intently regarding. Then Smith, eager to get the coloured book, loudly expressed his admiration for the other; declaring it to be much the better of the two. Thus Smith hoped to induce Styles to choose it, and leave the coloured one for himself. Smith records that his primary experience of diplomatic action was discouraging. For Styles at once seized the bright-coloured book, and then said to Smith, "Oh, how nice that you like the other best: for you shall have it. And I like this one best!"

We have all seen a great deal of that kind of thing.

Sometimes it is successful, sometimes not. It is gratifying to one to find petty diplomacy fail ;—to discern that it does not reach the end designed ; that it is seen through ; and only infuriates those whom it desired to lead unconsciously by the nose. To escape contempt, it is essential that petty diplomacy succeed. Success is the test with it as well as with treason. Smith told me that in after life he had occasion to converse with Mr Deepe, as to a vacant office. Mr Deepe declared himself very anxious that Styles should have it. “Then,” says Smith, “of course you will propose Styles for it.” Deepe (it should be said) was one of the electoral college, with whom the filling up of that office lay. “Oh, no,” said Deepe, with a look of great penetration and astuteness. “There is a way of doing these things. I shall propose Jones for it. I know Jones will refuse it: and this will smooth the way to Styles getting it.” Let us trust that Mr Deepe generally fails in attaining the ends he seeks in this manly fashion. And when a man comes to be known for a diplomatist who prides himself on his tact in managing people, his chance of success in managing people becomes small. I have no firmer belief than that straight-forward honesty is in the long run the most efficient means of inducing reasonable people to do a reasonable thing.

Yet let me confess, I have occasionally felt, for a very short time, a certain measure of awe in the presence of a small diplomatist. One’s own simple idea, that the straight path to any end is the best one, and that you had just as well talk out what you think and feel as talk out

something quite different, is abashed in the presence of what seems a greater depth and reach of mind. Gradually, however, you feel that to compass small ends by a succession of shabby tricks, is a very poor thing; and even if honesty be not the best policy, it is unquestionable that honesty is the thing for an honest man.

The recollection of the air of deep mystery and unfathomable policy one has seen in extremely small men, doing extremely small things, suggests a recollection of the awful majesty of demeanour one has seen assumed by the like extremely small men: likewise of the wonderful way in which many rational people are overborne and imposed upon by a dignity of demeanour which to others is suggestive merely of Mr Carlyle's windbag, or of the proverbial beggar on horseback. There is something annoying and irritating in witnessing this toadyism of infinitesimally small men; whose airs, one would say, could excite no feeling save a mingled one of amusement and contempt. You may occasionally hear intelligent men speak of such, as though they were the mightiest of the earth. Have not I heard one of the most amiable of men declare that Dr Log was a far greater man than Lord Macaulay? It is as though a butcher's boy, whose horse trots the fastest of all the horses in Little Pedlington, should be quite sure that the Queen had often expressed her admiration for that fast-trotting though broken-kneed nag. My friend Brown tells me that once on a time a really clever friend, who had narrowed his mind by undue concentration of it on a region of very small interests, and

by setting before himself a deplorably petty end of ambition, came to call for him. Brown was busy at his desk, and asked his friend to wait for a minute. His friend took up from the table that volume, bound in red, called the *Men of the Time*; and eagerly sought for the names of seven or eight individuals whom he esteemed as great. Not one of them was there. The friend sat down and gasped; and manifestly felt the earth crumbling away beneath him. Yet I have no doubt all this did him good.

Now, it is bad to toady even a duke, who represents a grand old lineage, and whose personality is surrounded by a crowd of stirring associations. It is bad to toady even an archbishop, who is perhaps a very great man, and assuredly a very lucky man. At the worst, the archbishop is to be looked at with the like interest to that with which you look at the man who has drawn the thirty thousand pound prize in a lottery. But it is infinitely more wretched, degrading, and disgusting to toady Dr Bumptious or Professor Donkey. Yet you may have seen, no one can tell why, such mortals flattered, caressed, and petted like spoiled children, though they never did any good to any one but themselves in all their days. Let me add, that toadyism is never so offensive as when it is flavoured with religious language. Then it becomes the most hateful of cant. Thus it was when a hoary reprobate who had served the devil diligently as long as he had strength to serve anybody at all, having professed some penitence in the last hours of life (which

penitence did not prompt him to make any amends for the wicked things he had done), was greasily held forth from a certain pulpit as a noble Christian character. Toadyism never reached a height more revolting than when it led Bishop Porteus to declare that George II. was removed to heaven because he was too good for earth; unless indeed where it says something analogous concerning some respectable tradesman or sharp attorney. Then (let me confess), I hold it worse. To profess great admiration of the height and grandeur of a mole-hill, is a more offensive thing than to profess great admiration for Mont Blanc: even if you ascribe to Mont Blanc the qualities in which it is especially deficient.

Do you know this feeling? Let me speak to very busy men.

To have been excessively over-driven for many weeks; pressed by a host of cares, toils, worries; and then almost suddenly to get to the end of them, and enter on a little time of relief and rest; yet not to be able to feel relieved and restful? You know that if you have been struggling through the dense underwood of a forest, the moment you emerge from the wood into an open glade, you feel you are free from the entanglement. Likewise if you pass through a railway tunnel, the instant you get out of the dark you get into the light. But after you have got out of the moral tunnel, you often feel yourself surrounded by its darkness just as much as when passing through it. After escaping from the moral underwood, from the

briars, nettles, and elastic branches that come with unfriendly whack against your face, you feel all these little inconveniences plague you as much as ever. Do you know this?

Sometimes, even to find that you have, for the time, very little to do, will not relieve you from an oppressed sense that you have a great deal to do. That is, if you have really been working very hard for a long time. As amputation of a leg will not keep you from feeling pain in it, so though you have no work, you will feel the pressure and worry of work that is gone. In my childhood, in a certain little village in a fair country not seen for many years, I knew a tailor, an excellent man. Who can forget the man that made his first jacket? That good man had lost a leg. I remember the awe with which I have heard him say that he felt all his toes just as plainly as when he had them, years after the limb to which they belonged had been taken off. It was only by looking during the day, and by touch during the night, that he often assured himself that the limb was not there.

Don't be sure that you really are very busy, merely because you feel very busy. Make a list of the things you have to do; of the things you have done in the last week or month. Account for your time, and see what you have made of it. And if what you have done looks much when it is written fairly down, you may be well assured that it was a very great deal when you were actually doing it. Perhaps you may suddenly discover

that you have indeed been very idle though you fancied yourself very diligent. Some men get into the way of saying they are terribly busy, just as the man in the *Spectator*, though perfectly well, got somehow into the way of always saying he was sick.

Have you learned the great Fact, of the Superiority of Inferior Things? I mean the Fact, that you get more enjoyment out of these than out of things vastly better.

My friend Smith, in the past autumn, went to the sea-side with his children. He had provided for their use a nicely-rigged little yacht (that is, a yacht of two feet in length); likewise a little steam-ship, which by clockwork was impelled with wonderful speed. He had fancied that an enduring source of interest for the children was provided in those really pretty toys. But to his mortification, after a day or two the children cast these aside, not caring a bit for them; and found unfailing pleasure in two great blocks of wood, amorphous in form, which you would not have guessed to be ships unless you had been several times told so. Day after day, these blocks were invested with an intricate combination of strings and sticks, representing rigging. Day by day were the heads of that little household brought forcibly to behold and admire the great works of naval art. The same friend told me that his little boy had received as a birthday present, a very handsome railway train, of no small size. There were engine and tender, and four or five carriages: skilfully were the carriages coupled each to each; graceful were the circles

in which that train could run ; exciting was the sound of its many wheels. But the enjoyment of that artistic toy speedily palled, and it was supplanted by another railway train, in which the forms of engine and carriages were rendered in wooden bricks, skilfully built up. The resemblance to real life was remote ; and the train could be moved only by laborious management.

It is a great comfort to the majority of mankind to reflect that inferior things are in truth superior. If a duke with a palace or a castle gains the magnificent, he loses the snug. And to an average mind there is more real enjoyment in the snug than in the magnificent. You look at the magnificent for a little while, and then walk away from it with expressions of admiration ; with the snug you are content to associate day by day. You could not choose for a familiar friend a man twenty feet high. You could not sit down by the evening fireside and read *Fraser* in a gallery two hundred feet long. I know a man who has an enthusiastic love for church architecture. It pleased Providence to give him for his own a very plain church. After a while, an inexpensive internal improvement was made upon the east end of that edifice at the cost of not very many scores of pounds sterling, which was successful in greatly elevating the character of the entire interior. What an amount of real hearty enjoyment my friend got out of this little thing ! Yes, more than many a man gets out of a church which leaves nothing to be desired ; more than he himself would have got out of that, if it had pleased God to give it to him.

When the young barrister, Walter Scott, devised and erected a little rustic gateway at his country cottage, and went out after dark with his wife, with a lantern, and surveyed it with great satisfaction and pride, don't you see that the pleasure he derived from that small matter was at least as keen as ever he derived from the grander decorations of Abbotsford? And the man of simple and moderate tastes, who has a hundred square yards of velvety grass environed by warm evergreens, and fragrant in early summer with two lilacs and one hawthorn, may walk up and down a gravelled path, not so long as a quarter-deck, and enjoy his domain more keenly than a peer enjoys his park of six miles in circumference, which is so very big that one never can have a really familiar acquaintance with it all. There can be no doubt that very diligent cultivation bestowed on a very little bit of this earth will draw forth from it a most unusual crop of vegetables. So will prolonged and earnest contemplation of a little expanse of grass draw from it an incalculable amount of enjoyment. I know a man, the incumbent of a Scotch country parish, whose church you would on a cursory inspection take to be a little shabby barn, with a belfry at one end of it. After the longest inspection, indeed, you could never persuade yourself that it looked like a church. Yet the man whose duty it was to conduct the worship of that building, regarded it with a satisfaction with which I doubt if Dean Stanley looks at Westminster Abbey. In the gable of that shabby church there was a really beautiful Norman door. And if you train yourself to take all

your friends to see a Norman door; and if, being alone, you often sit down on a gravestone and look at it; it is amazing what a deal you will get out of that door, especially if it be the only door within miles at which it is conceivable that a lover of architecture would look twice. However much the Dean of Westminster may admire some one door in the great Abbey, he cannot bestow upon it sufficiently prolonged and intent consideration to draw forth all its latent power of pleasing. For there are a hundred other things there equally worth looking at, and in such a case you do but skim the enjoyment which any object yields you; you cannot drink it all in.

There is a happy compensation in all this. For as most people must put up with inferior things, it is comfortable to think that inferior things are in fact superior. There is a racy aroma, a peculiarly sapid twang about little things and few things, which great things and many things want.

There are facts which, though existent, need manipulation to make them apparent. When you were a little boy, and saw a carpenter planing a piece of mahogany, don't you remember how disappointed you were to see how very colourless the wood looked? There was no appearance at all of the rich, deep colour you had been accustomed to associate with that wood. To your friend, the carpenter, you expressed your mortification: saying, that in what looked like a piece of dark deal, there was no vestige of the character and markings of mahogany at all. But your friend told you these things were all there, though they were not yet made apparent. Let

that wood be oiled and rubbed, and the latent nature will come out. The fact will become manifest.

Are there not some moral facts which need a little handling to make us aware of them? It seems to me that the peculiar handling which is needful to make us feel some things is to say we feel them. If you want really to enjoy your holiday rest, be sure you frequently say how much you are enjoying it; for if you don't say so, perhaps you won't. Half the pleasure of a fine, crisp, frosty day consists in telling people how enjoyable it is. The satisfaction was in your mind latent: it is brought out by talking of it as the markings of mahogany are brought out by oil and rubbing. A person who frequently tells the most groundless story comes at last to believe it himself. George IV., one would say, must have come really to believe that he led the decisive charge at Waterloo, when he attained the sublime impudence of declaring that he did so to the Duke of Wellington. So singular is the reflective power of assertion upon belief. If you go out upon a raw, gloomy day, and resolutely declare to a number of people that it is fine, cheerful, winter weather, you may ultimately persuade yourself that it is so. Not always indeed. Sometimes the making strong declarations of what a man does not really feel to be true, serves only to make him feel himself a more wretched impostor. We all know several people who are constantly telling us things to their own advantage, just because they know they are not facts, but wish us to think them so.

Is this true?

Confidence that you are taking the right way to do a thing tends greatly to make the way you are taking the right one. Did you ever hastily put a key into a lock and find it would not go in, or would not turn round? Then you thought it must be the wrong key; and felt that you could not open the lock with it though you tried several times. But you took the key out and looked at it. You saw it was the right key after all. Now you tried confidently, and succeeded at once. In went the key smoothly: back went the bolt.

Are there not analogies in life? Is not half the battle there, to go at things confidently—sure that you are taking the right course? A man who thinks he is sure to fail, is sure to fail. All attempts that have been made to reason sailors out of their superstitions, as to unlucky days of sailing and the like, have resulted only in confirming their superstitions; for the men who sailed on a Friday, in a ship launched on a Friday, and called *The Friday* by a too intelligent owner, went in the firm belief that they were doomed men. You can see how, in times of urgent peril, this conviction would utterly paralyse them; and so one does not wonder that the ship never was heard of any more. If you think it to be the wrong key, you cannot open the lock with it; though, in fact, it is the right key. If you sail away in the belief that you are knocking your head against the whole universe, you are nearly as sure to be smashed as if you were actually doing so.

You don't feel things at once, whenever they happen.

You become aware of them gradually. There are many cases in which you do not feel relieved till a good while after relief has come. If the saddle has lain long and heavily on the back, you fancy it is there still, after it has been taken off. On the other hand, there are moral blows which you do not mind at first. You get a letter conveying very bad news; just as heavy news as you are likely to receive in this world. And as you slowly fold the letter up, and replace it in its envelope, you are surprised to find how well you have borne this bitter blow. But hour after hour through the long day the trial seems greater and sadder. You are aware that the stroke did you more harm than you had fancied at first. And when at night you go to your sleepless bed, and toss about in utter misery, you are conscious that you are not bearing it well at all.

We see a physical sight at once; a moral spectacle takes time to make itself perceptible. I don't suppose that a chancellor can assume the chancellor the minute he receives the great seal. It gradually dawns upon him what a big place he fills. It is so with lesser positions in life. My friend Smith tells me that when he became incumbent of a large parish (it was his first), he did not feel, for many days, and even weeks, that he was such. When the people about his church, and the humble parishioners, treated him with great deference, he felt ashamed. Gradually he assumed authority, as he felt himself fairly seated on that humble throne. One of the most imposing sights I ever beheld was the Bishop of

Oxford pronouncing the blessing after preaching. It was a very large church. It was densely crowded—passages and all—by people who had come expressly to hear that eminent prelate. The prayers were got through in a very slovenly manner: and when the Bishop ascended the pulpit, there was that audible sigh and stir of the congregation which testified that here was the thing for which they had come to church that afternoon. The Bishop gave a very eloquent and rather misty sermon of an hour in length, about half as good as I have several times heard preached by a man who was esteemed as well paid with eight hundred a year. He got thoroughly warmed with his subject, and arresting the attention of most of those present, ended amid perfect stillness. Then, having prayed in the usual words, he laid down his little Prayer-book, and stretching forth his hands, uttered the benediction in the invariable form. It was most impressively done. And it was especially impressive to me, who am accustomed to hear the blessing pronounced by men who do it humbly—as well aware how much their blessing is worth. It was fine to hear it said by a man who honestly believed that a bishop's blessing is worth something, and said to a great crowd, in which many people believed that too. But I don't think that, for many days after the distinguished individual was raised to the Episcopate, he could possibly have pronounced the blessing with the like authority. He must have grown accustomed to his place before he could assume it so well.

People talk about being settled in life: people think that when they attain a certain place, they are settled in life. Well, perhaps they are settled so far as concerns worldly position. That is, they hold the same office year after year, have the same income, live in the same house, know the same class of human beings. But in opinion, in feeling, in moral atmosphere, how far people are from being settled—how they drift away and away! You might as well think to remain steadily fixed at a spot midway in the fathomless Atlantic as think to remain morally fixed in this life of never-ceasing change. There is a change in feeling even where there is no change in fact. As a fish, swimming in the sea, gets into a warmer stratum of water, and in a little into a colder again, so do we, after being for a little in a cheerful, amiable, charitable frame, get out of that into a discontented, envious, bitter, self-seeking, and malicious temper. It would be a nice thing, if, when we are at our best, we could throw out three anchors, and settle ourselves there. But we cannot.

I confess there is something that strikes me as very terrible, when we find conscientious men stating as an objection to the subscription of religious tests by the clergy and others that a man cannot, at four or five and twenty, say what he may have come to believe by the time he is four or five and forty. It is a terrible thing to think, if one really must think it, that the fact of one's holding most firmly to-day the great verities of the Christian faith, is no warrant against the possibility that some

day he may reject them all, and perhaps begin to write free-thinking articles and books : perhaps become a secularist lecturer. I should fancy that most men who entirely believe the truth of Christianity, would much rather be knocked on the head at once than live on to abjure it, if *that* was to be the result of their living on. Let us hope that however taste, feeling, political creed, æsthetic sensibility, may change, yet in the graver matter of our highest belief, year after year (if we are to see them) may bring no alteration. And let me say, that if our beliefs be what they should be, I have the firmest conviction that they will only grow stronger and deeper with advancing years.

There is such a thing as a masterly inactivity, or what seems such. Now and then the course of nature favours lazy and dilatory folk ; and gives some colour of reason to the advice in the Spanish proverbial saying, *Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow*. Sometimes we take great trouble to do something which, if we had waited till to-morrow, we should not have needed to do at all. The necessity for it would have passed away. A person who is very careful in putting books and papers away in their proper places, finds occasionally that he has locked up something that comes to be wanted, and so has the labour of seeking it out again. A lazy, careless, untidy person would have escaped that labour.

But that is a chance. The case is analogous to that of a man who takes poison ; and then finds that, by extra-

ordinary luck, it suits his constitution or his disease, and cures him instead of killing him. As a general rule, the right thing is to do things at once. The system of the universe does in the main favour people who go upon that tack. And it tends to clear all our views of things, and it conduces to a condition of quiet unexpressed content, to do things at once. Nobody can be comfortable with a long score of little neglected duties running up against him. Besides, duty is never little. Wherever the moral element exists, the matter is great. Though a hair's breadth may make the difference between right and wrong, the difference between right and wrong is never a little difference.

Still, as there are horses that need the spur, and horses that need the bridle, so there are human beings that need to be poked up, and others that need to be reined in. There are men who fly at their work and hold at it with a tension of the nervous system, which does not greatly accelerate or improve the work, but which makes it very killing for the worker. I have known a student who had six months in which to do a certain amount of reading, and who had got through it all in two. I have known a clergyman who could not be quite at peace, unless he fixed on Sunday evening on his text for next Sunday; and began to write his sermon on Monday morning by ten o'clock. In short, there is such a thing as taking any duty very heavily and anxiously: there is such a thing as taking it very lightly and hopefully. And I fear that those who are burdened for the race of life with an

anxious and eager heart, must just bear the burden as long as the race lasts.

There is a case in which the man most impatient to be at his task, ought steadfastly to deny himself the relief of getting at it. It is where you have many things to do in the day. You know the uneasy, restless desire to be at work, wiping off part of the great score. You know the vague remorse with which one thinks that the minutes are running away, and no progress made. But you must definitively stop, and before beginning any portion of the task, sort it. Arrange it in the order in which it can most easily and swiftly be done. Here is a most economical expenditure of time: it may save itself ten times over. If you have a list of many things to be done upon any day (and some folk have such a list for every day), you will be eager to get out and get at it. No; sit down quietly. Refuse to mind the quickened pulse, and the whole physical and mental system chafing like a race-horse at the starting-post. Deliberately consider in what order these twenty things shall be done: number them accordingly. And when you have fairly gone out, keep to the plan chalked out. Let it be as the law of the Medes and Persians. You will find this best in the long run.

A thought which will sometimes occur to very hard-working men is, What is the use of all this ceaseless driving on? We all know men who flagrantly neglect their duty; taking life very easily while you are taking it so hard: and yet, how well they manage to get through!

Nobody tells them what everybody thinks of them. And you may find men scandalously unfit for the place they hold, yet entirely satisfied with themselves: much more self-satisfied than laborious men, for laborious men know how much more they wish to do if their day were but increased to forty-eight hours, and if they could but be in two or even three places at a time. Generally men who are outrageously incompetent have two or three people who tell them they are remarkably competent; and thus act as buffers to keep off the shock and pressure of public opinion. Then, incompetent men stand by one another. An incompetent man is always glad, in a public assembly, to mention how able, laborious, and self-denying is another incompetent man. He hopes to be repaid in kind; and besides this, he is doing what he can to lower the standard of competence. If a man of five feet two inches desires to be considered very tall, he will gladly go into any movement that may lead to a general belief that men of five feet two are very tall men.

This is all.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ORGAN IN SCOTLAND.

THIS is a rainy day. In the morning, at eight o'clock, if you had walked down from this house through a green shady lane, with rich hedges and great trees on either hand, you would, at a distance of half-a-mile, have suddenly come upon the sea, looking leaden and sullen. Entering the sea, you would have found it very cold. There was no rain then; but in an hour the clouds gathered, the wind moaned in a wintry way, and then drenching showers fell, wafted in from the Atlantic by the rainy south-west. Now the trees are green, the hedges are green, the ripening corn-field hard by is beginning to grow yellow, the roads that pass near are deep with mud. The sea, a grim expanse, is three hundred feet below; the ground slopes steeply down to it. Above, there are moorlands, now looking quite black. On the whole, it is a day on which to record certain facts which have lately come within the scope of the writer's observation.

Here is a little staircase. It is steep and dark: the

steps are of wood. Let us ascend it. Now where are we; and what do our eyes behold?

We are in a gallery in a church. It is a cruciform church, with short transepts. It is a Gothic edifice. The open roof is supported by beams of dark oak; the plaster between the beams is painted blue. We may discover three windows filled with stained glass; one is a rose window, two are lancets. This gallery, situated at the extremity of the longest limb of the cross, is filled by a large and handsome organ. A small boy is blowing, solemnly working a long handle up and down. Some one is playing on the instrument; there are the magnificent tones, so rich, sweet, soft, majestic. I reflect how my slight acquaintance, Dr Bumptious, in tones that set one's teeth on edge, has often declared in my unwilling ears that the human voice is far finer than any instrument. Just listen to his human voice (in so far as his voice can be called human), and you will be well assured of that.

But surely there is nothing particular or remarkable in a Gothic church, nor yet in an organ gallery. Yes, my reader; but there is something very remarkable in finding an organ here. Look from this gallery towards the other end of the church, in the subdued light of stained glass and dark oak. What do you see there? No altar, no reading-desk, no creed nor commandments nor Lord's prayer emblazoned: none of the things to which you are accustomed. There is just a pulpit and nothing else. You know what that means. This is a Scotch parish church. The Church of Scotland has no bishops and no

liturgy. This is a Presbyterian place of worship. And let me tell you, it is a great sign of the times to see this organ here.

This is a week-day. There is no service. It is a day of practising. Let me relate some facts as to the Sunday services of this church.

Last Sunday was the first of our holiday-time: our first Sunday here. And in a somewhat rainy and stormy morning, several figures might have been discerned leaving this dwelling about 10.30 A.M. Having walked a mile and a half along a breezy way, parallel with the sea and far above it, they might have been seen descending a path which leads to the church already mentioned. As you draw near the place, the tinkling of a somewhat feeble bell falls upon the ear. It is not the worst bell which has summoned the writer to church. He remembers a day on which, at the appointed hour of worship, a man appeared at the church door and violently rang a dinner bell of small dimensions. Entering the church, among many more, you discover that the building, which holds five hundred and fifty or so, is well filled; indeed, almost crowded. As the bell ceased, the pealing organ began, and played a pretty voluntary. Though the organ has been here for no more than five or six Sundays, and though a good many of the congregation probably never heard an organ in church in their lives till this organ came here, the people took it all as a matter of course. They have got quite accustomed to it. I am

not going to give you a description of the service of the Scotch Church : though the most eloquent of living historians, after being present at a Scotch service for the first time, told the writer that the thing which mainly impressed him was, what an ODD service it was. Only let it be said, that public worship begins with the singing of a psalm. And here, knowing the moral atmosphere, and understanding what prejudices and prepossessions must have been got over before such a thing could be, it was very strange to hear the organ play over the tune first, and then to see the congregation rise to their feet, with one consent, and sing the psalm with a somewhat too powerful accompaniment. For the mode, hallowed to many Scotch hearts by old associations, is to sit still while you sing : thus indeed diminishing the power of your lungs to half ; but still finding abundant compensation in the thought that thus you are bearing testimony against the corrupt mode of the unreformed church on the southern side of the Tweed. But how fine and cheering was that great volume of sound, that Sunday morning when the writer first heard an organ in a Scotch church ! Every one sung out with heart and voice : the choir, placed in the organ gallery, was quite drowned by the congregation ; walls and roof seemed as vibrating ; and the whole thing quickened devotion, and prepared one for the following prayers ! Just one thought did intrude into the mind, that should have been wholly filled with God's praise : under the circumstances an excusable

thought. The thought was as follows: Now I have heard some men, whom no one proposed to shut up in a lunatic asylum, say that this is wrong!

Of course the great principle on which all objections to the use of the organ in public worship go, is this: *The uglier and more disagreeable anything is, the likelier it is to be the right thing.*

But no more now about that service: which was the very first Sunday's service at which the writer ever heard an organ in a Scotch church.

A little more than nine years ago, an article written by this hand appeared in a certain Magazine; an article entitled *The Organ Question*. About that time people in Scotland were beginning to think that, considering the atrocious badness of church music generally in this country, it might be desirable to do something towards improving it. Let it be said, with thankfulness, that in the last nine years, a good deal has been done, both in town and country, to that end. Ladies and gentlemen have, in many cases, come to believe that there is nothing degrading in becoming members of amateur choirs; and the consequence is, that in many churches you have voices of such refinement and cultivation to lead the praise, as could not be got previously except at very great expense. You have the words sung, properly pronounced. And instead of the abominable tunes, full of flourishes and repetitions, which ambitious Scotch precentors were fond of singing, you have ecclesiastical music, simple, grave, easily joined in by all with ear and voice. Bran-new

tunes, by pushing music-masters, have been in great measure forbidden; and music centuries old, as much better than those as Canterbury Cathedral is better than Salem Chapel, has come into use. Of course, early in the progress of the movement, voices here and there asked whether the organ might not be had. Yet so keen was the prejudice against that noble instrument in the minds of many who had broken away from the belief in the infallibility of a Pope or a Church, only to substitute for that the belief in the infallibility, even in matters æsthetical, of John Knox and a few more, that though the writer felt that the general use of the organ in Scotland was a thing quite as sure to come in time as the flowing of the tide, he said, at that time, that the existing generation of Scotchmen would not live to see it. But though some good people, who are entitled to credit for entire sincerity, and whose dread of removing the old landmarks was not wholly unreasonable, did as it were go down to the seashore and order the tide to cease flowing, stating that if it continued to flow it would be guilty of perjury, blasphemy, ingratitude, and even of bad taste, yet the tide quietly and surely progressed. And now, it is matter for wonder, when you find an educated Scotchman or Scotchwoman, under fifty years old, who is not clearly in favour of the organ: in favour, that is, of allowing congregations who want an organ to get one, and congregations who don't want an organ to do without it. Things have advanced much more rapidly than anyone would have believed possible ten years since. In Edinburgh, there is but one

organ in use in a parish church ; but in Glasgow, which is assuredly the capital of the wealth and enterprise of Scotland, there already are in use, or will be in use within a few weeks, no fewer than seven or eight. The Tron Church, whose walls used to re-echo the eloquence of Chalmers, has for many months had instrumental music : and I can testify from experience that the praise there is almost overwhelming, for its vast volume and heartiness. The congregation is for the most part of a humble class ; just of that class where one might have expected lingering prejudice against the “ Kist fu’ o’ whistles ; ” but the large church is densely crowded, and every soul sings with might and main. The sound is as of thunder. Country churches progress more slowly : I believe this church by the seaside is almost the first which has started the true organ : not the harmonium, which is but a poor substitute. But without any gift of prophecy, one may safely predict that in a few years the organ will excite no more surprise in a Scotch church than now it does in an English one ; and that every congregation will have an organ which wants one, and can afford it.

Now, does any reader of this page desire to know how the phenomenon of the organ gallery and the organ appeared in this church ? How is it that on any Sunday you may find the congregation here devoutly worshipping with the aid of that grand instrument which some years ago appeared to many in Scotland as a thing to be longed for but not to be had ?

Well, things have gone on rapidly within the last three

or four years. I remember, as yesterday, the day when one of the magistrates of the northern metropolis told me that the previous Sunday he and his fellows had paid an official visit to a certain church ; and that the music was aided by a harmonium for the first time. One clergyman, greatly daring, and having ascertained that his flock would like it, made that beginning. The question of instrumental music, thus raised, came before the Supreme Court of the Scotch Church at its meeting in May 1864 ; and a decision was come to which many regarded as tacitly sanctioning the organ, and which some regarded as doing something else. That uncertain sound would not do, and the General Assembly, in May 1865, having the organ question again brought up, decided that the power of permitting or refusing the use of an organ by any congregation, lies with the Presbytery of the bounds, and recommended that when any congregation did, with something like unanimity, express to the Presbytery its wish for an organ, the Presbytery should give that wish the most favourable consideration. This judgment of the Supreme Court was carried by a majority against another which had been proposed, whose gist was that each congregation should be free to have an organ if it liked, without asking leave of the Presbytery at all.

So you see what a Scotch minister has to do, if his congregation comes in a unanimous way, and says it wants an organ. Go to the Presbytery at its next meeting ; produce satisfactory evidence of the congregation's wish ; and the permission of the Presbytery has followed as of course in

all such cases hitherto. Of course, if a considerable portion of the congregation desires to go on in the old way, it is all quite fair that their bias or prejudice should be considered. The burden of proof must rest on those who want the change. And a usage hitherto maintained under an understood common law, ought not to be altered unless people are nearly unanimous in wishing that it should be altered. If your congregation esteems an organ as an emblem of Baal, you would be very foolish if you try to thrust an organ upon it. But if your congregation unanimously desires to have an organ, you would be equally silly if you make any opposition to that desire. The fact is, a clergyman of the Scotch Church who likes the organ, is in precisely the same position as a clergyman of the Anglican Church who would like to put his choir in surplices. It is a pure matter of æsthetics: there is no principle involved. And if worthy people have a keen prejudice against the thing, esteeming it as a rag of Popery, and as the thin end of the wedge whose thick end is Father Newman or else Bishop Colenso; why, you will (if you have good sense and good feeling) yield meanwhile to that prejudice, and try gradually to educate people out of it. "I have no objection to the organ," said a worthy mechanic to a Scotch clergyman, within the last few weeks; "but I understand that whenever the organ is brought in, there 's to be an attack made on the doctrine of the Atonement." A choral service is a fine thing; but the Anglican rector who tries to establish it in a church where all the people abominate it, is a great fool. So an organ is a

fine thing ; but no man of sense will thrust it upon people who revolt at it.

The following temperate and judicious remarks are from a sermon published by Dr Robertson, minister of Glasgow Cathedral ; *late* minister, alas that it must be said. He had not a superior among the Scotch clergy : for manly grasp of mind, for pith and point in treating his subject, he had hardly an equal. Let it be added, that a more genial, kindly, liberal-minded, and honest man, never walked this earth. Here are that eminent man's views about instrumental music in church :—

“With regard to church music, every one knows that the question is coming to be more and more considered every day, whether it would not be an improvement to make use of the help of instruments.

“There seems to be no good reason why this should not be done. Under the ancient Jewish dispensation the harp, the timbrel, and other instruments of music, were used in the service of God ; and there seems to be nothing in the New Testament principles to forbid our making use, in like manner, of such instrumental aid to the voice as may be suitable to the habits and associations of the present day. There are many instruments, certainly, which one would hardly like to hear in church service : our associations being such, that the use of them is not in the meantime, and is not likely ever to become, appropriately suggestive of reverent ideas. There is one instrument, however, against which this objection does not lie, —I mean the organ. And I do not hesitate to say in

public, what I have often said, and heard many of my brethren say, in private, that there appears to be no reason why such congregations as may wish it, should not be permitted to employ this help to the voice. The matter is not so important as to be worth division in congregations : but should any congregation desire it, with a near approach to unanimity, it seems only consistent with a reasonable liberty that they should be allowed to gratify their wish."

Plain good sense, I know that my readers will say : who could doubt all that ? But let me tell you that there are worthy folk in Scotland still, who would accuse the man who should say all that of no one knows what fearful heresy. Happily, they cannot burn him. And I am not entirely sure that they would, even if they could.

Tact is needed to put the use of the organ before prejudiced minds in the way least likely to awake prejudice. An esteemed friend of the writer, some time ago, had an organ erected in his church. A voluntary was played before and after service. Some honest people complained of this. They said that this sound was not worship. " I don't say it is," replied their ingenious pastor ; " but neither is the shuffling of feet and slamming of pew doors as people are coming in and going out : and don't you think the organ, which drowns these noises, is the pleasanter sound of the two ? " There was no resisting that way of putting the case. And yet that way was perfectly true. Would that every good cause, which needs to be judiciously put, had as able an advocate !

Of course, all this movement has been accompanied by some ill-humour on both sides. Excellent men, ultra-conservative in all things, have been known to accuse the advocates of the organ of various forms of heterodoxy : of Socinianism, Atheism, and even of Bourignianism. On the other hand, the advocates of the organ, impatient of an opposition which they esteemed as the result of stupid prejudice, have in many cases been known to describe their opponents as pig-headed blockheads. Excellent men, doubtless, on either side : but controversy tends to wax keen. For we are a perfervid race ; and sometimes fail to do each other justice.

CHAPTER V.

CONCERNING ROADSIDE STATIONS ; WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON THE TERMINUS AD QUEM.

I SAY the *terminus ad quem*, to distinguish it from the other *terminus* of the railway. For though in severe accuracy, the *terminus* of your journey by railway can only be at the journey's end, in popular language the other *terminus* is the one from which you start ; the beginning of your journey. My present discourse shall be of the stations along the way at which one stops for a period longer or shorter ; and of the *terminus* at which you finally stop, the journey ended.

Yet let it be said, in passing, that the word *terminus* is a hateful word. All words affectedly taken from other languages are hateful. Those from the French tongue are the worst. Doubtless it is to be admitted that there are shades of sense not to be conveyed by single English words, which a French word hits off exactly. Still, I remember how ill it looked to me, when I heard a great preacher vociferating from the pulpit the words *en rapport*. He rendered them, *aung ruppoarr*.

But who shall fight with all the world ? Wise men,

much beaten about the head as they go on through life, when they find that all mankind will think in a way they esteem as wrong, come to heave a wearied sigh, turn silently away, and keep their own opinion in their pocket. Now, the world has said that *terminus* shall be the word to signify the big handsome or the little ugly shed, which has no egress at the farther end for railway carriages: before approaching which the train is drawn up and the tickets collected; and beyond which the train does not go.

Not of the material railway is the writer about to tell: though upon this evening he might well do so. For upon this day, from early morning to late afternoon, he has journeyed on by as wonderful a railway as you are very likely to see. Alongside the purple Grampians; through the pass of Killicrankie, glorious yet fatal to the bonnie Dundee; by the Spey, and by the Garry; does that railway bear you, till at length you may stop, if you like, in the little cathedral city on the banks of the noble Tay. Having just this minute ascertained the fact from Mr Black's excellent guide-book, I think it proper to say that EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS that the Tay is a river three times as big as the Thames: that is, it conveys to the sea a good deal more than three times as much fresh water.

Go out and see that beautiful ruin of a cathedral, standing within the verge of a ducal park. Mourn over the roofless nave, with its graceful tower at the western end. Mourn yet more, if it be possible, as you enter the choir, and find it vilely fitted up as the parish church. There

are galleries: hideous pews, in which people sit looking across the vault: a fearful pulpit, with two stairs ascending to it, one useless stair to balance the practicable one. Climb that practicable stair, enter that pulpit, and consider how you would like to preach from it. Then you may return to an old-fashioned hotel, and have tea. If ever you should have tea at that hotel, having dined many hours before, tell them to give you grilled fowl with your tea. From personal knowledge, the writer can say that the grilled fowl there is eminently and meritoriously good.

But my roadside stations are moral ones: moral is my *terminus ad quem*. I purpose to speak of views and feelings and beliefs as to which we fancy we have reached the *terminus*, while in fact we have only stopped for a little while at a roadside station. We say to ourselves, Now, my mind is made up; and I shall ALWAYS think and feel as I do. Ah, that is not so! We are gliding on with a silent current, that bears us away and away. Well says Dr Newman, in words which the experience of very many will help them thoroughly to understand, "It is the concrete being that reasons: pass a number of years, and I find my mind in a new place. How? The whole man moves."

True, true! I have come to think that the *terminus* of our views and feelings is no other than the *terminus* of the whole path through this life. We shall be changing to the end: not always or in all things for the better. You have sometimes travelled through a fair country, and

stopped at places amid green trees, and by rustic waterfalls, under bright skies: but as the day declined, you entered on a bare treeless tract, and at length concluded your journey in chill and darkness at midnight in the thick air and blank ugliness of some great manufacturing town. Now, in our views and moods and feelings, we run risk of doing just that. Oh let us stay where the trees are green, the skies bright, the waters clear! Don't take us into a moral Manchester or Leeds, if it be possible to stay in a moral Wells or Salisbury!

Yet before going on to these things, let us give a thought, kindly reader, to the fashion in which we fancy that as to our place in life we have got to the *terminus*, when in fact we are merely stopping, in a little while to move, at a roadside station. Have not we all done this? The writer, for one, more than once. Did he ever think to leave that beautiful city wherein he wrote full many a page of sermon and of essay; or to leave that plain and indeed shabby church, wherein, twice on each Sunday, he preached for six years? Sore, indeed, he felt, when friends from other lands freely expressed to him their mind concerning that edifice: specially when a dear friend, rector of an English parish which has a beautiful church, being asked what he thought of the church which bears the Mellifluous Doctor's name, said, "Well, I don't regard it so much as a church, but rather as a place of shelter from the weather!" But the force of circumstances pushed him on: and after all, that pleasant resting-place proved to be no more than a roadside station. Perhaps

the quaint and ancient city, cathedral city and university city in one, which is now his charge, may prove the like too. It was indeed the *terminus* of each of the good men who went before me : and it may very well be mine too. Not in this country's bounds will you find a fairer scene, or more congenial duty. Some folk do not care for such things : but to the author it is a very real and tangible privilege to be one of those who conduct the service of a church, on the ground contained within which Christian men, in different ways indeed, have worshipped for eight hundred years. Once that church had thirty clergymen : now it has but two. Once, its chief official was termed an archbishop : now, its two incumbents bear each the title of minister. But the archbishops were sometimes murdered ; and sometimes hanged. From such perils the humbler existing dignitaries are happily free. And Cardinal or Lord Primate had oftentimes the care of the nation on his hands : while the duty now-a-days is not national but parochial.

It is well, doubtless, that people should fancy their stopping-place for the moment, their *terminus*. You do many a thing, very proper to be done, because you fancy that, which otherwise you would not do at all. And very unwillingly the conviction forces its way sometimes, that the present is but a wayside station. Has it not come to the heart, now and then, like a sharp dagger? Even when not so bad as that, it is often bad enough. You make a pretty house. You paint it to your mind : and on your lobby floor you lay down encaustic tiles of pleas-

ing pattern. You set up your book-cases, not unfrequently having such made for little corners, so that they will not do anywhere else. You accumulate and arrange your household gods. You grow, morally, into the shape of the room in which you write and read for many years. What associations cluster round that abode! Was there a room, whence it was very long before the smell of fresh wood would go: the room where through some cold winter days a sweet smiling little face lay in the little coffin? A thousand ties bind you to a dwelling even in a town: remembrances of words and looks that are gone; of unexpected glad news, of silent unutterable sorrow; of youthful shouts and laughter, of maturer smiles and tears. But in town you have but the indoor associations: in the country there are the evergreens you planted, the walks you devised, the roses you trained and the ivy, the green grass mowed unceasingly, beside which you have often stood under an umbrella and watched it gaining a more emerald verdure under a soft summer shower. How that gravel has been beaten by your feet: what races you have run, chasing your little children over that turf: how it gladdened you to come back after a little absence to this place, which was to you the centre of all the world! And now you are to be pulled up by the roots from all the holds to which the roots have fastened themselves. Yes, it takes a tremendous pull from the great locomotive of circumstances, to move you from the roadside station which you had taken for the terminus! And it is always a strange thing, and a sad thing, to recall that scene.

Many are the lines in *Philip Van Artevelde* that linger on the ear and heart, and come back like an unwearying refrain to a hundred things one thinks of: none more than these:—

There is a door in Ghent,—I passed beside it:—
A threshold there, worn of my frequent feet,
Which I shall cross no more.

In the years spent under that roof with his gentle Adriana, Artevelde doubtless thought he had reached the *terminus*: but a tremendous tug moved him on from that, and from the sunshiny garden of roses he had to go to wild moorlands, black and bare. But if you want to read the most touching of all accounts of how a man took a roadside station for the *terminus*, you may find it in a book where there is sublimer poetry than Mr Henry Taylor's: turn up the twenty-ninth chapter of Job. Yes, the patient patriarch recalls fondly the wayside station: tells of all the things that made it so pleasant: tells how certainly he counted on its being the *terminus*: tells how he was pushed away from it into dreary desolation. Read all that: it is too long to quote; and this is not the place. But as for the dwelling you left, some day you go back again to see it. Probably you feel it would have been better if you had not. Perhaps your walks, once so trim, are grown up with weeds. Perhaps the dear old evergreens have grown, unpruned, into awkward monsters, in which you cannot recognise the old features at all. Perhaps, where there was green turf, the delight of your heart,

overhanging branches and hateful hens have destroyed it all. Perhaps you sit down for half-an-hour, alone, on the steps once your own, and recall the past. Then you shake your head several times : and leave the spot, to return no more.

If Artevelde had gone back to that dwelling, not to be revisited, you see what a gush of remembrances would have rushed over him, and broken him down for the time. Yes, it is a curious thing, to go back from what you meanwhile esteem your terminus, to see a roadside station whence you departed, long ago. For though the present location you hold be a great deal better, the old one will yet pierce you through. There was a man, the son of the clergyman of a little Scotch country town, who left his native scenes, and went to a certain great metropolis. There, by great industry, great ability, and great good luck, he pushed his way : till he arrived at a place as honourable and elevated as a British subject can hold. But, having reached that dignified terminus, he returned once on a time to visit the roadside station in his life where he had spent his early years : and he silently walked about the old ways. Then, he entered the house of an old friend : a lady who had known him all his life. Said she, "Well, Lord C., you have been seeing the old place : what do you think of it?" And the good man, in the zenith of fame and success, could answer only by covering his face with his hands and crying like a little child. That is what you think and feel, going back to a wayside station long since left for ever. "A day like this

which I have left, Full thirty years behind," is always a wonderful day to look back upon, however ordinary it was when it was passing.

All this is introductory to my proper subject. It is as concerns our opinions and feelings that I desire to think of roadside stations and the *terminus ad quem*. Many opinions, many feelings and affections, which we thought we should keep all our life, we outgrow. We come not to care a brass farthing for things, places, people, we thought we should care for all our days. You, young fellow, who were engaged to be married thirteen times, fancied that each new engagement was the *terminus* ; in fact, it was merely a station at which you stopped a little while. You, old party, about to be married for the seventh time, have learned that all the previous marriages were no more than roadside stations. You honestly deemed each the *terminus* in its own day. You would have indignantly repudiated the suggestion that it was anything else. You, gentle young girl, when your judicious and matter-of-fact parents broke off your engagement with a lad who had not a penny wherewith to bless either himself or you, thought you would never get over that dreadful disappointment : you would wear the willow through life. Ah, life is very long : much longer than young people have any idea : by-and-by you will think better of it, and judge a great deal more wisely : you will be pulled out of that eminently unsatisfactory rut in which at present you are stuck ; and will advance prosperously

along the rails again, to the halting-place of your next engagement (let us trust) to a sensible, amiable, and competently-wealthy man. And, going to more philosophic thoughts, you know how the most vital changes pass on our opinions on all things. It is not that you reason yourself out of your old views, or into your new ones: it is just that you grow into them. You glide away. You fancied yourself securely anchored; but you were drifting all the while. When Dr Newman published hard things against the Church of Rome, he fancied that these views so expressed were his terminus. Others, looking at him, saw what he did not himself see, that his position was no more than a small refreshment station, with eight minutes allowed, at the top of a very steep incline; and that in a little while the train would be tearing away at great speed to what Dr Newman now thinks right and what he then thought wrong. No one can read his *Apologia*, especially in that second edition in which the undue bitterness with which he resented the attack of "a popular writer of the day" is in great degree mitigated and removed, without having the firmest assurance of that eminent man's entire honesty of purpose: and few (may it be said?) can read it without wondering that he ever dreamt that the manifestly provisional and temporary views he held, and which he was ever modifying, were those which would endure with him: wondering that he took for the *terminus* what you could see with half an eye had the rails stretching far ahead;—what was, in short, a roadside station.

I cannot but say that it seems to me that any opinion that differs very much from the usual way of thinking, even if the opinion be magnanimous and right, is likely to prove a roadside station. A continual force, constant as that of gravitation, is ever bearing on the man who holds the exceptional view : and that force will probably beat him in the end. Goethe, Schiller, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, all started by thinking very differently from mankind at large, and ended by thinking very much as do people in general. Shakspeare, with all his immeasurable depth of thought and power of mind, did not hold exceptional opinions. His views are the glorification of sound common sense. He is the embodiment of a supremely wise Mrs Grundy. If, in taste and philosophy, you have come to hold by him, you may trust that you have reached the terminus, beyond which you will not go.

A young fellow once told me that he had finally made up his mind that he never would argue with anybody on any topic. Argument, he said, never affected opinion ; because general opinion does not found on reason, but on sentiment and constitution ; and people get angry when argued with, but are not convinced. " I never," he said, " would take the trouble of expressing my own views, however sure I might be that they were right : I would keep them to myself : it is all no use and no matter." When I heard him say all this, I thought to myself, " Ah, you are stopping at a little station high up in the hills : in a little while you will move on, and glide down to the place held by ordinary beings." So he did : and,

indeed, went on farther than most people do. If you should fall in with him now, you would find him keenly disposed to an argument, and eager to thrust his views upon you. I do not know whether he expects his fellow-creatures to be convinced by his reasons; but at least he makes sure that they shall hear them.

So with a young fellow who was used to declare that he had no ambition; that he did not care for success, standing, or fortune. He honestly thought he did not: for the grapes we cannot get do really seem sour; they are not falsely called so, in many cases. You know it, my reader: you have no estimate at all of the thing you can never reach; or you estimate it slightly. But let success come, or wealth, or reputation: and you will go down the ringing rails till you reach the level of the ordinary way of thinking among ordinary folk. It is exceedingly pleasant, after all, to succeed, to grow rich, to be well esteemed. Not but that the best and noblest that is in our nature is brought out by disappointment and failure, rightly met, rightly used. Poor and shallow will that character be, which has been formed in the unbroken sunshine of a lot in which all goes well. Yet we should all like to be formed into something good, with just as little trituration as may be. And on this matter, as on others, we may say, without hesitation, that all eccentricity of judgment, unless you are a great man like Mr Carlyle, or a fool, is just a roadside station at a considerable height, from which you will most assuredly glide away. Not of necessity to what is better. From unselfish magnanimity

you may pass on to baseness ; from geniality to bitterness ; from industry to laziness ; from tidiness to slovenliness ; from a condition in which your outward aspect is decorously neat, to another in which you wear a shocking bad hat, a great woollen comforter round your neck, a baggy cotton umbrella, and no gloves. From a state wherein you think well of most of your fellow-men, you may advance to one in which you think ill of all. From that in which you give a penny to every beggar that asks one, you may proceed to that in which you will threaten such with the police, or bid them go to their parish.

Now here let it be said, that there are some really good people who are standing at the station of never giving anything to the poor ; of always suspecting imposture, and repeating the weary tale of the two or three cases in which they have been imposed on in a pretty long life. Would that I could unscrew their breaks, let their wheels freely revolve, give them a tug with a powerful locomotive, and take them away from that to something far wiser and better.

To this end, let me record my experience, on two successive days, of two little ragged boys.

At 8 o'clock P.M., at this season, it is quite dark. In that darkness did the writer issue from a very seedy little railway station, on the outskirts of a large and horribly ugly town. A black bag, of considerable weight, was sustained in the writer's left hand. A small boy, with a face that looked sharp and hungry in the gaslight, waiting outside the gate, begged urgently to be allowed to carry

the bag; and receiving it, placed it on his head. Had it been daylight the fear of Mrs Grundy might have prevented me from walking by the boy's side and conversing with him: but in the dark, and in a place where one was unknown, such fear was needless. Eleven years old: Name, Patrick. Father and mother living. Had one sister. The people who get into cabs, and hire porters, without ever thinking that the cabman and the porter are human beings, with human ties, cares, and sorrows, would be startled, if they talked to such, to find how like to themselves these mortals are. Yes, Mr Justice Talfourd was right: the thing that separates class from class, is want of sympathy. Father, a labourer at the docks: drank all he made. The little boy was trying to do something for his mother. His father and mother never went to church. He never went to school, but on the Sunday evenings. Could not read the Bible. Stayed at the railway station all day, for the chance of carrying things. Got four and sixpence a week, often. What was the largest sum you ever got for carrying one thing? Ninepence: even a shilling. Poor little fellow: the question was too trying: I saw the sharp look as he named the latter great sum. It is not fair to subject the moral principle of human beings to a breaking strain. Probably I ought to have cross-examined him with severity as to the occasions on which he received the amount named. But I resolved rather to indulge myself in the sight of a hungry and dirty face, looking happy. So I said, My little man, I want to give you more than you

ever got before for carrying a bag : here is eighteenpence ! Lively was the child's satisfaction. But that is not the point. If you train yourself just to think that ragged boys feel very much as you yourself do, you will discover that there is something infinitely touching and heart-moving in the view of the little figure, with torn trousers, stoutly walking on before you over the muddy streets with a leather bag on its head. When you come in actual contact with the poor, and see them and talk with them, it is a very different thing from any description, no matter by whom written.

But the most remarkable little boy I have seen for a long time, I met the next day. As a small party of travellers sat on the deck of a nearly empty steamer, a ragged boy appeared, bearing one of those wooden boxes in which figs are sold. But the figs were gone, and in the box there were two brushes : with these he offered to brush human boots. It was no later than 8.30 A.M., and no one's boots needed brushing. So his aid was declined. But lingering, with a disappointed face, he said, "You might encourage trade." The boy was just ten years old. This was not a joke : it was said with a solemn and anxious countenance. Somebody sought for some pence to give him. "No," he said, "I don't like to take money for doing nothing." Who could resist that ? The one man of the company set his foot upon the old fig-box : and one foot was speedily made resplendent. "Very well indeed," were his words : "thank you." To which the little man earnestly said, as he

rubbed away at the other foot, "It's me that should thank you, for giving me the job." Then, being interrogated what he got for cleaning a pair of boots, he said, sometimes a penny, sometimes twopence. Of course he got a good deal more: and went and showed his coin with pride to a gentleman near, who had said a kind word to him.

The most Medusan cynic that ever could have benefited this world through quitting it by being hanged, does not see more plainly than I do how supremely little all this is to tell. But how different it is to look at the actual human face, and to come to know even a little about any human being! And knowing the poor as the writer has learned to know them, you will feel that there is something unutterably revolting in the use of those depreciatory terms which thoughtless people often employ to signify their less fortunate creatures. Such a term as the *canaille* is loathsome for a weightier reason than that it is not an English word. And when you come to know something of the anxieties, sorrows, and cares of the poor, of their sad calculations as to the disposal of their scanty means, of their wonderful shifts in the matter of food and clothing, of what sickness is to them,—you will understand better the force of that most Christian sentiment of a heathen dramatist, who thought that forasmuch as he was a man, he had something to do with what concerns any human being.

There is a respect, in which I have sorrowfully seen a

man move on from what both he and I had judged his terminus, to a further station. There is a station which when you reach it, you will naturally conclude to be a terminus, but which may prove to be no more than a roadside station. It is that of good sense. I mean that mood of mind and heart, the result of experience and of advancing time, on reaching which a man says to himself, Well I have lost a good many things as I have come along, and have been battered about both head and heart : but I have got this in exchange for all, that at least I shall not make a terrific fool of myself any more : I have drawn up, finally, in the sober terminus of reasonable expectations, rational purposes, and sound sense. And doubtless, in many cases, this station proves to be a terminus : the man who has entered it does not pass through it into onward tracts of flighty folly. Truth and soberness, once reached, are oftentimes a possession for ever. But not always. Probably you never saw anyone exhibiting himself as a more egregious ass, than one who had passed through sobering trials which had indeed sobered him for a while, but whose impression had died away. You thought of Don Quixote's astonishment when the pacific Rosinante began to kick up his heels : surely all that had been taken out of the creature long ago ! A man with a bald head and gray hair, whirling about in a waltz with a fat middle-aged woman with a good many false teeth, presents a surprising and humiliating appearance. A man exhibiting a frantic exhilaration in the prospect of his third marriage, is a lamentable object of contemplation.

I fancied that I had a great deal more to say. But now, on consideration, I cannot think of anything. This point in my treatise, which I had deemed no more than a roadside station, has suddenly taken to itself the character of the *terminus ad quem* !

CHAPTER VI.

PRESBYTERIAN SERMONS FROM ARCHIEPISCOPAL CHURCHES.*

IF you chose to come with me, on this sunshiny day midway in November, along this path that runs by the verge of this bright-blue sea, I could take you to as solemn a burying-place as you are likely to find. That not very melodious bell that just at this minute fills the air, is summoning to work the students of a College which forms part of a certain ancient and famous University. On your right hand, over a lofty wall, you may discern buildings of unpretending Gothic: that is the College. And on your left hand, at the base of a cliff of no great height, spreads the sea. When we have proceeded but a few steps, we shall behold, on our left, the ruins of a considerable castle, whose seaward walls rise

* 1. *Lectures and Sermons.* By the Rev. John Park, D.D., Minister of the First Charge, St Andrews. Edinburgh and London: Blackwoods. 1865.

2. *Sermons and Expositions.* By the late John Robertson, D.D., Glasgow Cathedral. With a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. J. G. Young, Minister of Monifieth. London: Strahan. 1865.

sheer from the water. Castle and palace in one, that abode was the home of the Cardinal Archbishop, the Primate of the land. Once there was a day, when many soft and comfortable cushions were carried up to the roof of that tower, and upon these the Cardinal reclined in much ease and state, while there, a little to the east, the faggots were lighted which consumed a true and single-hearted Martyr. And a day followed, not long after, whereon, just after breakfast, the slain body of the Cardinal was hung by one leg from that window, to the end that all might be assured that his energetic life was fairly ended. Let us pass on, thankful that the days of burning theologians who think differently from ourselves are gone. The people, in this age, who would burn their opponents if they could, are confined to misrepresenting their views, writing malignant letters about them in the newspapers (anonymously), and generally telling lies to their prejudice. Imperfectly, indeed, are some, who we trust are really good men, delivered from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.

But we forget them, entering this grand churchyard. Here, on the shore, and within hearing of the waves, the departed generations of the city have gathered for a thousand years. Rising from the green turf you may discern the ruins of a noble cathedral: there are the sky-framing windows, the bases of many shafts, a western turret, and the eastern gable. Hard by, also within the churchyard, stands the lofty tower of a still older church, with a little bit of what was its choir: if you desire to do

a kind thing, you will believe that it has stood here for fifteen centuries. What most strikes a stranger, walking about and looking at the gravestones, is the multitude of professors, principals, and clergymen, that are buried here. Many, indeed, there are that have passed from the quiet walks, the quaint streets, the academic halls, of the ancient city, to its burying-place. And among those buried here, there are none worthier than two who were laid here since 1865 began: one in January, the other in April: the authors of these two volumes of posthumous sermons. There are various points of resemblance between the positions of these distinguished and most amiable men. Each was the Presbyterian incumbent of a cathedral and archiepiscopal city. In the old days, the Church in Scotland had two archbishops: the Archbishop of St Andrews was primate, his companion dignitary was the Archbishop of Glasgow. The National Church of Scotland now knows no archbishops or bishops. But old names cling to old things and places: the noble church at Glasgow, which has now no *cathedra*, yet keeps its ancient name of cathedral; and in it the services were conducted by Dr Robertson. There, when the bells ceased on a Sunday, no surpliced train came in procession to the stalls of the choir: a single minister, in robes of sober black, issued from the chapter-house, and ascended the pulpit, and began the simple service of the Scotch Church. Yet, though the devout Anglican might miss his own magnificent choral worship, I think that if he had heard Dr Robertson preach, he would have been

assured that very few among the dignitaries of the great Establishment south of the Tweed were worthy of being placed second or third to him. As for the ancient metropolitan city, its cathedral is in ruins. There, amid the surrounding expanse of green graves, pervaded by the never-failing murmur of the sea, those desolate remains testify to the power of a too eloquent sermon preached by John Knox. But the ancient parish church of the Holy Trinity was ranked as pro-cathedral when episcopacy was restored for a while under the Stuarts: a grand monument to Archbishop Sharpe holds a conspicuous place in it; and in that vast building Dr Park preached for eleven years. Both died at St Andrews: Dr Robertson after lingering illness, which had for several months laid him aside from duty, at the age of forty-one; Dr Park, in a moment, at the age of sixty-two. And here, not far apart, they are buried.

Would you wish to know something, High-Church Anglican reader, of the kind of instruction preached by two of the most eminent of Presbyterian ministers, in these churches where you might probably say they had no right to be? Probably you are aware (if you are a decently-informed human being) that the average standard of preaching is considerably higher in Scotland than in England: as indeed ought to be the case in a church whose clergy are educated to write sermons, and whose worship makes instruction at least as prominent as devotion. But in these two volumes, you doubtless have specimens of Scotch preaching at its very best. Let me

counsel you to read them. And suffer a few words, by way of introduction to them, from one who does not pretend to look at either book with the unbiassed estimate of a stranger.

Let the metropolitan city and its minister come first.

Just once did I hear Dr Park preach. It was fifteen years ago, when a student at college, that chancing to arrive at the pretty town of Dumfries on a *Fast-day* (which in Scotland means a week-day on which there is service at church, but on which at home, especially in the houses of the clergy, there is a better dinner than usual), I was told, as an inducement to go to church, that the great advantage that afternoon awaited the congregation of the parish church of St Michael, of hearing Mr Park, minister of Glencairn. I remember well the first look of the preacher, entering the church. It was certainly disappointing. Very dark, with a sad and downcast aspect, he did not at first look the man he was. But coming to know the face better, you could see in it great power, thoughtfulness, and kindliness. The sermon he preached is not in the published volume, which is matter for regret. It was a very fine one: the text was, *He shall be a priest upon his throne*. I recall the church, as it looked that afternoon: the overwhelming energy of the preacher, the thorough heart with which he threw himself into what he said, the beautiful little bits of life-like description, the occasional touches of pathos: the breathless silence and attention in which the large congregation bent forward, and gazed and heard. No doubt, it was one of Dr Park's

very best appearances: not every day could any preacher be sure of getting so thoroughly into the spirit of his discourse, and warming up to that true emotion which cannot be counterfeited. But I thought then, and think yet, that I never was more impressed by any preacher. And when, early in 1854, he was removed from the charming but retired valley in Dumfriesshire to the academic shades of St Andrews, it was matter of general congratulation that he had found a charge worthy of his great powers.

But Dr Park was much more than a great preacher. He was one of the most accomplished men in Scotland. Only the engrossing duties of the sacred profession hindered his rising to fame as a poet, a painter, and a musician. His musical faculty was exquisite. His enjoyment of high-class music was intense. He has left behind him much music of his own composition, some of which, it is to be hoped, will be published. And though, for obvious reasons, he would not in ordinary society touch the instrument, the few friends who have heard his inimitable performance on the pianoforte, can testify that he had it in him to become one of the first of practical musicians. Only once the writer heard him, ten years ago. Beethoven was at that time his favourite composer: and he played much of his music with perfect skill and great gusto. Landscape-painting he had much enjoyment in: I remember his saying that he thought the happiest possible life was that of a landscape-painter. He spoke of the more thorough appreciation of natural beauty which such a one has, through his eye being trained to remark

all the details of scenery. Two or three charming songs are all that has been published of Dr Park's poetical vein; but these, and many passages scattered through his sermons, show that in him the poet had been born, though the force of circumstances hindered his development.

Here is his volume of *Lectures and Sermons*. Dr Park, I believe, had published nothing during his life; and this book was elicited by the strong desire expressed by many, after his sudden death, that some little portion of the material to which they had listened might be preserved and perpetuated. In most cases, such discourses would be placed at a disadvantage through not being prepared for the press by their author. But Dr Park wrote with such elaborate care, that probably he would not have desired to alter a word of these compositions. And the volume has had the advantage of being edited by Dr Tulloch, the accomplished and eloquent Principal of St Mary's College, St Andrews.

What are the characteristics that strike one, now we can deliberately read the sermons? Voice and manner, with all their power, are gone: and doubtless the sermons of every great preacher lose very much in losing these. Losing these, many sermons lose just what vivified them.

Well, there is a certain massive force of mind, that impresses one everywhere in this book. Here and there, you find the scruples of well-meaning weak people brushed aside with a certain impatient contempt. As for instance, speaking of the use of the Lord's Prayer:

I make these remarks partly because some of us may have heard the use of this prayer objected to on the pretence that the name of Christ Himself is not in it. But surely of all fastidious scruples about not having the mere *name* of Christ in everything, that is one of the least defensible. Why, my friends, it was Christ Himself who authorised us to use this prayer: and therefore we cannot use it intelligently at all but in His name, as by His authority.

The writer, who had been accustomed to regard the objection thus indicated to the use of the Lord's Prayer as an extraordinary instance of vulgar wrong-headedness, learned to think differently of it on finding that it was esteemed as of force by Archbishop Whately. But a wonderfully clever man may doubtless sometimes think wrong.

Something analogous may be found at p. 185, speaking of the laws of nature: and at p. 189, speaking of Fatalism. At p. 324 there is a sly hit at a certain great Church:

One commentator says: It means that you should make friends in the Church by paying them money for admission to Christian privileges, which they call everlasting habitations; *and you may readily guess where that commentator comes from.*

Then there are occasional little bits of exquisitely beautiful and correct description. Take this as a specimen:

"Also by watering" (that is, by the change of its vapour into water) "He wearieth the thick cloud." Again how beautiful! You must have often marked that, my friends. You have seen the thick black cloud, hanging almost like a solid wall in the sky: and yet, as the still, vapoury-looking streams of rain fell from it, it grew wearied as it were, and was gradually worn out from the face of the heavens.

And then again, "He scattereth his bright cloud." You have

seen that, too, when after heavy rain, on some warm summer day especially, the weather clears again, and bright fleecy clouds are floating in the deep-blue sky, but are soon broken up into shining fragments, and little films, and gold and silver, which at length gradually disappear like flakes of flame dissolving in the air around them.

Touches of tenderness here and there. Take this :

There is a rest for both the body and the soul, which may be well compared to sleep—gentle, reviving, and refreshing sleep ; pain and care and anxiety are over, for both, for ever. The aching head shall never more be vainly laid on a restless pillow. The anxious mind shall never more count the hours as they strike, and wish perhaps that death itself would come at last to end the weary waking. The gentle time of God's own peace hath closed over the stormy night, and soul and frame, although in different ways, partake the welcome blessing.

You see the well-read man at every turn ; and there are many instances of that liberality which comes of knowledge and thought. I have a friend, a very clever friend, well known to many delighted readers, who said (in print) that Heaven, according to the Calvinistic theology, would be as empty as Edinburgh in September. And anything emptier, truly, can hardly be. I wish SHIRLEY would read pp. 266-7. I give but the last sentence :

Yea, we hope to meet with *there*, not merely many of those from whom we differ in opinion here, but with many a one for whom at present we have far stronger fears : we hope to meet with many a poor prodigal and many an erring sister there, whom in our hard-heartedness, or in our despair, we had given over as lost for ever : we believe that among the happiest of all heavenly meetings shall such a meeting be.

Amen ! amen !

Save in such bursts of kindliness and hopefulness, there is no deviation from the ordinary Scotch orthodox theology,—which, let us be thankful, is now generally kindly and hopeful. Dr Park seems to have had no peculiar views. Yet the hearty recognition, at p. 189, of the great Christian festival of Christmas would doubtless offend some good people who think it right to do honour to the birthday of the Queen, but think it sinful to remember the birthday of the Redeemer. And the strong expression of reverence for the material church at pp. 268-9, would probably offend (I trust it will heartily) those Scotchmen who walk into a place of worship with their hats stuck on their wrong heads; and who judge such a place suitable for the drinking of tea, the eating of cookies, the making of jocular speeches, and the applause of umbrellas commingled with that of feet.

Let it be said here, that it is inexpressibly irritating and mortifying, visiting Glasgow Cathedral, to witness a multitude of boors walking about its grand interior with their hats stuck on their heads. Nave, choir, Lady Chapel, are pervaded by these unutterably offensive beings. Why do not the Glasgow magistrates, who ought to be intelligent men, try to enforce decency in their great church? Some months ago, the writer spent a spare hour in Glasgow, in the Cathedral. Two human beings entered the choir, each with his hat on his head. Only three were in that place. So the writer, embracing his opportunity, approached the human beings, and said, in kindly tones, “Will you be so very kind as to take off your hats? You

don't know how painful it is to many people to see people with their hats on in church." The beings confusedly took off their hats, and moved a few yards off. There they conversed together, and recovered heart. Then they firmly stuck their hats on again, and regarded the writer with looks of defiance. What could one do? You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. You cannot make a vulgar offensive cad conduct himself as a gentleman. Yet it is comforting to think that, even in Scotland, a hat on a head, in church, is an unmistakeable sign. It marks either the ignorant blockhead, or the flippant vulgarian. Happy for the two beings at Glasgow Cathedral that I was not the Emperor of Russia, and that they were not my subjects. For then, wisdom would have been added to them by the subtraction of epidermis.

This is my last quotation :

Antiquarians, searching among the old tombs of the Etrurian kings, have told us that, when they opened for the first time one of these receptacles of royalty, they beheld with astonishment (through the hole in the wall, and amidst the dimness of the sepulchre), the figure of a monarch seated upright upon a throne, in magnificent robes, and with a circlet of shining gold upon his head ; but only for a moment, only for a moment ! For, whenever the light and air entered, the mummy suddenly began to shake, and slowly crumbled down in dust upon the ground, as if the thing were ashamed that the light of heaven should behold in it so wretched a mockery of long-departed greatness.

I do not quote the analogy traced. But is not that vividly graphic ?

Now let us turn to that ablest, gentlest, simplest,

kindest of Scotch Churchmen, who served in one metropolitan cathedral church, and who now rests under the shadow of another.

I wish exceedingly that I could persuade all who shall read this page to carefully read Dr Robertson's posthumous volume of *Sermons and Expositions*. And most earnestly I wish that in perusing the hearty and graceful memoir by the accomplished incumbent of Monifieth, each reader would understand that every word said in Dr Robertson's praise is to be construed literally. In Scotland, you may not unfrequently find preachers of the smallest possible merit, described in print as among "the most eminent members of the Church." But when Mr Young speaks of his friend, he says less than he might. In some respects, Dr Robertson was unquestionably the first of Scotch theologians. And heartily as Mr Young sets forth his merit, you may see, all through the memoir, a certain reserve, which testifies the writer's resolution not to outrun the reader's sympathy, or incur the faintest suspicion of extravagance. He has thoroughly succeeded. Seldom will you find a more touching story of a hard student's uneventful life.

There is a little Prefatory Note, written by one who above all others is desirous that these discourses be justly appreciated. Mrs Robertson says :

The sermons have been printed exactly as they were left by their author, with the exception of a few inconsiderable verbal changes. In reading and judging of them, it should be kept in remembrance that none of them were written with a view to publication- that

they were laid aside immediately after being preached, and never revised, or altered in any way.

Then comes the memoir, extending to 74 pages. Then some discourses written while incumbent of a country parish in Forfarshire. Next, some written while incumbent of Glasgow, and preached at the Cathedral; finally, some *Thoughts and Expositions* designed to have been wrought into a solid theological work.

John Robertson was born at Perth, in April 1824. He was the only child of his mother, and she was soon left a widow. Robertson came from the same humble rank of society which has yielded many of the greatest Scotchmen. He was a wonderfully precocious and industrious boy, never joining in the sports of other children. At school, he gained several friends, whose influence was of value to him as he grew up. He soon became an admirable classical scholar, and a first-rate mathematician, while his acquaintance with English literature was great, and his knowledge of French such that he read Molière as easily as his own tongue. Having acquired the reputation of a prodigy at Perth, he proceeded to the University of St Andrews, where, in every department of study, Robertson was easily first. Soon after his entering the University, his mother died, and he was left with hardly a relation in the world. His modesty was equal to his merit, and disarmed all envy: the simple, cheerful, unpretending student, who carried off all attainable honours, was universally beloved. Before taking orders, he had laboured hard to form a good English style: and such

was his maturity of mind, that the crudeness and extravagance which generally deform the earlier sermons of those who ultimately prove the best preachers, never appeared in him. A fact is stated as to Robertson's appointment to his first living, which will seem strange to English readers. The patronage of Mains and Strathmartine belongs to the Crown. But when the people of a Scotch parish, with something like unanimity, petition the Crown in favour of anyone they please, the Crown almost invariably presents to the living the man of their choice. So when a vacancy occurred, the people of Mains and Strathmartine appointed a committee (it may be presumed) of their wisest men, and these desired to hear Mr Robertson preach.

After making careful inquiries, the committee of the congregation of Mains requested Mr Robertson to preach before them ; and accordingly he preached by arrangement, forenoon and afternoon, in the parish church of Liff, where the committee were present to hear him. The forenoon sermon delighted the committee. During the interval, one of the members of the congregation at Liff, who knew Mr Robertson, congratulated him, telling him the impression he had produced, and that the committee were particularly pleased that he had used *no paper*. "Well," he said, "I am so glad you have mentioned this, for I am determined that I will accept no parish with an understanding that I am to use no paper. I am quite prepared to repeat the afternoon discourse ; but I shall now read it, that the deputation may not be misled in any way." It was a characteristic instance of honesty and integrity. Fortunately for themselves, and the parish they represented, the deputation from the Mains liked the afternoon sermon also, though it *was* read ; and Mr Robertson was forthwith recommended to the Home Secretary as the choice of the parishioners of Mains.

For the enlightenment of the Saxon reader, Mr Young

should have explained what the rustic Scotchman means by USING PAPER: though the sense may be gathered on a diligent perusal of the passage. *To use paper*, means to take your manuscript sermon with you to the pulpit and read it to the congregation. *To use no paper*, means that either you preach extempore, trusting to the inspiration of the moment for the words in which to express what you have previously thought out; or that you write your sermon and commit it laboriously to memory, and then go and repeat it as though it were spoken extempore. In former days, the prejudice against *the paper* was extreme, especially in the West of Scotland; and almost all clergymen repeated their sermons from memory. Growing intelligence has removed or abated that prejudice: and most of the Scotch clergy now *use the paper* freely.

Robertson was very popular in his country parish. The Scotch peasantry are commonly so well educated, that most of them can in some degree appreciate good preaching: and the frank, kindly manner of the new minister gained the hearts of his parishioners. Like most of the wisest, best, and most efficient ministers of the Scotch Church, he was a silent member of the Church Courts:

He seldom spoke more than a few words in the Assembly, and in church courts at all times he preferred to leave the speaking to others.

This is how he prepared his sermons. Not that it will be of the least use as a rule for other preachers. For each man's mind is a machine with its own peculiar likings, and must be worked in the way that suits itself:

His ordinary method of preparing for the pulpit was, after selecting a text, to think over it during the greater part of the week, never losing sight of it when going about his ordinary parochial work, or even when engaged in conversation the most remote from the train of thought he was pursuing. Then, when the subject was fully arranged in his mind, he sat down to write, very often not until Saturday morning. There was often a difficulty with the first few sentences, which he would arrange and re-arrange many times; but when once fairly commenced, he wrote with great ease and rapidity, seldom altering a word; and it was his custom not to stop, if possible, until he had finished his discourse, as he was accustomed to say that those sermons were best which he had completed at a sitting.

And this is how he preached :

He had few of those gifts and graces of oratory which make a powerful though transient impression on the multitude. He used very few gestures, and those he did employ were neither energetic nor graceful. He read with considerable closeness; and, above all, his voice, though good, was neither sonorous nor powerful. And yet, wherever he went, particularly when he preached to an intellectual and cultivated audience, he produced an impression not to be forgotten, which was confirmed and strengthened the more frequently he was heard.

He was fond of rural pursuits, and took great delight in his garden and his flowers. Repeated offers of further preferment failed to withdraw him from his beloved country parish. But at length, in 1858, he accepted the important charge of First Minister of Glasgow: and at the age of thirty-four, received from the University of St Andrews the degree of D.D. His duty, besides the pastoral care of a large parish, was to preach twice each Sunday at the Cathedral Church, whose beauty was a never-failing delight to him.

One unfailing source of admiration and delight to Dr Robertson was the venerable and beautiful Cathedral church. He had always an eye for architectural beauty and grandeur, and felt himself at once elevated and solemnised by the contemplation of it. He was proud of the noble structure which he was privileged to call his own church, and witnessed during his ministry, with the most lively interest, its gradual restoration. He saw it almost every week growing in beauty, as one magnificent stained glass window after another was inaugurated, till at last the work was completed, and he found himself surrounded by a "dim religious light;" and though he was by no means so easily reached through the ear as through the eye, he was not insensible to the singular charm of the singing in the Cathedral, where the sound is so refined by the lofty roof and towering pillars, and where the harmonies seem to gain some strange hidden power to arrest and satisfy the listening ear.

But Dr Robertson's day of duty was to be brief. Repeated attacks of heart-disease laid him aside from much of his beloved work; and in the autumn of 1864, in the hope that a lengthened period of rest might restore him to health and duty, he went to St Andrews, to the house of his father-in-law, Dr Cook, Professor of Church History in St Mary's College. But the restoration was not to be. And on January 9, 1865, he died, not having reached the age of forty-one. The grief of those among whom he laboured, and of all who heard him, was true and deep, and he did not leave a single enemy.

The funeral day was the 14th of January 1865, the last day of the second week of the new year. It was one of those sombre gloomy days so common in our climate, and there was something in the feelings of those who assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed in harmony with the aspect of nature. Many had come from great distances to be present—from Glasgow, from Dundee, from Perth. In St Andrews, the professors of both col-

leges in their robes, and the students in their gowns, joined the funeral procession, thus distinguishing and honouring the memory of one of the most gifted and able students of their ancient University. Along the streets leading to the place of interment the shops were closed, and many of the townspeople were to be seen among the mourners. Around the grave, at the south-east corner of the burying-ground, to lower his honoured remains into their last resting-place, there met a group that suggested many touching memories; his relatives by marriage were there, four of his elders from Glasgow and the Mains, his old teacher, a fellow-student, and one distant blood relation, the only one he had; but he had gone to his heavenly Father's house, to join that great, loving, united family of whom our blessed Lord has said, "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother." And so he was laid to his rest, not within the precincts of his own noble church, amidst the din and bustle of that great city where he had last held the ministerial office, but within the solemn shadows of what had once been a mightier and more renowned cathedral, with nothing now to disturb its stillness but the murmur of the great ocean that rolls beneath.

Dr Robertson was a much younger man than Dr Park; and a much more advanced theologian. And while Dr Park had doubtless done the best he was to do, those who mourned Robertson felt that no one could tell how much promise of further excellence was cut short by his death. His removal was a heavy blow, not merely to those nearly connected with him, but to all interested in theological thought in Scotland. I have heard him preach several times. He was calm, dignified, wonderfully pithy and forcible and clear. You felt that not a word in his discourse could be altered but for the worse. Manly strong sense, and perfect taste in the choice of language, were what struck one. And that slow circulation, which appeared latterly in a pulse of twenty-five, had doubtless

something to do with his remarkable composure in preaching. Once I was in my own vestry before service, with Robertson, who was to preach. I remarked how calm he seemed, and contrasted his coolness with the extreme nervousness of a yet more distinguished preacher, who had taken the same duty in the same church a few days before. "O," said he, with a smile, "I don't know what to feel nervous means; but that is because I am crass—Bœotian!" The simple beauty of his prayers was remarkable. Each minister of the Scotch Church has to prepare these for himself; and it is frankly to be admitted that occasionally they may be found very bad. Robertson's were evidently, in great measure, very carefully composed. His opinion was very decidedly in favour of a partial liturgy. Here are his own words:

It would be a great pity and a great loss were the liberty of free prayer to be withdrawn: but I have stated from this pulpit more fully than I can do now, that, in my judgment, the reasons in favour of a partial liturgy are quite unanswerable. It seems an evil, certainly, that, in respect of what is so solemn and important as the expression of their feelings and desires before God, a congregation should be entirely at the mercy of a man who may be narrow-minded or unsympathising, or deficient in sense or taste, or perhaps, however generally well fitted for the duty, not at the time in a frame of mind for happy utterance. Very beautiful devotional expressions may sometimes indeed flow unpremeditated from the heart; but it can hardly be denied that, as a rule, our public prayers, in order to be really good—that is to say, connected, well expressed and solemn, as well as suitable to the wants of an assembled body of men—would require to be at least as carefully prepared as the sermons. It seems hard to understand why it should be thought more necessary to study carefully beforehand the words we are to address to our fellow-creatures than those we are to

address to our Maker. And I may add, that if this anxious preparation is requisite, and that, too, in a kind of composition which all men of taste and sensibility find very difficult, two sermons a week, and four or six prayers, are more than any ordinary man can continue to produce.

Mr Young gives no account of Dr Robertson's appearance. He had a very pleasant face: large and extremely animated eyes: good features, and a dark complexion. Nothing could be more natural and unaffected than his entire address: nothing more genial and kind. He kept up a thorough acquaintance with all kinds of literature. Doubtless religion had much to do with his unruffled amiability and goodness; but there was a noble foundation to build on, in a nature from which all bitter and malignant feeling seemed to have been entirely excluded from the beginning. Let me sum up what I have to record of him, by saying what (unlike a certain conspicuous Anglican clergyman) he never would have said of himself, that he was a great and good man. Read his volume carefully, and you will think so too.

You may likewise read another volume called *Pastoral Counsels*, published by him a very little while before he died. Unlike ordinary sermons, you will find Dr Robertson's remarkably readable. He certainly wrote as though remembering Sydney Smith's great principle, that *every style is good except the tiresome*. Dr Robertson is never tiresome. He leads one through tracts of thought so difficult, that in other hands they would have been repulsive: yet interest never flags. And if you read a discourse on *Sunday*, in the *Pastoral Counsels*, another on

Places and Forms of Worship, another on *Martha and Mary, or Religious Diversities*, and another on *Progress*, you will find specimens of the most advanced religious thought now current in Scotland.

It is difficult to select extracts from Dr Robertson's sermons. They are so evenly good, and their merit lies so much in the sustained elevation of each as a whole. Yet let us take a few lines from a sermon, full of pathetic beauty, on *Jairus' Daughter*.

But his growing trust receives a terrible blow. While the Lord is still conversing with the woman, tidings arrive. "There came from the ruler's house certain which said, Thy daughter is dead, why troublest thou the Master any further?" The great change had taken place. She had entered that unknown world, from within whose mysterious portals no human tears nor human prayers can bring back a friend. What an awful event is death! How strange and solemn the alteration it produces! There may be little outward difference to distinguish the last moment of sinking life, from the first moment after the soul has departed. Yet what a real, what a mighty change! Last moment there was a living spirit here, this moment there is nothing but unprofitable clay; more beautiful, perhaps, than it was before, beautiful in its marble paleness and statue-like repose, but beautiful with a beauty no longer of this world, a sad and touching beauty that moves to tears. Men feel that they are in a presence in which it behoves them to tread softly, and speak in whispers.

Mature and admirable as Dr Robertson's early sermons are, there is no doubt that his mind had grown, when he wrote those preached at Glasgow Cathedral. Or if some may object to its being said that the manifest change in some of his theological views is an improvement, as growth is, it may at least be said that the whole man had moved

to another position. You see how the spirit of the age had affected one of the sharpest observers of the progress of human thought. There is a sermon on *False Views of the Nature of God*, in which there are many passages setting forth views identical with those in a famous paragraph of Mr John Stuart Mill.

If you attempt to answer, or rather to silence, these questions by the reply, that righteousness, goodness, and mercy, as they exist in God, or rather as they are said to exist in God, are something wholly different, not only in degree, but in kind, from righteousness, goodness, and mercy as they exist in man, then, indeed, you may so far gain your object, but it is at a terrible cost; you may silence the sceptic, but it is by an argument which would put an end not only to scepticism, but to faith,—which would put an end to all theology, whether natural or revealed, to all possibility of any knowledge of God.

You may tell me that though God is often spoken of in common language as having hands and eyes and other bodily parts, He has not such bodily parts really, but that the language is a mere accommodation to our human way of speaking. You may tell me this, and this I can understand, without its being implied, that we have, and can have, no real knowledge of God. You may go higher;—you may tell me that when we speak of the Divine understanding there is much in this language too that is mere accommodation to our human weakness: and that God has a cognition of His works, which must be so far different in kind from that which is open to the human intellect, I can imagine also, and yet that God may be known in a real sense. But if you tell me that mercy and goodness, and the other moral attributes of the Most High, are wholly and essentially different from those in man which are known by the same names, then I cannot see how religion is to be preserved,—how God can be known at all,—how I can even be sure that there is a God,—above all, how I can possibly be in fellowship with Him—how my spirit can have true communion with His Spirit,—how I can be in any living relation to Him as a spiritual being.

From a noble sermon on “That was the true light

which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," these extracts are taken :

In the first place, I do not think that as Christians we are at all required either to ignore or to undervalue the good there may lie beyond the pale of our own faith. We are not bound to say that what are apparently good actions are evil, and must be so, when done by heathens or unbelievers; that what seems to be noble is really nothing but splendid sin; and what seems to be just and true, only the mask which Satan puts on to disguise himself when he would pass for an angel of light. On the contrary, we are at liberty to hold, I may say we are required to hold, the very opposite. Wherever there is anything that is apparently good and noble thought or felt or done by man, we are not to try to make out that it is not good and noble at all, but has only the delusive appearance of being so; we are to admit that it is what it looks; we are to rejoice in the light that shineth even in dark places; we are to trace it to its origin in the Sun of righteousness; we are to say with grateful hearts, "This, though they know it not; this, though they may deny it; this is of Christ our Lord; by this He is testifying for Himself; by this He is claiming these people as His own; by this He is declaring Himself the Lord and Head of them, as of all other human beings; this good is of Him, and witnesses for Him; and we are to be thankful for it, and give Him glory."

The Anglican reader may contrast this teaching with that set forth in the thirteenth of the Thirty-nine Articles, which treats of *Works before Justification*; and the Scotch reader may consider in what sense it is to be reconciled with the seventh section in Chap. XVI. of *The Confession of Faith*, which speaks of *Works done by Unregenerate Men*. The eloquent author proceeds :

It seems to some to be detracting from the honour due to Christ when we venture to hold the liberal and hopeful views to which I have referred. When one ventures to think that there may be some good even beyond the pale of the Christian Church,—that perhaps

not all the millions of the heathen are lost,—that perhaps those of them who live humbly and earnestly according to the light they have may arrive at brighter light hereafter, and may join in the anthem which shall be raised by that great company which no man can number, gathered from all nations and kindreds and tribes and tongues, to Him of whom an apostle said, “Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him;” when one ventures to hold such ideas, it seems to some that he is derogating from Christ’s glory. It seems to me the very contrary is nearer the truth by far. Surely it is to exalt the Saviour greatly when one believes, with St John, that there is a light which is more extensive than Christendom; and that this light, wherever it shines, is of Christ. I cannot see that it is possible to glorify Christ more than by claiming for Him that He is the author of all the good that is anywhere in the world.

A passage on *The Ministry of Reconciliation* :

Reconciling the *world*. Mark the liberality of the expression. Mark its comprehensiveness. Reconciling the *world*. As I said before, the apostle did not perplex himself practically in the vain attempt to arrive at definite, logically-bounded conceptions on those deep things of God, touching election and the like, on which much unprofitable discussion has often been bestowed, and which probably in this world will never be unravelled. His view was that God’s object and desire was to reconcile the world, Jew and Gentile—all men everywhere. People should be diffident in their judgments on such high matters as the decrees of the Almighty, and should remember the great possibility of error, the absolute impossibility of certain knowledge, in regard to them. But people need not be diffident in holding that all men are invited to become partakers in the benefits of redemption. Our faculties go far enough to enable us to see quite clearly that that is what the Scriptures say in the most distinct terms, and the principle they always go upon even when it is not expressed. “God will have all men to be saved.” So it is written, and the same thing is written in other words in a hundred other passages. And I do not believe that it is written because we do not know who the elect are, or, in other

words, who those are whom God will have to be saved ; but I believe it is written because it is the simple truth, and I believe therefore I am to preach Christ to you freely, because Christ is free;—to you all, because it is the honest fact that He is offered to you all, and not for the reason that no one can tell to whom.

There are two discourses on *The Indwelling Christ*, which treat a matter which would have been mystical in other hands ; but which Dr Robertson has made so clear, that whether you agree with him or not, you will certainly understand him. The *Thoughts and Expositions*, which form the second part of the volume, are full of original and ingenious thinking. But there is not space to give examples. Here is the last paragraph of a little paper on *Peace* :

As I write, the evening darkens down, and I am forced to come to a conclusion. O Thou, who sendest night and peace upon the world, send peace, I pray Thee, into my heart, and the hearts of all I love ; but not the peace which cometh with darkness—that rather which cometh with the knowledge of Thyself, and faith in thy beloved Son, to whom, with Thee and the blessed Spirit, be honour, and praise, and glory, for ever. Amen.

May I be permitted, closing this notice of sermons preached in the midst of a non-liturgical service at churches once archiepiscopal, to assure the Anglican reader that non-liturgical prayers may yet be very decorous ones ? The days seem almost gone, in which the prayers in Scotch churches were dissertations, or statements of doctrine and duty, spoken *to* the Almighty, but spoken *at* the congregation. A volume of *Prayers for Social and Family Worship*, the very first printed prayers authorised by the

Scotch Church, is in some degree the cause, but in a greater the consequence, of this improvement in taste. This volume, which is at least *bigger* than the Book of Common Prayer, is well worthy of being read. And a beautifully printed volume of *Family Prayers* has lately been issued by the same authority. Both these books of devotion, though bearing to be prepared by a large committee of clergymen and laymen, are mainly the work of Dr Crawford, the learned Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. Dr Robertson took much interest in their revision, and furnished many valuable suggestions. If you look at the first of the Prayers *For Sailors and Persons at Sea*, you will find as happy an imitation of the true liturgical style of prayer as you are likely to see in any modern work.

This Saturday, as the chill December afternoon was closing in, and the light fading, I went to see the graves of the two good men of whom I have been writing. They are not far apart. A tablet of red granite, surmounted by a little Gothic canopy, marks where Dr Park rests, in his own churchyard. And opposite his resting-place, built against the massive outward wall, through the arrow-slits in which there was the cold gray sea, there are two larger tablets, also of red granite, set in a lofty gable of freestone, surmounted by the cross (for we have outgrown fanatic prejudice), and bearing the I H S, which has sometimes proved so fatal to the peace of worthy Presbyterians, who probably would have had no objection to V.R. There sleeps the minister of Glasgow Cathedral,

taken away from great usefulness and greater hope. Of course, it is but a little sphere within which a clergyman of the Church of Scotland can be known or valued. All that we understand. But in these pages a Scotch clergyman has sought to tell something of two of the most eminent of his class to some who, if they had known would have valued them.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCERNING BEARDS : BEING THOUGHTS ON PROGRESS, SPECIALLY IN SCOTLAND.

THE edition of *Friends in Council* possessed by me, bears on its title-page the date 1852. The time at which I write is January 1866. It is therefore evident that less than fourteen years have passed since that book was published. A certain passage in it brings strongly before the thoughtful mind the fact, that great changes in ways of thinking and acting may come about in fourteen years. In things small and things great, inveterate prejudices may be overcome in less than fourteen years ; and people may come to do things which once they would have said they never could do. Sensible and natural habits may be adopted by individuals who seemed stiffened into rigid unchangeableness. That which Mrs Grundy once severely blamed, Mrs Grundy may be found to warmly approve. Here is the passage :—

MILVERTON. Well, I think we do waste a good deal of time and energy to make ourselves ridiculous in the matter of beards.

LUCY. But is nobody with me : Uncle, what do you say ?

DUNSFORD. I cannot see, my love, why, in itself, any costume would not become a clergyman, which so many old divines (have you ever noticed their portraits in my folios ?) look well in.

LUCY. I see you are all for beards : but then, if it would not be presumptuous in a girl like me to say so to such reverend company, are you not rather cowardly in not doing what you all think would save you so much trouble, and be so becoming ?

DUNSFORD. What would be thought of it, dear Lucy, in the parish ? As it is, your mother often tells me that she is sure Mrs Thompson will say that I do things like no other person.

LUCY. And you, Mr Milverton ?

MILVERTON. Why you see, my pet, I say a great many things in books which are not perhaps quite according to rule, and which I know the potent Mrs Thompson would pronounce against : and then I do a few odd things to please myself and have my way, and I cannot afford to do any more. Each of us has a certain amount of allowable eccentricity (some more than others) : I have no savings, and have indeed rather overdrawn than otherwise. Besides, authors, artists, players, are all an outcast race : my doing it would not further the matter : some very respectable, judicious, safe man must set the example.

LUCY. I turn then, to Mr Ellesmere ?

ELLESMERE. Why you see, Miss Daylmer, I am a lawyer, and we lawyers love to cherish custom : if we were to upset that, we do not exactly see what would happen. It might be that people would come to omit paying us the customary fees. Nevertheless, some day after a long vacation spent in the East, I am not sure that I shall not appear in court with a beard. You may be quite sure I shall not do this till I have secured what is called a competency.

So you see that fourteen years ago, a daring lawyer durst not appear in court with a beard, till he had made himself independent of his profession : after that day, the stream of briefs would set to his chambers no more. Dunsford, the clergyman, dreaded what might be said in his parish, especially by Mrs Thompson. And even Milverton, who had written the praises of eccentricity, thought that to grow a beard would be rather too bold a step. Fourteen years ago.

Now, Scotland in some things lags a little behind the comparatively bleak and desolate country that lies south of the Tweed and the Sark. We have our weather here a little later than they have it in England. If there be stormy weather in the region round London, stormy weather follows in a few days in the region round Edinburgh. So with fair weather. The principle of the thing is expressed in the words, *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*. We adopt our fashions in like manner: in dress, in the hour of dinner, in the style of entertaining. I do not mean to say that we imitate the English: but merely that somehow the wave takes longer to reach us. And in things more important than dress or entertainments, the case is so. The influence is in the air: and it affects people who are far apart, and who have no communication with each other. Thus, while many in the English Church are eager for a developed ritualism, and go in for incense, low and high masses, copes and chasubles, processions and cross-bearers,* there are many in

* And thy Church, awaking from Her sleep, come glorious forth at length,

And in sight of angels and of men display Her hidden strength :
Again shall long processions sweep through Lincoln's minster pile :
Again shall banner, cross, and cope, gleam through the incensed aisle;
And the faithful dead shall claim their part in the Church's thankful prayer,

And the daily sacrifice to God be duly offered there :
And Tierce, and Nones, and Matins, shall have each their holy lay,
And the Angelus at Compline shall sweetly close the day.

—Dr Neale's *Sequences, Hymns, and other Ecclesiastical Verses* : p. 131.

Scotland who are humbly aiming at a point which is not nearly so advanced as the point whence these ritualistic Anglicans took their departure. To kneel at public prayer, instead of standing or (to speak accurately) lounging : to stand at public praise, instead of sitting : to have the help of the organ in the services of the church : such, so far as I know, are the few and simple things which are aimed at by the ecclesiastical innovators of Scotland. And while some Anglican people are advancing with alarming speed in doctrinal matters, and breaking loose from the old moorings, a few Scotchmen, affected by a milder form of the same distemper (as cow-pox is to small-pox), have recently been heard to say that the Decalogue is abrogated, that the Jewish Sabbath is not obligatory on Christians, and that the creed signed by Scotch Divines might with advantage be a good deal shortened and perhaps a little loosened.

From these facts I judge, that if beards are to be found in Scotland, even among the clergy of the Established Church, they are sure to be still more common in England, both among laity and clergy. And it may be esteemed as certain, that half the men under forty in this country do now wear beards. When I look from my pulpit each Sunday towards a seat of dignity, a high place in the synagogue, where sit three Professors of Divinity, the Head and two of the Professors of a famous college in a famous University, I remark that two of the three dignitaries, all of whom are ministers of the Scotch Church, appear in the native dignity of beard and moustache. And, to

speaking frankly, they look remarkably well. It has indeed been suggested, that one of those Doctors of Divinity, who is the head of the Jewish Mission of the Scotch Church, appears in a beard by way of compliment to the Race with which his mission is concerned. But the other has no such shadow of a pretext for difference from the common rule; and it is probable that his beard is there, merely because he deems it comfortable and decorous. Doubtless Dr Tulloch's dignified predecessors would be startled, if they might behold him. Yet it may be doubted whether among those who in departed days filled the chair of the bearded Principal, there could be found an abler or more amiable man.

Surely Ellesmere may now go into court in his beard, without injuring his chances of the Great Seal. Surely Dunsford, no longer dreading Mrs Thompson, may now enter his church on a Sunday morning bearded. Most wonderful of all, doubtless Mrs Thompson now thinks it all right, nor has her attention distracted from her devotions by the clergyman's unwonted aspect. As for Milverton, *that* is nothing: for authors at all times have been allowed to do eccentric things. The point is, that now the wearing of a beard has ceased to be deemed eccentric. I have beheld a dean, not inferior in learning and eloquence to any in the Anglican Church, preach in a long gray beard. And as I very seldom hear Anglican deans preach, I conclude from that experience that others may be found like the Dean of Canterbury. An English bishop did, indeed, a few years ago, caution his clergy

against extravagance in the matter of hair : but the tide of events has wiped out his caution. For that is not an extravagance which no one deems such. A clergyman, with his heart in his work, would deny his taste for a beard or for anything else, if he found that a beard would hinder his usefulness in his parish. But the days have passed in which a man's parochial work would be either hindered or helped by the presence or absence of a beard.

Yes, we in this country are in many ways wandering from the old paths. For better or for worse, we are drifting from the old moorings. It was a symptomatic fact, that the Duke of Argyle, at a public meeting in Glasgow, said, within these few days, that no man now believes all that is written in the *Confession of Faith*. Therein the Duke was wrong. I know men, more than one or two, who, after a careful study of that document, leave off by believing all that it contains. Doubtless there are in it things hard to be believed : but in stating these the *Confession* does merely state manifest facts, against which you may indeed shut your eyes, but which you will see to be there if you open them. But considering that each minister of the Scotch Church signs that lengthy creed, and (I believe) all the ministers of the Free Kirk too, the Duke's statement was a strong one. It means that some thousands of educated Scotchmen have declared their belief in things they do not believe. And it looks very awkward, that such a statement, publicly made, should not have been very boldly or heartily contradicted.

Then, ritually, there is a general upheaving. We build handsome Gothic churches now, instead of flat-roofed barns. The dissenters aim at spires. Stained glass is present wherever it can be afforded. Passages are laid with tiles of black and red. The Commandments may be read on the walls of some Scotch churches, in antique letters of gold on a ground of ecclesiastical blue. Within Scotch churches you may read the letters I H S. Crosses, of diverse shapes, surmount gables. The psalms may be heard, chanted in the prose version. When the writer once expostulated with a young divine as to his ritual improvements, and asked what his covenanting forefathers would have said had they seen them, that young man, in tones that made the writer's blood run cold, used the awful words, "Bother my covenanting forefathers!" In eight churches under the jurisdiction of the Presbytery of Glasgow, organs are either in use or in process of erection. And there is even one parish church in Edinburgh where the prayers are read by the minister from a printed book, which is also in the hands of the congregation. The incumbent of that church, however, repudiates the charge of using a liturgy. Here are his own words, from the preface to his Prayer-book:—

It may be proper to add, in order to prevent misconception, that these prayers are not designed to form a ritual in any sense: the author leaving to himself full liberty to add, omit, or alter, as he may judge convenient, and not attempting to interfere with the liberty of anyone who may occasionally assist him in conducting public worship. He desires that the following prayers may be regarded as strictly aids to devotion for himself or for any of his

brethren who may choose to avail themselves of them, either as to ideas, arrangement, or language, as they have an unquestionable right to do, if they think proper, to any extent.*

But while Dr Lee is careful to declare that his Prayer-book does not set forth a liturgy, and while he gives no hint that he judges a liturgy to be a desirable thing, there are other Scotchmen who speak out more plainly. Dr Robertson, of Glasgow Cathedral, has put on record his conviction, that "the reasons for a partial liturgy are quite unanswerable." I have quoted his words at length on another page.† And just this morning, I received a volume by Lord Kinloch,‡ a most able, amiable, and pious Scotch judge, an elder of the Church of Scotland, a man of clear head and cool judgment, in which, among other things indicating a great change in Scotch ways of thinking, you may read as follows :—

There are many obvious advantages in a Book of Common Prayer. There is therein a great security against feebleness, inappropriateness, or eccentricity, in devotional exercises. There is a barrier raised against individual peculiarity and ambitious rhetoric. There is secured, in every church you enter, an edifying and ennobling act of worship. The very familiarity of the coming prayer makes it easy for the mass to fall into the current of devotion : whereas, in the case of extemporised supplication, the novelty of the utterance is an impediment to sluggish souls, and is apt of a

* *A Presbyterian Prayer-Book and Psalm-Book : or, Aids to Devotion in Public and Social Worship.* By Robert Lee, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh, and Minister of Greyfriars. Edinburgh : 1863.

† At page 122 of the present volume.

‡ *Studies for Sunday Evening.* By Lord Kinloch. Edinburgh : 1861.

conscious suppliant to make a mere vacant auditor. There is a direct participation in the devotional exercise on the part of the congregation which meets the grand aim of public worship, and which no truly devout heart should find monotonous or unimpressive. There is a bond of union in jointly uttering the same audible expressions before God, which is but feebly imaged in united listening to words from without. But, on the other hand, the very nature of a liturgy, as a prescribed form of worship, beyond which no one can go, involves a want of accommodation to special exigencies. With the great mass there is a risk of the whole service becoming a vain repetition. A well-framed liturgy may be adapted to the dull routine of every-day piety, but it is comparatively inefficacious either for times of declension or seasons of revival. It may preserve an equable and chastened devotion, but has nothing to startle the careless, to warm the cold, to quicken the dead. BUT WHY SHOULD THERE NOT BE A COMBINATION OF THE BENEFITS OF EITHER SYSTEM: of the general supplication with the occasional prayer: of the worshipping assembly with the interceding pastor: of the fixed form with the varying aspiration: of the devout harmony of the congregation with the sole earnest utterance of the leader in Israel?

The days have been, in which one of the most eminent of Scotch elders would not have been found to utter so frankly these judicious and moderate views. But Lord Kinloch has more to say: here is something on the once bitterly-discussed question of Presbytery and Prelacy:—

It is permitted, as I think, to an individual Christian to perceive advantages on either side in rival systems of church polity, such as raise a strong impression that a combination of the systems would operate more advantageously than their isolated action. There is an element in episcopal government and the distinction of ranks in the clergy which exhibits a striking analogy to the principle which pervades the divine government of the universe: for this is carried on by degrees and orders, subordination and superiority, reaching from the meanest of God's messengers up to the archangel nearest the throne. There is a permissible and wholesome ambition created

by diversity of ranks. There is a quietness, and gravity, and concentration of authority in episcopal rule which has much of the features of apostolic administration. Yet the system has serious defects. It hangs too much for its efficacy on individual character. Its quietness is occasionally somnolence. Its massive architecture is sometimes little more than ornamental. Heresy lurks undetected, or rears the head unchecked. A system is made a superstition, by force of its gorgeousness and ancient descent. There is a freedom in the very roughness of Presbytery: an energetic action in the intellect: a swift detection of error and abuse: an intercommunication of spirit between clergy and laity: a bold publicity of discussion: a corresponding interest in the public mind: to which Episcopacy does not attain, or attains in a much inferior degree. WHY SHOULD AN UNION OF THE SYSTEMS, IN THE BEST CHARACTERISTICS OF EACH, REMAIN AN HISTORIC DREAM OF THE VERY CHIEF OF OUR REFORMERS?

Lord Kinloch knows why: but the English reader does not. Here is the reason. Because each clergyman of the Scotch Church, at his ordination, must solemnly reply in the affirmative to this among other solemn questions:—

Are you persuaded that the Presbyterian government and discipline of this Church are founded upon the word of God, and agreeable thereto: and do you promise to submit to the said government and discipline, and to concur with the same, AND NEVER TO ENDEAVOUR, DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, THE PREJUDICE OR SUBVERSION THEREOF, but to the utmost of your power, in your station, to maintain, support, and defend the said discipline and Presbyterian government by kirk-sessions, presbyteries, provincial synods, and general assemblies, during all the days of your life?

Now, you must see that the man who, with all the solemnity of an oath, has said "YES" to that question, cannot feel himself perfectly free to use any active means

for episcopising the Church of Scotland: whatever private convictions he may reach on the comparative claims of Presbytery and Episcopacy. I do not judge others, in the matter of such oaths: but I confess that for myself, even if I thought (and I do not think) Episcopacy decidedly the better of the two, I see not how I could open my mouth to say so. Yet it is curious how easily the very best men take what appears to others the violation of a plain oath: of course, they see it differently. Dr Chalmers, Dr Candlish, and the other eminent and good men who seceded from the Scotch Church in 1843, and founded the communion calling itself the *Free Church*, had all solemnly answered “*Yes*” to the following question:—

Do you promise ——— that, according to your power, you shall maintain the unity and peace of this Church against error and schism, notwithstanding whatever trouble or persecution may arise; and THAT YOU SHALL FOLLOW NO DIVISIVE COURSES FROM THE PRESENT ESTABLISHED DOCTRINE, WORSHIP, DISCIPLINE, AND GOVERNMENT OF THIS CHURCH?

How these worthy men reconciled their secession from the Church with their obligation under this oath, I cannot in the least see. Yet who but a fool would call them perjured persons, who had broken their ordination vows? I believe, as firmly as I believe anything, that they saw, to the satisfaction of their own minds, that they were free to take the step they did. Yet charges of perjury, violated oaths, broken ordination vows, and the like, are sometimes bandied about in Scotland just now, in a fashion that shows great lack of sympathy, charity, honesty, and

common sense in those who make them. If I find a man, at least as wise and good as myself, taking a course which I cannot see he is justified in taking, it is only fair to suppose that he sees what I do not. Yet there are those would drive out of the Scotch Church, and out of the Anglican Church too, the best men in either, by vulgar and malignant accusations of dishonesty and perjury.

The following words of Lord Kinloch are interesting, because we find him making a statement which is substantially identical with one which caused a brief but furious uproar, when made by Principal Tulloch of St Andrews :—

Great errors have unquestionably been committed in the construction of creeds and confessions. They have for the most part attempted too much : more of clearness of information on mysterious topics, than God has allowed : more of definiteness of statement on doctrinal points, than human intellect can accomplish. They have at times become snares for over-sensitive minds ; which substantially value the doctrine, and yet cannot conscientiously adopt its precise form of expression. They have too frequently been made a theological argument against a particular heresy ; and have thrown in consequence the whole of Christian truth behind the shadow of a single dogma. By endeavouring to expand the truth, not merely in its general expression, but its minute ramifications, they have run into apparent inconsistencies ; such as always arise when a finite mind attempts to possess itself of the whole of its subject of contemplation. They are, many of them, works of great mental vigour : the products of gigantic intellect : composed by men both of piety and learning : a noble study, an illustrious monument. Yet it is always to be remembered that they are human compositions : liable to criticism as such : and not to be deferred to, when they contradict, or go beyond, the teaching of Holy Writ. It is to be wished that they more imitated the simplicity of their Divine model and were comprised in a few general propositions, expressed so

clearly as to bear the undoubted stamp of orthodoxy : at the same time so comprehensive, as to be capable of being held along with avowed diversity in unessential points and collateral metaphysics.

Upon the doctrine of the Atonement, we have words, true and wise :—

To engage in idle discussions of our own intellect on the subject of the Atonement, its nature and necessity, and precise mode of operation, is a course full of peril to faith, both in its simplicity and stability. In regard to the Divine mysteries, it is generally by limitation of range that we maintain clearness of perception. The simple Bible truth, which is seen clearly when steadfastly looked at by itself, becomes obscure and confused when followed out on all sides into the ramifications of human philosophy. It is in this way that systematic theology has at times been of injury to religion. The mind, which rested secure on one grand Scripture thought, has had its faith broken into difficulties and doubts, when carried into metaphysical expositions, which, because they dealt with subjects beyond human thought, could not but prove unsatisfactory ; and because they were the product of the finite endeavouring to scan the infinite, could construct a system of supposed completeness only by means of propositions, which produced reconciliation at the cost of apparent contradiction.

Lord Kinloch has some striking remarks on Inspiration, setting forth somewhat advanced views on that subject. And those Scotchmen who would, if they could, “ make a ghastly idol of the Sunday,” find no countenance from the devout and enlightened judge :—

To the great mass of those on whom is laid the duty of Sabbath observance, it is impracticable to maintain a whole day of unflagging spirituality of frame ; and to these there must necessarily come, and will come without impropriety, the interruptions of harmless converse, and kindly intercourse. Few things can be conceived more accordant with the conception of a hallowed day of rest than the enjoyment, under fitting limitations, of the pure air, and fair face of nature, in innocent domestic companionship, when the religious

duties of the day shall have been accomplished. There is nothing to be found in Scripture to countenance a morose or gloomy observance of the Sabbath. It is a Christian festival : to be observed by all with the cheerfulness proper to such.

Let us be thankful that such wise and temperate notions are now held by almost all intelligent people in Scotland. For I can remember the day, on which a good clergyman said from the pulpit, that whenever, on a summer Sunday evening, he beheld the people of a certain Scotch town quietly and decorously walking on a great green expanse by the shore of the sea, he always thought of Sodom and Gomorrah, and prayed that fire might not fall from heaven to burn up the Sabbath-breakers ! And as a boy, there was nothing I believed more implicitly, than that it was a sin to take a walk on Sunday. How we have advanced since then ! There is now no part of the week pleasanter to me, nor enjoyed with more assurance that the enjoyment is lawful and right, than the hour after afternoon service on each Lord's day, when you may see a great part of the population of this ancient city quietly walking on the beach or the bent, and feeling an influence from all around them for which only the very hardened can fail to be the better. We all hold the value of the *Shorter Catechism* still : but we have come to interpret differently the following statement contained in that excellent treatise :—

The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days : and *spending the whole time in the public and private exercises of God's worship*, except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy.

Doubtless that last clause, which speaks of *necessity and mercy*, always served as a very wide back-door. But there were many parents who really tried to make their children *spend the whole time in the public and private exercises* above named : and who failed to discern that a decorous walk after church, and the enjoyment of domestic quiet in the evening, are most truly of the nature of *God's worship*, properly understood and rightly enjoyed. Therefore they made their children go to church, to services of enormous length, and without a vestige of interest for a child ; and then they devoted the rest of the day to examining them in the *Shorter Catechism*. The natural effect was, to make the children hate both the Catechism and the Sunday as long as they lived. A word as to length of church services. While a Scotch sermon now, if preached by a good preacher, rarely exceeds half an hour in length, and the entire service lasts just an hour and a half, I remember the days when the sermon was an hour or more, and sometimes you had two of the fearful compositions at one service. Yes, it seems nearly as strange to me now as it will to an Anglican reader ; but many a time have I entered church at 11 A.M., and been present at a service lasting till 2 P.M.—three mortal hours ! And certain it was then as now, that the worse the preacher, the longer was the sermon sure to be.

Now, what is the meaning of all the change which has been set forth ?

Such as look favourably on the movement, reply, that

it comes of a conviction that the Scotch Reformers cut down the church-service too far, and showed too great a spirit of contrariety to all that had gone before : and that the time has come when, without any peril to anything good gained at the Reformation, a better and more decorous worship may be introduced. No doubt, the Scotch Presbyterian worship does look inexpressibly bare and bald to Christians of any portion of the Catholic Church out of Scotland. No doubt, the greater number of Scotch parish churches are disgraceful for ugliness and meanness. No doubt, it is a mockery to call by the name of music the sounds which in many churches take the place of praise. No doubt, one recalls with heaviness of heart the discourses which one has heard in the form of prayer. No doubt, Scotch public worship is capable of being much improved. It may be granted, indeed, that it is not the greatest work of the parish priest to improve his music or decorate his church ; and that you may train your parishioners to habits even better than those of silently asking God's blessing for a moment on entering church, and pausing for a moment's silent prayer after the blessing is pronounced, instead of instantly sticking on your hat and rushing out as though the building were on fire. But one may hope, that where much attention is given to the lesser proprieties of worship, all this is no more than a comparatively unimportant addition to great diligence in preaching and in pastoral work. On the other hand, nothing that concerns God's worship is unimportant : and side by side with diligent endeavours for the moral and

physical improvement of his parishioners, a zealous clergyman may well spend thought and pains on the improvement of the music in his church, or on breaking people (where he can) of walking into church with their hats on their heads. Some people talk as though in attending to the æsthetic, you must of necessity neglect what is admitted to be a thousand times more important. Why spend money on a stained window, when there are millions of Heathens who have got no Bibles? Why think of church music when Infidelity is overspreading the land? Such are the ordinary objections. But surely one need not neglect the greater duties, while giving some measure of care to the lesser. And abundant experience has shown that the man who suffers a slovenly neglect about his church and its worship, is just the man to neglect weightier things. "He which is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." And the argument from the Heathen, and the tide of Infidelity, goes too far. Why think of getting your clothes to fit properly, or of painting your house, or selecting carpets of pleasing pattern, when there are the Heathen and the Infidelity?

So much for the favourable way of looking at the Scotch ritual movement. There are less favourable ways of regarding it. In a recent debate in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, it was declared by a very good man, far advanced in life, that it was his profound conviction that the ritual innovations (in conjunction, we presume, with the doctrinal uncertainty of sound) are of the instigation of

the devil. It thus appears that a movement of which its worst enemies can say no worse than that it somewhat obliterates the differences between the Scotch and English national churches, originates in the worst possible quarter. One would say that no one has a right to say that if you differ from him you are inspired by the devil, unless his own infallibility is assured by special revelation. At the same time, I am not prepared to join in the severe strictures which have been made on the good man who said this. All evil is helped and perhaps inspired by the devil, no doubt; and if you honestly think a movement tends to evil, you have a right to say that such is your opinion. Still, when we think a friend wrong, our desire ought to be rather to bring him right, than to hit him severely; and it may be doubted whether, in telling an honest and earnest man that he is instigated by Satan, you are adopting a course likely to conciliate and mend him. And a promise, publicly made, to pray for a man who differs from you, appears to imply, in a somewhat offensive way, that he must certainly be wrong and you certainly right. To publicly express a very unfavourable opinion of a fellow-creature,—even though that opinion be couched in the form of a prayer for him,—is not, generally, a friendly thing. And it may be doubted whether it is ever a purely Christian thing.

But people who do not say that the desire for an organ, for kneeling at prayer and standing at praise, and even (as Lord Kinloch) for a partial liturgy, is inspired by Satan, are yet found to take up another ground of opposi-

tion to it. They say that whatever improvement the Scotch Church service may be capable of, the ministers of the Scotch Church are precluded from even thinking of any change; forasmuch as one of the questions they have all answered affirmatively at their ordination runs thus:—

Do you sincerely own and believe the whole doctrine contained in the Confession of Faith approved by the General Assemblies of this Church, and ratified by law in the year 1690, to be grounded upon the word of God: and do you acknowledge the same as the confession of your faith; and will you firmly and constantly adhere thereto, and to the utmost of your power assert, maintain, and defend the same, and THE PURITY OF WORSHIP AS PRESENTLY PRACTISED IN THIS NATIONAL CHURCH, and asserted in Act 15, Assembly 1707, entitled “Act against Innovations in the Worship of God”?

On the strength of these words, I have heard a clergyman who had introduced kneeling at prayer and standing at singing into his church, with the full approval of his congregation, denounced as a perjured person. Was he so?

Well, unquestionably he was a very pious and exemplary man in other things; and if he was indeed a violator of solemn vows in this matter, it was very unlike his ordinary walk and conversation. And further, *he* did not think himself perjured, even on this point; for, when told of the grave accusation, he replied with a tranquil and amiable face, “That is rank nonsense!”

Let me confess, that I have never heard any innovating Scotch clergyman set clearly out the *rationale* of the way in which he reconciles his ritual innovations with that vow about maintaining *the purity of worship as presently prac-*

tised in this national church. Such men, in my hearing, have either laughed at the charge, as one not deserving serious notice ; or have got angry and expressed indignation at those who uttered it. But I suppose the ground that innovators would take up, if brought to book, would be this : that their changes and improvements do not affect the *purity of worship as presently practised*. What is designed by the vow in question, is the exclusion of superstitious rites and ceremonies, such as those laid aside at the Reformation. And it is naturally remarked, that some of those who are very bitter against the innovations now introduced, did not scruple to introduce innovations which pleased themselves : such as the singing of doxologies and anthems, the ceasing to intone each line of the psalm before singing it, the abolition of public penances, such as I have myself seen in a Scotch parish church, the private celebration of the sacrament of baptism, and many such like. And it is specially curious that good men, who habitually break the law of the Church in the matter of baptism in private, and seem quite happy though so guilty, have been heard vehemently to accuse those of their brethren who have administered the Holy Communion in private, to persons unable to come to church from illness. Yet, in the nature of things, it seems infinitely more reasonable to dispense the latter sacrament in private than the former. And as for the law of the Scotch Church, I should be interested in knowing how any man of plain sense can evade the meaning of the following words from *The Directory for the Publick Worship of God* :—

Baptism is not to be administered in private places, or privately, but in the place of public worship, and in the face of the congregation, where the people may most conveniently see and hear.

Scotch Church-law makes no mention at all of instrumental music, or kneeling at prayer, or standing to sing: in these matters there is nothing violated by the innovators but lengthened usage. But baptism of children in private is expressly forbidden. Yet excellent men, who systematically break the law about baptism without a pang of conscience, are ready with the howl of perjury against men equally excellent, who have brought organs into their churches. Let me say, that I believe the accusations of perjury are as injudicious as they are uncharitable. A timid man here and there may be bullied into concealing his tastes for an orderly worship: but a spirit of resistance is awakened in ten times as many, by the attempt to bully. The writer is a Scotch clergyman who has made no innovations in the worship of his parish church. Plenty of instrumental music has been in it, indeed: plenty of incense, masses, processions, and vestments of all colours and degrees. But that was centuries since: and the simple worship of the Scotch Church may now be found in it, untouched and unimproved. And if the writer meditated any change, there are venerable and wise men whose kind cautions, and dread of imminent evil, expressed with a fatherly authority, would make him stop. But as for the accusations of perjury, one snaps the fingers at them.

On Wednesday, December 27, 1865, the Presbytery of

Edinburgh was engaged, as it has often been before, in considering the case of that Edinburgh minister who has introduced printed prayers. The newspapers mention, that "there was an unusually large attendance," doubtless both of members and of the public: so much so, that the Presbytery had to meet in that handsome hall where the General Assembly holds its sittings. Several times, within the last few years, have dense crowds in that hall shown the lively interest felt by many people in the whole question of innovations in worship. On this occasion—

Mr Stewart rose to make the motion of which he had given notice in the following terms:—"Whereas the using of a book of prayers in the celebration of public worship is contrary to the laws and usage of this Church; and whereas it is generally reported that this practice is followed by the Rev. Robert Lee, D.D., minister in the church of Old Greyfriars, and that, notwithstanding a judgment of the General Assembly, of date 24th May 1859, ordering Dr Lee to discontinue the practice, and to conform in offering up prayer to the present ordinary practice of the Church, it is moved that a committee be appointed to make all necessary inquiry as to the use of a book of prayers in the conducting of public worship in the church of Old Greyfriars, and to report, that the case may be dealt with according to the injunction of the last General Assembly."

Mr Stewart, who is an estimable clergyman of more than forty years' standing, is too amiable and good a man to show much of polemical bitterness: yet he supported his motion in a speech of considerable keenness of temper. He lamented the infraction of

that uniformity of worship which, till the days of Dr Lee, has been a distinguishing characteristic of our Presbyterian Church in Scotland—a form of worship at once pure, spiritual, and simple, which, though sneered at by some, has contributed most effectually to the

spiritual welfare of our people—towards the promotion of that vital godliness which it is the great design of our holy religion to promote, and which is at the same time calculated to guard against that mere formality in religion which is, alas! too prevalent in the present day, and which, we believe, it is the tendency of set forms of prayer to increase and to strengthen.

And he thus concluded :—

Let us to-day show that, while we would hail with pleasure the announcement from Dr Lee that he was now ready to obey the laws and to obtemper the judgments of the Church, and to return to that form of worship to which he solemnly swore he would adhere, and to which while a minister at Arbroath, while a minister at Campsie, and to which for some time after he became a minister in Edinburgh he did adhere, and thus aid in promoting the peace of the Church, and not disturb it, as he is now doing, undermining the Church's influence, preventing her from presenting a united front to her enemies, and from putting forth her undivided energies towards the furtherance of that great cause for which she was established, and which it is designed she should further in the land and over the world. But, if otherwise—if to gratify his own taste, or to pander to the tastes of some fashionables in our great cities—he disregards his ordination vows, sets the laws and usage of the Church at defiance—he must be prepared to abide by the consequences. If there be individuals within the pale of the Church of Scotland who have a conscientious preference for read prayers and a liturgical form, I would say to such, with the best feelings, let them join the Church of England, where they will find a venerable and approved liturgy, and not the spurious and irresponsible article which has been introduced of late into Greyfriars' Church. These are not the times when the laws and authority of our Church are to be allowed to be set at nought with impunity, when not only the outworks of our Zion are assailed by the innovating practices of Dr Lee and others, but when the very citadel itself is being attacked—when attempts are being made to shake the very foundations of our Zion—to undermine the pillar and ground of truth itself—when the great fundamental articles of our most holy faith are called in question, are assailed, not by the open and avowed enemies of religion and of our

Church, but by those whom we had been accustomed to regard as her ablest defenders, and who we thought would have sacrificed everything that was most dear and valuable on earth rather than have apostatised from the faith once delivered in its purity to the saints of old, and to which they had in the most solemn manner declared they would adhere—rather than have given their names and their influence to sentiments and views which, unless checked and put down by the authority of the Church, bid fair to sweep away that beautiful fabric which our venerable forefathers reared amid their tears and with their prayers, and after years of toil and suffering unparalleled, left to us as a legacy to be by us transmitted unimpaired to our latest posterity—that Church which has hitherto proved such a signal blessing to the people of Scotland, which has been the grand bulwark of civil and religious liberty in our land, and which was designed to remain a perpetual testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, amid surrounding infidelity, superstition, and immorality, and to stand firm on the Rock on which her great Head founded her amid the ever-fluctuating waves of human opinion.

The apostates thus keenly censured, are doubtless Dr Norman Macleod of Glasgow, who has declared that while holding the obligation of the Lord's-day, he has departed from the usual Scotch belief both as to the ground of its obligation and the manner of its due observance ; and Principal Tulloch of St Andrews, who had the boldness to declare that the Confession of Faith, though an admirable and venerable document, is the composition of uninspired men, affected by the usual influences which affect human beings.

A remarkable speech was made by Mr Wallace, minister of Trinity College Church, Edinburgh, in support of a motion to let Dr Lee alone. Mr Wallace is one of the ablest of the younger Scotch clergy ; and coming to

Edinburgh a few years since to undertake the charge of a nearly empty church, he has crowded it with a large congregation. Some of the clergy have precisely reversed that process. Said Mr Wallace :—

Now, I hold that the reading of prayers is not contrary to the law and usage of the Church ; and not only so, but has already been constructively authorised by the most competent of all judicatories, the General Assembly. I say, first of all, the reading of prayers is not contrary to the law and usages of the Church. I may be told, indeed, that it was so decided in Assembly 1859. But I am perfectly entitled to plead that that decision misstated the law, and to express my conviction that were the Assembly better instructed, it would decide differently, the more especially that subsequent Assemblies have, as I shall have occasion more fully to remark, virtually cancelled that decision by declining to enforce it. I repeat, then, that reading prayers is not contrary to the law and usage of the Church. I never heard of a law against a minister reading his prayers if he chose. The moment such a law is produced, and shown to me to have passed the Barrier Act and become law in a regular manner, I shall alter my opinion ; but not till then. As for the usage of the Church, I deny that the usage of the Church forbids a minister to read his prayers from a book. The usage of the Church permits a minister to read his sermons, and it cannot consistently forbid him to read his prayers, because the two stand on the same basis of principle. If there be any arguments sufficient to condemn reading prayers, they are equally good to condemn reading sermons ; and if there are any reasons for allowing sermons to be read, there are also reasons for allowing prayers to be read. Our Church usage has been determined in the great preponderance of instances to the alternative of not reading prayers very much by a historical accident. Our Church is a Church of Puritan extraction, and once in the history of Puritanism a strong and partially authoritative movement was made to force ministers to read prayers which were not their own. As a recoil from this and protest against it, our ministers placed themselves at the opposite extreme, and prayed extempore, to make it clear that their prayers were their own ; and in subsequent generations of the Church the popular

prejudice engendered by witnessing this practice has made many conform to it who did not share the prejudice, but who loved peace too well to admit of their bearing the resentment of molested ignorance. But the genius of our Church usage does not compel the adoption of the one alternative of not reading prayers : it equally admits the other alternative of a minister's reading his prayers if he thinks fit. For what is the genius, the idea of our Church usage ? It is the idea of free prayer. We are continually boasting of our privilege of free prayer ; and I admit it is a great privilege. But what does it mean ? Why, by free prayer I understand, for one thing, the freedom of every individual minister from the bondage of a compulsory liturgy—liberty to pray in his own words, and not in words prescribed for him by external authority. But free prayer means more than this. Freedom does not mean freedom on one side merely, but freedom on every side ; and free prayer does not mean merely liberty for a minister to pray in whatever words he chooses, but also in whatever manner he chooses—with or without paper, as he feels most conducive to his satisfactory performance of the exercise. For it must be remembered that extemporaneous speech is not the freest mode of utterance to every one. Very often extemporaneous prayer is the bitterest bondage to the man who attempts it, making him to labour under the twofold burden of an excessive nervousness and an excessive vacuity. And as for that sham extemporaneous prayer which consists in reciting what has been previously written and got by heart, or what has through the slow accumulation of years encrusted itself upon the tablets of the memory, I hope nobody will profess himself able to believe that there is any difference between this and honest reading from a book, except what may be implied in the absence of a little paper and the presence of a good deal of pretence. Some may pray freely extemporaneously, but most will pray most freely from manuscript, just as in preaching. And I maintain that reading prayer is just as much free prayer as prayer not read, and is as much in consonance with the genius of our Church usage in this matter. It is only when you take up our Church usage as a blind meaningless custom—a dark irrational prejudice—that you can say it prohibits reading prayers. Whenever you put an idea and a meaning into it, that idea compels you to admit that a minister is at liberty to read his prayers if he find: that best, provided only they are his own, either by origination or

adoption. On these grounds, I hold that the reading of prayers is essentially in agreement with the law and usage of the Church.

And thus his speech ends :—

I feel assured that the best arrangement for Church prosperity is when each individual minister is not shackled and fettered by unnumbered laws and usages, but left to the spontaneous and self-regulated development of whatever originality is in him. In this way I believe the Church is surest to get the full benefit of whatever gifts are in her pastors ; and while at all times of the Church, I think especially at the present day, it is disastrous to impose shackles on freedom of clerical utterance in any form ; and therefore let the Act of 1865 apply to whomsoever or whatsoever it likes, it does not apply to Dr Lee or anyone who chooses to read his prayers. I therefore, upon the whole, come to the conclusion that there is no order of the Assembly compelling me to interfere with Dr Lee in this matter of reading his prayers ; and I am glad that it is so. For I am convinced that nothing can be more disastrous for the prosperity of the Church of Scotland than at the present day to pursue a policy of repression in opposition to a policy of emancipation. The temper of the times and the thoughts afloat are such that men will more and more require of their religious teachers that they be men thinking and acting out of their own independent individuality, and not mere semi-mechanical organs of traditional ideas and usages. The Church that recognises and meets this want will live, flourish, and do incalculable good ; the Church that blindly and obstinately sets its face against it must speedily become little better than an antiquarian curiosity, and have the destiny of such like things. And because this liberty of reading prayers, if a minister seems so inclined, seems to me to be a contribution—a very humble contribution it may be, but yet a contribution—to the work of general ministerial emancipation, I wish to see it protected ; and therefore it is with satisfaction that on this occasion I find myself legally entitled, as I am morally glad, to oppose its discouragement.

On the other side, there was a speech from Dr Muir, the venerable minister of St Stephen's, Edinburgh. Dr Muir is a man of blameless life, and great ability and

dignity, who for more than fifty years has done the work of the ministry with a zeal and devotion above all praise. And indeed, looking at that thoughtful and sad, but beautiful face, with high and perfect features, shaded by a profusion of white hair,—a face that expresses pure intellect and feeling, without a vestige of animalism,—one feels that Dr Muir ought to have been an archbishop. He would have been one, if the Scotch Church had such dignities : for many years he exercised almost archiepiscopal influence in it. And neither of the two archbishops on the other side of the Tweed could stand a moment's physical comparison with him. Let it be added, that, if high moral principle is to be found in this world, you have it in Dr Muir. If you knew him, you would know a man whom no worldly bribe could tempt from what he esteems the right path. Indeed, one cannot even imagine Dr Muir as actuated by any mean or sordid motive. Even such as differ from him most decidedly are constrained to respect him. And such as do in the main agree with him look up to him with unfeigned reverence. Here is part of what he said : and extreme as the words sound, never were words said in deeper sincerity :—

I don't wish to be thought a terrorist. I don't pretend to be prophetic, but it is to me most evident that the work that has been begun and carried on so far, has been begun and carried on under the sinister influence of the great enemy of the Church—that enemy who has always set himself in opposition to the truth as it is in Jesus, and to the work of conversion—I mean Satan himself. It is my firm conviction that, proceeding as we are now doing, this blessed institution of ours, which through grace has been so serviceable generation after generation, is about to be destroyed. Sir,

I love to bear my protest on the side of the precious standards of our Church—those standards which, in my opinion, are the most exact voice of God's Holy Word. I love to have the opportunity of bearing my testimony to our precious system of public worship. Simple in the form of it ; nothing in it to come between the soul and Christ, the object of the soul's worship ; but all in it that, away from intricate liturgical ceremonial, will lead to the accomplishing of that which our blessed Saviour has told us we are to aim at in public worship—the worship of God, who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth. I own to you that my heart has been deeply oppressed by all that has been going on amongst us, under a thorough conviction that it is a plan instigated by the great enemy of evangelical truth for the purpose of destroying in our land that which has been the main bulwark of the truth, and the main instrument of circulating it and impressing it on the minds of the people. I love, therefore, to have the opportunity of bearing thus my public protest, and I have come to-day for the purpose of doing so. I know well—and we have had an echo of it in the room to-day—that the views I now suggest are considered to be views that shackle men's minds, and prevent what is called progress—yea, that there is a great deal of illiberality and tyranny in any one man attempting to set up his views and his practices for the purpose of compelling another to adopt these views and follow these practices. Sir, that is what I would express my utter detestation of. The right of private judgment is a most sacred thing. Inquiry on the part of individuals as to doctrinal views—inquiry on the part of individuals as to what may be improvements in the forms of public worship—such inquiry is legitimate. The right of private judgment ought never to be interfered with ; and I consider that with the sentiments I have now expressed with regard to our precious standards, and with regard to our forms of worship, I am still at perfect liberty to make inquiry again and again, and should I see reason to change the opinion I have this day expressed, no man would prevent me from altering that opinion ; and no man has a right to endeavour to force me into compliance with his views or practices. Allow me, then, to say that I offer no obstruction to the individuals who are making these movements. I regret the course they are pursuing, and mourn over the results they are impending. If they succeed, our Church is gone ; but still I maintain that the right of private judgment is to

be defended, and that no man has any title to force others into his views or practices. But, sir, I have to put this very serious question—Is a man who has taken solemn oaths to maintain the doctrines of our Church, to maintain its simple ritual, and to follow no divisive courses—is a man who has made this engagement, and who, on the faith of that engagement, has been ordained and inducted to a benefice in the Church, is he entitled to make changes—serious changes, in the doctrines, principles, laws, or worship of the Church? or, if he does so, is he to continue within the bounds of the Church? I don't trammel the minds of anyone: I maintain the right of private judgment; but I say that man is not the right man in the right place. There is, I suppose, room enough for him without—and without he may meet with those who thoroughly conform to his opinions, and sentiments, and practices. I beg it to be understood that I am not calling in question the sincerity of anyone who follows the course which, after serious investigation, he considers to be the right one. But I say his mind cannot be at peace if he keeps within the bounds of this Church—where, because of his declared opinions, opinions tested by an oath, he has been inducted into a benefice, and is entitled by law to draw his stipend. No doubt we may lament secession, but sincerity and honesty, and a regard to oath, demand that these things be not done within the limits of the Church of Scotland.

A smart observation was made by Mr Gray, incumbent of an Old Town Edinburgh parish:—

He was sure they would all agree with what Dr Muir had said as to the right of private judgment, but he felt it might perhaps be well to carry it a step farther than the reverend doctor had done, and leave to every minister the right of judging for himself whether he could remain within the Church of Scotland or no.

Here seems to be the kernel of the question, in a speech by Mr Cumming, a member of Presbytery:—

Although he confessed that the ground had always seemed to him most narrow; although he confessed his feelings were strong that, after they gave permission in the Church to a man to prepare

his prayers at home and repeat them from memory, they had no sufficient stand-point to prevent him who did that from reading his prayers; if they gave him permission to read his prayers, as Dr Chalmers no doubt did—and did, he believed, when Moderator of the General Assembly—from manuscript, he felt that they had not a sufficient stand-point to prevent him reading them from print; and if they gave a man permission to read his prayers from print, he did not see where they had a stand-point to prevent a man printing them for himself, and those who in the Church might wish them.

Finally came Dr Lee, the great heresiarch himself. Wonderful are Dr Lee's fluency and cleverness. And indeed, so consummate a master is he of logical fence, that his manifest ease lessens the impression he makes, by taking away the appearance of earnestness that comes when a speaker seems possessed and overwhelmed by his subject. A little floundering for words,—a little look of being unequal to express what he feels,—might add to the impression made by this speaker. Dr Lee is a Scotch Broad-Churchman: and through his peculiar position and views is able to reach and influence many not usually very impressible by clerical influence. I quote some passages from his speech:—

As to the liturgy, one would expect in an argument like this some definition of what a liturgy is. According to my understanding, it is a public document sanctioned by authority, and imposed on all ministers of the Church. So I would understand by a liturgy. I should like to know what the gentlemen who have spoken to-day understand by a liturgy? They seem to think that the reading of prayers is a liturgy. Such confusion of ideas is astonishing in a Church court. It is astonishing among sensible men; much more is it astonishing among clergymen of the Church and lawyers. We know what the liturgy of the Church of England

is. It is a set of prayers and services, made and sanctioned by public authority, and which every minister is obliged to use. John Knox's liturgy, though not enforced with the same strictness, has the same character, and every liturgy has the same character. Does the fact of a man reading the prayers of his own composition, which he changes as often as he likes, and uses some one day and others the next, which he deals with as he chooses, constitute a liturgy? I really feel ashamed to reply to such confusion of ideas, to give it no stronger term. Suppose you succeed in violating the laws of the Church, and take from me that liberty which I now enjoy, of reading my prayers, what do you make me do? You compel me to make a much closer approximation to a liturgy than now exists. I should then be compelled to do what other gentlemen do whose consciences I suppose are free from the sin of liturgising, and learn off one of my Sunday's prayers, and repeat it perpetually. I would be compelled to do what some of my brethren do, repeat the same prayer from Sunday to Sunday without one syllable of variation from January to June, and from June to January, during their whole incumbency. I should think the essence of a liturgy, if it is not to be defined, as I have said, is sameness—the continual repetition of the same thing. I maintain, Moderator, that the disuse of reading prayers has had this effect extensively. I do not blame the men who act in the way I have said. There are many men who are not able to speak extempore, and not able to learn off what they have written, and so they are forced to adopt that mode of proceeding which Mr Wallace so pointedly characterises, and in fact to approximate to a liturgy through their very horror of read prayers. I say read prayers are not contrary either to the laws or constitution of the Church, or, properly interpreted, to the traditions of the Church. It is very remarkable that while Knox's Book of Common Order was read for seventy or eighty years, there should not have been one syllable in your proceedings or acts condemning this; while, on the contrary, the reading of sermons, now a general practice, is directly opposed to the traditions of the Church, and never was heard of till a late period, when the subject was brought before the General Assembly, and when something was said regarding it, to which I beg to call your attention. So late as the year 1726, the Assembly remitted to its Commission an overture anent the method of preaching; and in a representation and petition, signed by

twenty-four influential ministers, laid before the Assembly in 1732, reference is thus made to it:—"There appears much more need for it"—that is, for such an overture or ordinance—"every day, by reason of several innovations both in the method and strain of preaching introduced by some strangers and young ministers, very displeasing to God's people, and causing no small obstruction to spiritual edification. Nay, a young minister appointed to preach before her Majesty's Commissioner at last Assembly had the assurance to add to former innovations that of reading the sermon openly. To other offensive innovations he has added this innovation, though he could not but know that it would give great offence both to the ministers and people of this Church, and bring a reflection on the Assembly as if it approved thereof." Now, sir, that is all my answer to the talk about the Church forfeiting its establishment. The preaching of sermons by reading them was without precedent in the Church of Scotland. No man ever heard of Knox or any of his followers reading sermons. That was the mode of conducting worship in 1690, when the Acts of Security and the Union were passed. If, therefore, your establishment is to be forfeited by reading prayers, it is forfeited accordingly by the reading of sermons. For here is a palpable instance of innovation contrary to the foregoing traditions and the universal practice of the Church of Scotland. Let me ask you, sir, if the reading of a prayer forfeits the establishment, what must the reading of a sermon?

Elsewhere he says:—

Moderator, I have heard to-day, as I have heard many times before, a great deal of denunciation—a very great deal of what I think uncharitable and unwarrantable insinuation; but though I have listened with anxiety, I have found very little that can by any stretch of courtesy be considered argument or fact. I have been asked how I could remain a minister of the Church and persevere in customs contrary to its laws and its traditions. I ask the gentlemen who have spoken where are these laws? I have asked them to quote these laws. The General Assembly gave a decision in 1859 which has been often referred to, and in which it said that reading prayers was contrary to the laws and usages of the Church. No doubt to its late usages and practices, but I have challenged my opponents again and again, and I challenge them now, to con-

descend on the laws which I have broken. When a man is arraigned before the civil court, where the forms of justice are observed, and where common regularity is observed in its proceedings, the clause of the Act which he has violated is quoted. Why have not these gentlemen quoted the Act which I have violated by reading my own prayers? I say this is not worthy to be called argument; it is wild, reckless, unfounded assertion, and nothing more. Do you not know that the Church of Scotland began with a liturgy, and for many years read its prayers; that the last prayer in which John Knox joined was read, and that in your Acts of Assembly and the proceedings of your Church courts you cannot find one Act or one authoritative proceeding either condemning or discountenancing read prayers? I call on you to produce the laws you allege, and till you have produced them I shall continue to assert that there is none, and that I have broken no law whatever. If I thought I had broken any law, I should certainly be very sorry for having done so, and instantly amend my conduct. Some rhetoric has been added to adorn the rotten argument which has been attempted; but, sir, this ornament does not conceal the rottenness at all.

And thus Dr Lee concludes:—

One would suppose, Moderator, to hear what has been said this afternoon, that some monstrous evil was practised by myself and my congregation. The inspiration of Satan has been referred to as alone sufficient to account for such monstrous doings. I could hardly trust my ears when I heard such things said. What is it that has been done? It is only that which the Reformers did—which the Church of Scotland did during its earliest and best days. I hope that the Christians of the Church of England are not inspired with the devil when they read their prayers; I hope that John Knox was not inspired with the devil when he composed the Book of Common Order; and I hope that the Christian Church generally are not under Satanic influence in the conviction which begins to be diffused that an extemporaneous service is not the most edifying, and that it is proper and advantageous to employ compositions—written or printed compositions—during at least part of the service. Why, sir, the application of such phrases, and the allegation of such

causes, really betray, I think, an extremely weak position, and a very distressing want of plausible argument.

It is not a pleasure to me, whatever some gentlemen may think or say, to stand in opposition to the Church courts. I feel it painful to be constantly upbraided as if I were a man without any conscience, and as if I did not feel the obligation of vows that I have taken on myself. It is not pleasing to me to be upbraided in that way, and I was anxious to comply with the prejudices which I thought had prevailed in the General Assembly. Accordingly I made various attempts to carry on the public worship without a book, since a book was an offence in the eyes of the Assembly. I endeavoured to carry on the worship otherwise. At one time I could have committed the whole of the book to memory without any difficulty; but I found from disuse, and I suppose from advancing years, I was no longer able to do it. I took notes with me, and I bungled the service. I do not know whether other people thought it was bungled, but to my apprehension it was. I felt uncomfortable, and could not do justice to my own ideas. I wrote notes larger and larger simply to assist my memory. This issued in the composition of a new book. That book, thinking it might be useful to others, and thinking it was a mere quibble to read the prayers from manuscript instead of from a printed book, I got printed, inasmuch as it contained the psalms, or what I considered a proper selection from the psalms and paraphrases for singing. It was with that view primarily that the book got into the hands of the congregation, the psalms being printed at proper lengths, and the tunes to which they are always sung. The only other alteration is the responses comprehending the Amens at the end of the prayers. I did not think it required the authority of the General Assembly or of the Presbytery to recommend a practice—for I did recommend it—which was sanctioned by the Old Testament and by the New expressly. I did not think I needed to come to the General Assembly or to the Presbytery, when I had the express authority of the law and the prophets, and of the New Testament itself, for a practice without which public worship wants the very form of congregational and public worship. I did not think that any man could suppose that that was a violation of the law; and I ask where is there anything forbidding such a practice? All Christians throughout the world do it—in the ancient Churches, both Greek

and Latin, and all Churches which have a worship, the Amen is said ; and I think it would be too ridiculous for me to come here and ask sanction to do that which you all ought to do and teach your congregations to do.

The upshot was, that the Presbytery, by a majority, determined not to meddle with Dr Lee. The read prayers, at the Church of Old Greyfriars, have for the moment the tacit sanction of the Presbytery of Edinburgh. It must be said, however, that the decision has been appealed to the higher Church courts, and is still liable to be reversed. The General Assembly in May will decide the question in the last resort. And there is no Court of Appeal whose decisions are so hard to forecast as are those of the General Assembly.

So things rest meanwhile. Let us trust that good may come out of all this commotion. While it lasts, it tends somewhat to throw more important matters into the shade

March 1866.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCERNING THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A
CANTANKEROUS FOOL ; WITH SOME THOUGHTS
ON THE TREATMENT OF INCAPACITY.*

REPROACHFUL face of *Fraser*, here you are again ! Once I hailed you with joy : now I behold you with sorrow, mingled with remorse. Rare were the numbers, once on a time, in which I had not my little share : and my hope for various years was, that this might always go on. But now the months pass, faster and faster : and the magazine comes : and there is nothing of mine in it. Very many were the essays this hand used to write : very few they have been for the last two years. And wherefore is it so ? Is it that I have no time to write ? Truly never man was harder worked : yet I was worked just as hard when each magazine had its pages of mine. Much worried ? Yes indeed, and liking it always less : yet the time was when it was relief from worry, to sit down at this table and write away. Is it that I have got nothing more to say ? Not entirely so. Thoughts not unfrequently arise, which in the old

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days would have furnished matter for sixteen pages of feeble reflection. But with advancing time one grows more modest ; and feels less disposed to speak unless sure that one has something to say which is worth hearing. THAT is the thing. The day comes, when not the friend who pitches into you most viciously in print, thinks so badly of your doings as you think yourself. And instead of desiring to add to the number of your pages, you wish heartily you could blot out many that exist already. When a man reaches forty, he thinks differently of many things.

Yet let me, once again, try to do something in the old way : before finally resolving to do the like no more. Let me, not unkindly, set forth the praises of Cantankerous and Pig-headed Folly ; and show certain reasons why it is profitable to a human being that he be a Cantankerous Fool.

There are cantankerous fools whom you can keep at arm's length : cantankerous fools with whom you need have nothing to do : cantankerous fools whom having seen once, you need never see again. But human beings are linked by many social ties : not even our gracious Sovereign herself can successfully resolve that she will never have anything to do with anybody she does not like. And very often you find that you cannot escape from many relations with a cantankerous fool ; and that you must just make the best of that offensive being.

Now, how carefully you consider the tempers, the crotchets, the idiotic notions and prejudices, of the can-

tankerous fool from whom you cannot escape ! As for a human being of good sense and good temper, nobody, in the common transactions of life, minds *him*. Nobody smoothes him down : pets him : considers him : tries to keep him right. You take for granted he will do right, and act sensibly, without any management. If you are driving a docile and well-tempered horse, who is safe to go straight, you give the animal little thought or attention. But if you have to drive a refractory pig, how much more care and thought you put into that act of driving ! Your wits must be alive : you humour the abominable brute : you try to keep it in a good temper : and when you would fain let fly at its head, or apply to it abusive epithets, you suppress the injurious phrase, and you hold back the ready hand. So with many a human being, whom you are trying to get to act rationally : who hangs back on all kinds of idiotic pretexts, and starts all conceivable preposterous objections to the course which common sense dictates : frequently changing his ground, and defying you to pin him to any reason he states, as is the way with such creatures. When your tongue is ready to exclaim, “O you disgusting and wrong-headed fool, will you not try to behave rationally ?” you withhold the ready and appropriate words : you know *that* would blow the whole thing up : and you probably say, in friendly tones, “My good fellow, there is a great deal in your objections ; and we have all the greatest desire to do what you may wish : but then there are A, and B, difficult men to deal with : and in this little matter, you must just let us do

what has been arranged. Pray do this, and we shall all be very greatly obliged to you." Perhaps you even degrade yourself by suggesting to the cantankerous fool reasons which you know to be of no weight, but which your knowledge of the fool makes you think may have weight with his idiotic mind. By little bits of deference and attention, rendered with a smooth brow, beneath which lurks the burning desire to take him by the neck and shake him, you seek to keep straight the inevitable cantankerous fool. Yes, my reader, if you want to be deferred to, humoured, made much of: if you want to have everybody about you trying to persuade you to act as a sensible man would act without any persuasion; and everybody quite pleased and happy if you have been got after much difficulty into the right track; see that you set yourself before that portion of mankind that cannot get rid of you, in the important and influential character of an ill-tempered and wrong-headed fool.

The jibbing horse in the team: the loose screw in the machine: the weak link of the chain: *they* are the important things. People think of them: watch them: stand a good deal to keep them right. As Brutus shammed himself a fool for protection, so might a wise man in these days sham himself a fool for consideration. Don't be sensible and good-natured: nobody will be afraid of your taking the pet and getting into the sulks, then. But be always taking offence: striking work: refusing to go where you ought: and you will meet the highest consideration. People may indeed confound you behind

your back : but before your face they will be civil to a degree they never would be with an amiable and judicious man. You see, you may explode at any moment. You may lie down in the shafts at any moment. You may kick out furiously at any moment. So all hands will try to keep you in good humour.

The human being who is called a *Privileged Person* is generally a cantankerous fool. Sometimes, indeed, the privileged person is so privileged because of the possession of invaluable qualities which make you bear with anything he says and does. Even where these are amiss, they are so magnificently counterbalanced. But the cantankerous fool from whom there is no escaping, is the most privileged of all privileged people. No matter how ill-bred and provoking he is, you must just suffer it. No matter how far in the wrong he is, you must just try to smooth him down and make things straight. If you get into any altercation or difference with the fool, you are at a great disadvantage. *He* has no character to lose : but you probably have a reputation for good sense and good humour which any conspicuous disturbance would damage. Then, restrictions of decency in language and conduct fetter you, which are to the fool what the green rushes were to Samson. You could not for your life get up and roar, as you have seen the fool get up and roar.

If you know a man will bellow like a bull if you differ from him in opinion, you just listen to his opinion and hold your tongue. If you know a dog bites, you give him a wide berth. If a ditch be very pestiferous when stirred

up, you don't stir it up. The great principle on which the privileges of cantankerous folly and ill-nature found is this: that as we go on through life we grow somewhat cowardly: and if a thing be disagreeable, we just keep out of its way: sometimes by rather shabby expedients.

Well, after all, the deference paid to the cantankerous fool is not a desirable deference. True it is, that if you have to get twelve men to concur with you in a plan for bringing water into the town of which you are chief magistrate, or painting the church of which you are incumbent, or making some improvement in the management of the college of which you are principal, you bestow more pains and thought on the one impracticable, stupid, wrongheaded, and cantankerously foolish person of the twelve, than upon all the other eleven. But this is just because you treat that impracticable and cantankerous person as you would treat a baby, or an idiot, or a bulldog, or a jackass. The apparent deference you pay the cantankerous man, is simply an inferior degree of the same thing that makes you confess yourself a teapot if a raving madman has you at an open window, and says he will throw you over unless you forthwith confess yourself a teapot. Pigheaded folly is so disagreeable a thing, that you would do a good deal to keep it from intruding itself upon your reluctant gaze; and the cantankerous fool, petted, smoothed down, complimented, deferred to, is truly in the most degraded position a rational being can easily reach. "O let us humour him: he is only Snooks the cantankerous fool;" "Give in to him a little: he

will make no end of a row if you don't:" such are the reflections of the people who yield to him. If he had any measure of sense, he would see how degraded is his position: what a humiliating thing it is to be deferred to on the terms on which he is deferred to. But the notion of the presence of sense is excluded by the very terms of his definition. For how can there be sense in a cantankerous fool?

All this, the thoughtful reader sees, leads us up to the wide and important subject of the Treatment of Incapacity. *That* varies, in the most striking way, as the position of the incapable person varies.

If a servant, lately come home, proves quite unfit for his work, you first scold him; and if that avail nothing, then you send him away. If the grocer who supplies you with tea and sugar, persists in supplying you with execrably bad tea and sugar, you resign your position as his customer: you enter his shop no more. But if the incapable person is in a sufficiently important place; and cannot be turned out of it; the treatment is entirely different. You stand up for the man. You puff him. You deny that he is incapable. You say he is "a very good appointment," however abominably bad you know him to be. The useless judge you declare to be a sound lawyer, whose modesty hinders the general recognition of merits. The clergyman who neglects his duty shamefully, and whose sermons no man can listen to, you declare to be a good sensible preacher, with no claptrap about him: none of your new brooms that sweep far too clean. The

blackleg peer, drunk, profligate, a moral nuisance and curse, is described as a pattern of all the proprieties. As for the hardly conceivable monarch, such as Gorgius IV. of Brentford, who never did a brave or good deed in all his life, *he* takes his rank as the first gentleman in Europe. Yes: the peculiar treatment of the wrong man in the wrong place (by cautious and safe people), is loudly to declare that he is the right man in the right place. The higher the place he disgraces, the louder and firmer the asseveration. And if any man speaks out the fact of the incapacity which all men see, then you bully that man. You fly at him. You abuse him. You tell him his conduct is indecorous: is indecent. You declare that it is not to be supposed that what he says is true: being all the while well aware that it is true.

If a poor curate be idle and stupid, so stupid that he could not do his work if he tried, and so idle that he will not try, that poor curate is sent away. But if the incumbent of a rather important parish be all that, you go on a different tack. You say his health is not good. His church is not empty: on the contrary, it is very respectably attended. It strikes a stranger indeed as empty; but those who attend it regularly (especially the incompetent incumbent himself) think it very fairly filled; and of course they are the best judges. This crucial case will help the ingenious reader to the great principle which decides the treatment of incapacity. It is this. An Evil you can remove, you look in the face. You see how bad it is. You even exaggerate its badness. But an Evil you

cannot get rid of, you try not to see. You seek to discover redeeming points about it. If you have a crooked stick to walk with, and cannot get another, you make the best of the crooked stick: you persuade yourself it is nearly straight. But if a handsome stick is offered you in its place, you pitch the wretched old thing away. Your eyes are opened to a full sense of its crookedness. In brief, the great rule is, that you make the best of a bad bargain.

Many married people have to do so. They are well aware that in marrying, they made an unhappy mistake. But they just try to struggle on: though the bitter blunder is felt every day. One great evil of the increased facility of divorce in these latter days, is, that it tends to make men and women hastily conclude that a state of things is intolerable, which while deemed inevitable was borne with decent resignation. You try to put a good face on the trouble which cannot be redressed. You "make believe very much;" as all human beings have at some period of life in regard to their worldly position; the situation of their home; the state of their teeth; the incursions of age on their personal beauty. You were resolved to believe your dwelling a handsome and pleasant one; and your place in life not such a dead failure as in your desponding hours you plainly saw it to be. And who but a malignant fool would try to dispel the kindly delusion which keeps a man from quite breaking down? If your friend Smith was in his own eyes what he is in yours, he would lie down and die; overcome by his sense of

being such a wretched little jackass. My friend Jones told me that once upon a time, attending a sitting of the House of Peers in Mesopotamia in America, he heard a man make a speech, every sentence of which cried aloud that the speaker was an inexpressible fool. At first, Jones was indignant at the speaker's manifest self-satisfaction. But gradually Jones became reconciled to the state of facts as this consideration presented itself to his reflective understanding: That if the unhappy orator had thought of himself and his appearance as Jones thought of both, he would have fled to the remote wilderness and never been seen more!

How are you to manage a cantankerous fool? If possible, you will of course avoid such. But how are you to deal with those whom you cannot avoid? Well, I know it does not sound magnanimous: but I fear you can govern the cantankerous fool only by careful consideration of his nature; and adaptation of your means to that. I mean, you will not suggest to him reasons of conduct which would have weight only with men of sense. If you want to melt a piece of wax, you bring it in contact with fire. But if you do the like with a piece of clay, the clay is hardened, not softened. In like manner, there are arguments and considerations which would make a man of good sense and temper go to the right, which would make the cantankerous fool go to the left. What profit, then, in suggesting to the fool motives which his nature incapacitates him for understanding? You must deal with the animal as you find him: move him by the things that will

make him move. The whipcord, which makes the donkey go, has no effect when applied to the locomotive engine: yet the whipcord serves its end when it makes the donkey go. And the reason which, being suggested to the sensible man, would make him ask you if you thought him a fool, will often avail to move the fool in the direction in which you would have him proceed.

I can see plainly that in thus managing the cantankerous fool, you run the risk of falling to the use of means savouring of the base. But no rule can be laid down which may not be carried to an extreme. And we can but say, never say or do that which is sneaking or dishonest: even though by so doing you could get the fool to behave like a man of sense for many hours, or at the most critical juncture. I do not believe that honesty is the best policy. I have seen many cases in which it was plainly the worst. Yet honesty is unquestionably the thing for an honest man. And let the advice, to govern the fool by regarding his nature, be understood as counselling you to do so, as far as an honest man may.

The truth is, you govern by obeying. You get material nature to do what you want, by finding out its laws, and conforming to them. If you desire to order water to boil, you command it so to do by obeying the law which says, that water shall boil, being placed upon a fire. If you would require a field to supply you in September with a crop of wheat, you do so by obeying the field's nature in many ways: ploughing the field (which it demands of you): sowing it, and that in the due season: in

short, you humour that field in its likings; and in return for humouring its likings, you get the field to do what you like. So with the fool: so, in truth, with the wise man too. All this is fair and aboveboard. But when you come to manage the fool by means analogous to that of him, who knowing his pig would advance only in the opposite direction from that he desired, affected the desire that the pig should go north when the deep craving of his heart was that the pig should indeed go south,—you are going on a tack whose honesty is questionable.

There is a process, singularly offensive to the writer, of which one sometimes hears mention. It is that of KEEPING PEOPLE SWEET: such is the idiomatic phrase. It is a process not needful in the case of sensible people, who have no tendency to turn sour: it is a mode of operation especially applicable in the case of the cantankerous fool. It consists in paying special deference to the person to be kept sweet: in going frequently and asking his advice on matters as to which you have already made up your mind, and as to which you know well his opinion is of no possible value: in trying to smooth him down when he takes the pet, as he often does: in making many calls upon him: in conveying by many tacit signs that you esteem him as very wise, very handsome, very influential. I have used the masculine gender through the last sentence: though the peculiar usage described is much employed in the case of old women of pecuniary means. Sometimes, indeed, old women of no wealth nor influence wish people to take pains to keep them sweet: but

in these instances the old women are generally permitted just to remain in a condition of unalleviated acidity.

O judicious reader, wise and amiable, and not uninfluential, receive it as a high testimony to your sense and temper, if no human being tries to keep you sweet! For in all ordinary cases, the fact that you try to keep any mortal sweet, testifies to your firm conviction that the mortal in question is a silly if not a cantankerous fool!

But let us turn from these thoughts, some of which are irritating, to something sure to soothe. It is now 11.30 P.M., and it is early in July. Alas, the time of green leaves and bright days, how fast it goes! Let us pull up the blind that covers part of that bay-window, and look out upon the calm night, from which the daylight has not quite passed away. First, there is a little bit of grass: beyond, at the foot of a cliff of forty feet, the famous Bay. There it spreads, smooth as glass in the twilight: a great solitary expanse. Beyond, many miles off, there is a long range of purple hills. Under those waters rests that noble chime of bells that belonged to our cathedral: the bells went down with the vessel which was carrying them away. To this sacred spot Christian pilgrims have come for fifteen hundred years: a good many of them, not improbably, being cantankerous fools. And looking on the calm sea, amid this hush of nature: thinking of the solemn associations of the ancient place; the writer heard twelve o'clock sound from silvery bells that were here before the Reformation, and concluded that it was time to go to bed.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCERNING THE TREATMENT OF SUCH AS DIFFER FROM US IN OPINION.

ON Sunday, November 11, 1866, public worship was being conducted at the parish church of St Mark, in the city of Dublin. The time came when the sermon was to be preached. The preacher was the present Archbishop of Dublin: the learned, able, and judicious Dr Richard Chenevix Trench. When the Archbishop had ascended the pulpit, and was just about to read out his text, it is recorded that three hundred young men of most respectable appearance arose; and without tumult or other demonstration, left the church in a body. No doubt the congregation must have been disturbed, and the preacher astonished.

The reason why these respectable young men so acted was, that the Archbishop, in a charge lately delivered by him, had expressed certain opinions which they disapproved. Nobody can be more disinterested than I am, in looking at the suggestive event: for I have not the faintest idea as to what the opinions were which the Archbishop expressed and the young men disapproved. Nor do I

express any judgment whatever as to the conduct of either the young men or the Archbishop. All I say is, here is one way of treating a man who differs from you in opinion. It is simple : and your protest cannot fail to be remarked by many.

It was a charge, in which the Archbishop had managed to give offence to those young men. It must therefore have been delivered in a church. And the decorous rules of such a place hindered a certain rough and ready method of expressing disapproval of what was said in it. The auditors, elsewhere, and in listening to an ordinary speech or address, might have signified that they did not agree with what was being said, by hissing it. Though that sound may fall unpleasantly on the speaker's ear, I do not know that he has any right to complain of it as offensive. It is the understood way in which an audience tells a speaker, " Now, we don't agree with what you are saying." And the intensity and endurance of the sibilation will be the measure of the degree in which the opinions expressed are in themselves disagreeable, or are made disagreeable by a disagreeable way of expressing them. For there is no doubt at all, that though as a general rule we have no right to be angry with a man for holding a different view from ourselves on any subject, yet he may express his views in so offensive a way as shall give us just reason to be angry with him. He may express them in an abusive and insolent way. He may convey to us that we are fools for not thinking as he does ; or even that we are villains. And some readers know, that the law of the

land recognises the distinction between opinions temperately expressed, and the same opinions offensively expressed. Thus, if a man in these days sets forth views which traverse our most cherished religious beliefs,—even views which may be properly called blasphemous,—the law will not touch him if he do so in a temperate way, and in the interest of what he deems truth. But if he set forth his views with the manifest purpose of outraging the feelings of a Christian community, he will be punished. I mention an extreme case. But we all know, that there are people who can express opinions very different from our own, in so candid, fair, and good-natured a way, that no one can take offence. And there are people, too, who by want of tact, temper, and consideration for the feelings of others, are sure, in setting forth their opinions, to excite bitter animosity in an opponent's mind.

Shall it be confessed, in beginning, that we have all a natural tendency to get angry with those who will not think as we do? Shall it be confessed, that the history of mankind shows, that difference in opinion, as to important matters, is one of the bitterest of all offences; and is visited with punishments of diverse degrees, varying from ceasing to ask a human being to dinner or even to tea, to the cutting off of his head or the burning him at the stake? Must it be admitted, that agreement in opinion, in tastes and likings, is often felt as one of the greatest compliments you can pay a man? You know how a skiful person once gained the favour of a minister

of state whose tastes were most anomalous in the matter of waistcoats, by appearing before him in a waistcoat too bright to look upon, a waistcoat of the most extraordinary shape and hue, yet which in shape and hue was identical with that worn by the minister of state himself. Is there truth in the suggestion, that a way to the Highland heart may be won by professing and of course feeling great admiration for the harmonious tones of the bagpipe; or, as an eminent French writer renders it, the bugpipe? May I here publicly and humbly confess, that a human being always rises in my estimation who expresses an enthusiastic admiration for the vast and venerable church in which I preach? Few human beings, alas, are found so to do! Now, everybody knows the story of Charles V. and his clocks: how that great emperor, who had ruled a large part of Europe during a very stirring and critical part of its religious and intellectual history, and tried to get men or to force men to think alike on matters religious and ecclesiastical, began to see that he had been trying to do a vain thing and an impossible one, when he found he could not get a few time-pieces to agree in what they said as to the hour of the day. My readers and I have doubtless arrived at the emperor's conclusion, though by different steps from his. Living among people whose irresistible bent is to think for themselves, we have learned, by abundant experience, that people will not think all in the same way. I can say sincerely, and I doubt not every one who reads this page could say the like, that I cannot think of a single man among those I know, with

whose opinions I agree on every point. But in speaking of people with whom we agree, and from whom we differ, I mean of course those in whose case our agreement or our difference concerns something which we hold as of importance. Thus a Whig in politics differs from a Tory : a Dissenter in ecclesiastical matters differs from a Churchman. And, seeing that people *will* differ, no doubt it is a natural thing to draw off from people who differ from us, and to live in the congenial atmosphere of the society of people with whom we agree. When you feel that you are at antipodes with a man on almost all points you can talk of, you naturally feel you cannot get on with him ; and so draw off from him. And there is something very irritating about a person who is always wanting to prove by argument that your opinions are wrong, or that some statement you make to him cannot possibly be accurate. Such a human being provokes you, whether he is merely insisting that the day is warm when you have said it is cold ; or persistently worrying you to bring your pet prejudice to the test of argument,—worrying you to take down again from the shelf opinions on which your mind is made up, and which you do not want to have unsettled. And, on the other hand, it is very pleasant and hearty to converse with an intelligent person with whom you are in thorough sympathy ; not in greater opinions merely, but even in lesser tastes and likings. Only a few days since, I felt a favour was done me, when a very eminent authoress told me she loved and enjoyed Gothic architecture, and positively hated classical. It was very pleasant.

There was all the difference between concord and discord in music. Yes, sympathy, strongly felt, on even one important point, is a strong tie. You remember the conclusion to which ascertained agreement in liking conducted an historical or perhaps mythical man. "Do you like butter-toast?" he is recorded to have demanded of a certain lady. "Yes," was her reply. "Will you marry me?" was the instant and decisive sequence. When I once heard a man say that Glasgow Cathedral was "a great ugly gaol of a place," I felt it as a blow. Not a very hard one: for I instantly formed a calculation what that man's opinion was worth: but still a blow. So with a friend who told me that an organ in a church was an idol, and a rag of popery. There may be some readers, not confined in any place of restraint, who think that: frankly, I should get on better with the others, who think differently. You are very much disappointed when a person you know and like, declares that he thinks differently from you, perhaps on some question on which you made sure he would agree with you. You find it difficult to refrain from feeling and showing displeasure. Yet, if you be what you ought to be, you do refrain. For your friend has just as good a right to his opinion as you have to yours: and possibly his opinion may be as near the truth as yours. I don't mind confiding to the reader, in the strictest confidence, and on the understanding that it shall never be repeated, a special form of irritation, peculiar to the Scotch clergy. It is to sit in the General Assembly, when a vote is being taken on a sub-

ject on which you feel strongly. The fewer of these the better for yourself let me say. The vote there, probably you do not know, is taken by calling over the roll of the names of the members: then each says how he votes. Well, it is provoking to listen to the roll being read on and on; and to hear this man and that who you were sure would go with you, going the other way. You feel just a little angry: and perhaps you form an unjust and uncharitable estimate of the man's opinion who differs from you. "I remember that man at college," you think to yourself: "yes, I remember his standing there, very distinctly: and an awful blockhead he was." And when you happen to be one of a minority, you doubtless please yourself with the belief that Time is with you; and that the day will come when all intelligent mortals will think on that question as you think now.

Now, no doubt, to think wrong, is wrong; and deserves blame. Nobody has a right to form a wrong opinion. But we have learned that great lesson of toleration which the world took many ages to learn; that for his honest belief, man is indeed responsible, but responsible only to his Maker. There is no infallible authority here, to which we can go and have all our little differences decided; and in all his beliefs, beyond the very few which are vital, and as to which inspiration has spoken explicitly, the wise man knows that however strongly he holds them, he may be wrong; and that some day he may see *that*. It hinders me from being so keen a churchman as I might be disposed to be, when I see that very wise and good men

think on the matter just the other way: and when I see, too, that Almighty God looks on at us, going through life thinking so differently, and vouchsafes to us no unmistakable information which of us is right. Perhaps I learn from that, that the difference is not one to make any very bitter fight about: that a larger and more dispassionate view would show us both right and both wrong. For the vexatious thing in this world is, that in any complicated question, the reasons will not point all in the same direction: and what are you to do when there are fifteen reasons for going to the right and sixteen for going to the left: reasons which you have not simply to count, but (what is far more difficult) to weigh? And yet, with all that, you cannot give or get liberty of thought in the sense in which some able and thoughtful men desire it: that is, leave to hold and express any views, however dangerous to morality and society, without anybody thinking the less of you for it. Some opinions, however honestly held and calmly expressed, bring discredit; and justly. There are views, which show not merely a wrong head, but some moral perversion. The man who teaches, honestly or not, that it is right to sell men or women, like inferior animals: to recognise no marriage-tie among them: to make them work under the lash for you, and not for themselves: to deny them every human claim: that man shall never be friend of mine. There was a man, a year or two ago, who maintained by argument that he had a perfect right to murder his wife and children, and who acted on that belief. Society said to him,

"We shall not discuss the question with you: only your ways of thinking and ours are so opposed, that it is plain we cannot both go on together: and as you are in the minority, you must give way: so we shall hang you." Thus society hanged him: and it unquestionably served him right.

There is a difficulty here, of course: I find difficulties now in most things. The days are past in which one was quite sure of everything. Sometimes society thus puts down opinions which are right and sound opinions; only in advance of the average belief of the age. "Are the Mormons good people or bad?" lately asked a friend of mine of a class in a school he was examining. "Bad," replied a little boy, with decision. "Why bad?" "Because they say people may have a great many wives." Thus the Mormons were declared bad for an opinion they hold. And doubtless it is so desirable to prevent that opinion from being generally accepted, that it is well to crush it by the readiest means within reach. But, on the other side, books have been burnt by the hangman, because they set out opinions which all intelligent people now accept as true and right. Martin Luther was deemed by multitudes a bad man, for teaching what we all believe. John Knox was deemed by many a bad and dangerous man, for declaring opinions whose result has been to make us civilly and religiously free. "To meddle with the Corn Laws would be madness," said Lord Melbourne, being then Prime Minister. Yet it was not madness, but sense. To emancipate a certain large class of our country-

men from cruel penal laws would be a national sin: so, once on a time, declared many worthy men and worthy old women. By and by, the nation discerned that it was not a sin, but a duty. "Some day, the king's mails will go by railway, and railways will be the great high-roads of this country:" so said old George Stephenson: and for thinking so and saying so, he was hounded down as a mischievous fool. Read the reports of the abuse heaped on that great man, before the Committee of Parliament on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway: and you will see how perilous a thing it is for a man to be a great deal wiser than his generation. Yes, it is an awful charge to be the only man that knows some great truth, flatly opposed to the common way of thinking. Either you must be a miserable sneak, shamming a conformity with errors and prejudices you despise: or you must set your face to a lifelong strife, obloquy, and misrepresentation;—and then, when your views are triumphant at last, likely enough see some smart dodger gain the credit which was your due.

Let us go on to think of some of the ways in which people have been found to treat such as differed from them in opinion.

I live in an ancient and famous city, in which one is often reminded of a very short and simple way of dealing with such. It was to burn them. Thus they and their opinions together were got rid of, as the people who burnt them thought. Vain belief! You might burn the men: you did not get rid of their opinions. Every

soul that now dwells in that city where these heroic men were burnt, now holds just the beliefs for holding which they thus perished: every soul whose opinion is worth a straw. The martyrs were put to death for insisting (among other things) that bread was bread; and that no spells which were muttered over it could make it anything else but bread. "Ignorant authority," to use the words of the most eloquent of living historians, "said 'The bread is flesh and the wine is blood: we will kill you if you say it is not.' A sufficient number of noble-minded men were found to accept the alternative; and to prefer death to admitting what they knew to be a lie."

Well, that way of treating such as differ from us in opinion, will not do now. People's lives are often better than their principles: and though there still remains in Europe a certain ruler, the head of a great confederation of people, who, according to his principles, ought to burn all who differ from him on various matters whenever he can, he never would think, now, of doing so. Let me say, frankly, he durst not. His place would not be worth a week's purchase if he burnt just one heretic. But besides this wholesome check upon any fancies he might take into his head (for it is a great thing in this world to make it impossible for a man to do what is wrong: in that case we may with some confidence make sure that he will not do it), I believe, most sincerely, that the good old man would regard the burning of a heretic with just as much horror as we should. Dr Newman tells us that however right it might be, the sight of a Spanish Act of

Faith would have been the death of him. Nobody really proposes now to burn people for difference of belief: though some are still silly enough to justify such burning. And I cannot pass this without declaring, that if any man, even of those to whom we owe (under God's over-ruling providence) even the most precious parts of that civil and religious liberty we possess, taught that to burn those who held erroneous theological belief was the right treatment of them, therein that man was miserably wrong. And I don't care a rush though his name was Calvin: I don't care a rush though his name was Knox.

Now, I wonder, does any one think that because burning is for the present over, the spirit which prompted burning is exorcised? What was that spirit? It was the spirit which grew out of this belief; that there are certain opinions and practices so perilous to the existing state of things, or the state of things which you desire, that by any means whatever they must be put down. By burning, if nothing else will do. Of course, if knocking on the head would suffice, then by knocking on the head. If blowing up with gunpowder would do, then by blowing up with gunpowder. If misrepresentation, and abuse, and calling bad names would suffice, then by misrepresentation, and abuse, and calling bad names. In short, whenever you try to bully a man out of his opinion instead of reasoning him out of it: whenever you attempt any form or degree of physical or moral intimidation; you are showing that you would burn an opponent, if you had the chance, and if you

durst. Well, is intimidation ever attempted towards those who differ from us in opinion?

I read the other day, in an ancient manuscript, how an eminent politician (in Ethiopia of course, for I make no reference whatever to British politics), said, in a speech delivered by him at a large and excited meeting, that another politician who thought differently from himself and those he was addressing, was only safe in that town in concealment. What did that mean? Perhaps it meant merely that if openly there, he would be sought out, and by cogent reasoning, expressed in civil language, convinced how erroneous was his present belief. Perhaps the savage yells with which the orator's words were received, were the indication, on the part of calm logicians, that they felt how triumphantly they could refute the man's views, and bring him to their way of thinking. If so, I can but regret that the first reading of the eminent politician's words conveyed an entirely different suggestion to my mind. I read the other day, not in an ancient manuscript, how a man, a working man, who thought differently from his brother-workers at the same trade, and acted on his opinion, had something in the nature of a shell charged with gunpowder thrown into his house, which blew the house to pieces, though by God's mercy it killed no one. It was meant, plainly, to kill all. I have read how at the election for the burgh of Melipotamus, an unpopular candidate had his skull fractured by a large stone, thrown by some one who plainly thought that his arguments were better addressed to the outside

of an opponent's head. I am not going to say more of this peculiar treatment of such as differ from us in opinion: except that those who approve it, need not find fault with the Inquisition, and may well cherish the memory of a certain Cardinal Beton. Let not the pot call the kettle black.

Not such extreme cases are now to be thought of. Only such treatment of such as differ in opinion as very passably respectable persons may be found to resort to. One mode of treatment known in the middle ages but quite unknown now, was to tell lies about an opponent: to repeat things to his prejudice which you may not exactly be quite sure are false, but which you strongly suspect to be so, and which a very little examination would prove to be so. For example, a man in Scotland has an organ in his church. You disapprove of organs. Accordingly, you write a letter to a newspaper stating that the man has left off preaching sermons in church, and instead reads bits of a book entitled *Ecce Homo*. Of course this is a falsehood; and you might most easily ascertain that it is one: but it tends to show that the man with the organ is a fool; and accordingly you propagate the falsehood. My friend Mr Smith has a very fine organ in his church, which is remarkably well played, and delights everybody. One day he chanced to be travelling by railway many miles from his home: when, on the train stopping at a station, his ear was caught by the mention of his own church's name. He looked: and lo, two horribly ugly and malignant-looking old women

were bitterly inveighing against organs. Said one to the other, "Oh, the organ at St Ananias! Such a miserable failure! Half the Sundays they can't get anybody to play it at all: and when the organist comes, it is most abominable. None of your gewgaws for me!" My friend listened in silence, and heard a series of the most outrageous falsehoods related about himself. Had I been he, I should have told the ugly old woman who I was, and demanded her authority. You know how the mother of Dr Chalmers stopped ill-natured gossip among her acquaintance. When an acquaintance A. came and told her something bad about another acquaintance B., she instantly said: "Oh, I don't think *that* can be true: but I shall just put on my bonnet and go over to Mrs B. and ask her whether it is true; and tell her you told me about it!" Ah, how eagerly the acquaintance A. repudiated such a course! It was pleasant enough to tell the malignant lie: but quite another thing to be brought to book for it. And rarely did any acquaintance come to Mrs Chalmers a second time with a piece of ill-natured gossip. I fear it cannot be denied that in the middle ages,—say from the twelfth century to the fifteenth,—the conversation of low-minded people used to consist to a very great degree of retailing malignant bits of gossip to the prejudice of those who thought differently from themselves. Of course, in the nineteenth century, this has entirely ceased.

There are men, incapable of telling a falsehood, who will *cut* the persons who presume to think differently

from them. To differ from them in opinion is a personal and grievous offence. Vote against such a one in a deliberative assembly: and though a little before he seemed your dearest friend, now he passes you without notice. Quite lately, I heard a most worthy clergyman say, that such a person, who had published a volume of unsound theology, had come to live near him. "We used to be great friends," he said; "but of course now I don't recognise him on the street." I confess I doubted whether this was the right way to reclaim the heretic. Yet people in a humble walk follow the example. "If you say *that*, I have done with you!" And history tells of an old Tory lady, who said to her son, "If you turn a Whig, there is no room for you in this house."

Quite as injudicious a treatment of the friend who honestly and frankly differs from you, is to sulk in a corner, as it were: to draw off from him: to decline to discuss your difference of opinion with him. Possibly this peculiar treatment is the most irritating of all: at least to a manly and generous mind. You go to the friend from whom you have differed: you say how sorry you are that you don't see your way to think as he does: and you offer, in a frank, hearty way, to tell him your reasons for thinking as you do, that if you are wrong, you may be set right. But he persistently refuses to talk the matter over with you: refuses in a dour, sulky way. I don't mean the case in which you decline to discuss some point on which you feel strongly, with some impertinent stranger, who has no right to your confidence, and who

wants to force his views upon you. To that sort of thing you politely give the go-by: your meaning being to convey to your very slight acquaintance, "Well, you are not in a position which entitles you to push your peculiar views upon me." When a young girl from the West country went out to Rome to convert the Pope, I should say that good old gentleman was quite right in good-naturedly declining to discuss with her the foundations of his faith. I am thinking now of the case of a man with whom you are on such terms of friendship as entitle you to go and set yourself right with him when you think he is doing you an injustice; and entitle him to tell you frankly when he thinks you are doing wrong; instead of drawing off in a petted, sulky, boorish way. When such a friend shows he thinks you have done wrong, I say he is bound to hear what you have got to say to the end of showing why you think you have done right. He is bound, in a kindly way, to discuss with you the point on which you differ: unless indeed he judges it best that anything like intimacy of friendship should cease.

Archbishop Whately, writing to Dr Newman, who had shown a disposition to sulk rather than frankly discuss, speaks of "our long, intimate, and confidential friendship, which would make it your right and your duty, if I did anything to offend you, or anything you might think materially wrong, to remonstrate with me." And again the great and brave man says, "I, for my part, could not bring myself to find relief in avoiding the society of an old friend, with whom I had been accustomed to

frank discussion, on account of my differing from him as to certain principles,—till, at least, I had made full trial of private remonstrance and free discussion. Even a man that is a heretic, we are told, even the ruler of a church is not to reject till after repeated admonitions.”

Well and nobly said, great prelate and great man! But a man must be a man to act *that* out. Any infusion of the cowardly and sneaky: and then we shall sulk privately, but never talk our heart out manfully.

A way, and sometimes a specially malignant way, of treating those who differ from you in opinion, is to pray for them, or threaten to pray for them. Let us not speak or think of this matter unless gravely and seriously. But it cannot be passed by. You remember that country clergyman, named in a certain famous book of the last century, who threatened the squire of the parish that if he did not mend his ways, he would “pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.” Prayer has sometimes been made a way of conveying the most wicked calumnies against a fellow-mortal. Not long since, at a public meeting, an individual took occasion, in a discourse which he regarded as a prayer, to ask God’s mercy on another person who had expressed opinions which he esteemed to be mischievous, describing that other person as “that wretched man who was lately pouring forth blasphemies against Thee!” I may add, that the opinion described as blasphemous was this: that there is no harm in taking a quiet walk after church on Sunday. Now, I say there is something perfectly awful in that. If ever

Satan was disguised as an angel of light, it was when wrath and uncharitableness veiled themselves under the fair form of prayer! Let there never be admitted to our minds the faintest idea of *hitting at* somebody in prayer. Let it be suggested, as an excellent rule, that prayer for such as you think wrong or bad, be offered privately: when you have entered into your closet and shut the door, and are making your requests known to your Father which is in secret. If that rule were always adhered to, it would remove the temptation to that which is evil and unchristian about certain intercessory prayers. There would be no temptation to pray *at* the bystanders, rather than *to* the Almighty: no risk of making prayer a means of expressing your unfavourable opinion of a fellow-creature's character, or doings, or views: no risk of making it something like an imprecation of divine wrath, hypocritically veiled under the form of prayer. Whenever the great thing which you honestly feel you ought to ask for any human being, is, that he may be turned from his erroneous beliefs or behaviour, and converted to a better mind, ask that of God when you are alone with God. It is the safer, better, more kindly, and more humble way. To publicly express a very unfavourable opinion of a fellow-creature,—even though that opinion be couched in the form of a prayer for him,—is not, generally, a friendly thing. And it may be doubted whether it is ever a purely Christian thing. Let it be said, too, that in such cases the avowed imprecation not unfrequently is not a whit more malignant than the implied one. To ask that God

may forgive a man who presumes to differ from you, means much the same thing that is conveyed by words which, grammatically, mean just the opposite. You remember the two doctors in the *Golden Legend*. One says to the other :

May the Lord have mercy on your position,
You wretched, wrangling, culler of herbs.

The other replies :

May He send your soul to eternal perdition,
For your treatise on the irregular verbs.

It does not need much discernment to see, that here the benediction and the imprecation come to just the same thing. There is really nothing to choose between the blessing and the curse.

There is in many people a deep disposition to misrepresent the views of an opponent. In stating the opinions of such as differ from us in opinion, it is easy and (to some folk) natural, to give these opinions a little twist in the direction of extravagance, absurdity, or mischievousness. Indeed, there are persons in this world who can hardly record the sayings and doings of any acquaintance, without slightly colouring or twisting them, so as to make the acquaintance appear in the light of a fool, or even of something worse. But much more is this so, in stating the opinions of an opponent. Thus I have remarked that in certain American newspapers, which defend the peculiar institution of slavery, the opponents of slavery are generally called *nigger worshippers*: as if there was

nothing between making beasts of negroes and worshipping them. Then you remember how Mr Dickens describes an old gentleman who, whenever any one said that the poor who are supported by legal charity should be treated with something like decent care, would exclaim, "Oh, you want to feed paupers with turtle out of gold plates." Some years since, a woman in the west of Ethiopia was found guilty of murder. Many people thought the evidence on which she was convicted insufficient; and said so. I remember well how much angry feeling was excited over a large tract of Ethiopia by the case. Those who thought she ought to be hanged, and those who thought she ought not to be hanged, would hardly speak peaceably to one another. A certain newspaper, eager for her hanging, called all those who thought there was not evidence enough to hang her, *believers in Saint Sophia*: Sophia was the poor wretch's name. You see, in the view of the conductors of that newspaper, there was no possibility of saying that you were not perfectly sure that a woman was a murderess, without going further and saying that you were perfectly sure she was a saint. Of course, they were not such blockheads as seriously to think *that*: but they thought this a fair way of creating prejudice against the views of their opponents. Some habitually treat one who differs from them in opinion, as in the cruel days of Rome, persecutors treated the Christians. The persecutors first dressed up the Christians in the skins of wild beasts: and then set dogs at them. Even so do some unscrupu-

lous men now, first, horribly misrepresent what an opponent thinks and says; and then, raise against him a howl of heterodoxy: of Atheism, Mormonism, or even of Bourignianism. You remember how the Pope declared that all such as thought he had better cease to be a temporal monarch, therein testified their disbelief in the immortality of the soul. And once this is granted, it becomes easy to show that these are very foolish and perhaps very bad men. It becomes extremely easy to refute an opponent's views, if you, being a perfectly unscrupulous person, are allowed to state them. For you have merely to state them so as to make them rank nonsense: and then it is comparatively easy to show that they are rank nonsense.

Now, some folk think opinions which differ from their own, such dangerous and evil things, that any means whatever is permissible for the putting of them down. If a savage tiger was roaming the parish, devouring men and women, you would destroy him by the first means that came to hand. You would have no Quixotic ideas about giving the savage brute fair play: but would shoot him, or poison him, or take him in a pitfall, without remorse. Even such is the usage which certain mortals give to those who differ from them in opinion. All means are fair for putting them down. The grossest misrepresentation: the most unfair and delusive arguments: appeals to ignorant prejudice: all the arts of intimidation; the coarsest and most vulgar railing and abuse; are unsparingly employed. But I take for granted

—and I don't think I am assuming too much—that none of you who read this page would degrade yourselves by the use of poisoned weapons in dealing with an honourable opponent: and that you are incapable of malignant trickery, even if *that* could gain for your views some temporary triumph. And, taking this for granted, let me say to you: Be sure you properly understand what the views of one who differs from you, are. Possibly you have in your mind a horrible caricature of them. There is many a man who has in his head a theory of an opponent's character, which is as far from truth as the theory of the old astronomy about the movements of the stars. Many a man is sure that some one of whom he knows next to nothing is a malicious, conceited, stuck-up, stupid fool and ruffian, who, if he just came to know that being so misconceived of, would find him a pleasant, friendly, and modest man. Indeed, most unfavourable opinions are the result of our knowing very little about those of whom we think unfavourably. There is a great deal of good about most men and women I have ever come to know. So be sure you know exactly what the opinions you differ from are. Perhaps, when you know them right, you may find that you do not differ from them at all. Then, be scrupulously fair in stating the views of an opponent. Don't give them the little twist in the direction of nonsense, or of wickedness. More than this: don't force on them consequences which he repudiates. You may think that if a clergyman does not object to an organ in church, this shows he

wants to set up high mass at once. But if he says he does not, you are bound to believe him. You may quite fairly say of any man from whom you differ, that in your judgment his views, if carried out, tend to such and such an evil result: but you have no business to say that he sees this, if he says he does not see it. Then, do not insinuate evil suggestions about those from whom you differ, in that sneaky way in which some people are able to insinuate evil against their neighbours without directly saying anything. Do not ask, for instance, about some professor of divinity, with a significant look, "Does he hold the inspiration of the New Testament?"—thus conveying by inuendo that he does not. Under no circumstances call an opponent names. Do not even call him names in what may be termed a reflex way: as by saying, "I say nothing whatever in condemnation of Mr A.: I don't venture to judge him: all I say is that if I did so and so" (here describe exactly what Mr A. has said or done), "I am a pickpocket." Refrain from calling an opponent a dog. 'The other day, I read a passage in which an author said of some one who differed from him as to the value of his writings, "I left him to his dog's paradise, content that he should howl and rot there." It is to be confessed that modern abuse lacks the full flavour of that of ancient days. Here are some words of Dr Martin Luther: "The papists are all asses, and will always remain asses. Put them in whatever sauce you may, boiled, roasted, baked, fried, skinned, beat, hashed, they are always the same asses." The same eminent

reformer, in a treatise in reply to Henry VIII., calls that monarch "this rotten worm of the earth." The language of Calvin was a good deal worse. He calls his adversaries "knaves, lunatics, drunkards, assassins:" occasionally "bulls, asses, cats, and hogs." Erasmus once published a dialogue, in which the servile imitators of the Latin style of Cicero were cleverly ridiculed. On this a certain warm admirer of Cicero rushed to the rescue; and declared, in a treatise published in answer, that Erasmus was "a drunkard, an impostor, an apostate, a hangman, a demon hot from hell."

These specimens may suffice, of a manner of treating those who differ from us not at all to be recommended. And at this point it may fitly enough be suggested that, in arguing a question with any one, there is no advantage in roaring at the top of one's voice. You remember the man of whom Addison tells us that he "only raised his voice where he should have enforced his argument." A consideration which has no weight when stated in a moderate tone of voice, does not gain the least accession of force by being bellowed. Neither is there any acquisition of logical weight, when a man, arguing a question, violently whacks the table at which he stands, at brief and regular intervals. Indeed, to people of a musical ear, that disagreeable sound, constantly recurring, is so thoroughly offensive, that it tends to make the speaker be heard with an impatience which is all against what he says having its due weight. And here it may be said that all reasoning which is shouted at the top of a harsh and

untunable voice, by a man of truculent and ferocious aspect, brandishing in the air a clenched fist, and calling on all who differ from him to come out and be bullied, has on my mind an effect precisely the opposite of persuasive.

Among the delusive ideas which used to be taught to schoolboys, but which for the most part are not taught to schoolboys now, was one to this effect: that if two persons are arguing any question, the one who first gets angry is the one who is wrong. We used to be told of an Indian chief, who was present at a debate, and who said, after it was over, that though he did not understand a word that was spoken, he knew, by this sign, who was wrong. My impression was, even as a boy, that the Indian chief was a near relation of that contemptible prig who, when his wife was frightened by a storm at sea, suddenly held a sword to her breast and asked her if she was afraid, and so on. I have known several very great fools, but I never knew a fool great enough to have done that. Anything more grossly absurd than the test of who was right and who wrong suggested by the Indian chief, could not be imagined. He might as justly have said that the first man who took out his handkerchief and wiped his face, was wrong. Who is there that does not know that there is nothing more likely to make an honest man and a fair reasoner angry, than when he sees unfairness and dishonesty in the arguments and statements of his opponent? Setting aside constitutional differences of temper, of warmth of heart, of excitability of

nervous system—which are the things, after all, which have most to say to a man's getting angry or keeping cool—I should say that lack of earnestness, of deep conviction, of moral fibre, is the great thing to make a man seem calm and tolerant. If you really don't care a rush how a question is decided, you will join in the discussion of it with great equanimity. There can be no doubt at all, that there is nothing which helps a man so effectually to show what seems a fair and tolerant spirit in any matter as the fact that he really cares nothing at all about the matter. You will not show warmth in discussing an opinion as to which your feeling is of the coolest. And when you are greatly interested in any truth, and deeply feel its importance, it is provoking in a high degree to find an opponent seek to evade the force of your reasons by some shabby and dishonest sophism, or some discreditable misrepresentation.

It is good for us to see and know people who differ from us in opinion, politically, theologically, ecclesiastically, æsthetically. It is a great mistake to live always among those who think exactly as you do. You will grow very narrow, very self-sufficient: you will get a quite foolish idea of your own infallibility and importance. I have known good men, more than one or two, who would have been much better and more useful, had they occasionally met and conversed with people who did not agree with them. It is a most dangerous thing for any human being, to live among those by whom his views and opinions are never questioned. We all need to be

often taken down from our vain self-confidence, and to be pushed out of our own way : and all this is best done by frequent contact with those who, honestly and civilly, think quite differently from ourselves. You may find a man here and there, who has long been the pope of a little circle, who never question his infallibility, and who laugh at all his old and bad jokes : the upshot being, that the man came to think himself the greatest and wisest of men, and to deem all who differed from him as monstrous and anomalous examples of folly and wickedness. Yet Samuel Johnson, when he met Wilkes, found him a very pleasant person ; and quite discarded the impression that any man of Wilkes' principles must have horns and hoofs. When you come to know some opponent in controversy, of whom you had a most unpleasant estimate in your mind, you will in all likelihood discover a great deal of good in him. And you may not improbably find, that if you differ in some things, there are twice, or perhaps ten times as many, on which you entirely agree.

I grant at once, that it is very disagreeable to hear your favourite views controverted. Even men who ought to have known better, have been silly enough to regard themselves aggrieved by having their views controverted. A curious instance may be found in the biography of Dugald Stewart, the eminent professor of moral philosophy at Edinburgh. His assistant and successor in that chair (he did not live to succeed to it) was the much more gifted, acute, and eloquent Dr Thomas Brown. Strange to say, good Mr Stewart seems to have supposed

that when Dr Brown began to lecture on moral philosophy, he was just to echo his predecessor's opinions; and was quite aggrieved at finding that Dr Brown did not.

When Mr Stewart was apprised that his own favourite and best-founded opinions were controverted from the very chair which he had scarcely quitted, and that the doctrines of his revered friend and master, Dr Reid, were assailed with severe, and not very respectful animadversions, his feelings were strongly roused; and though they were long repressed by the peculiar circumstances of his situation, yet he has given them full expression in a note in the third volume of his "Elements," which is alike remarkable for the SEVERITY and the delicacy of its REPROOF.

So you see, Mr Stewart thought *severe reproof* was the right treatment for a much greater man, who presumed to think for himself. Had not Dr Brown just as much right to severely reprove Mr Stewart? I don't hesitate to say that in this matter Mr Stewart showed himself wonderfully silly and small; and laid himself fairly open to the suspicion of unworthy jealousy of his more popular successor. And if Mr Stewart was weak enough to do such a foolish thing, we can but wonder that a biographer was found who was snobbish enough to record it with approval.

It is disagreeable, let it be granted, to hear your opinions controverted. But it will do you good not merely in the way of taking you down from that self-sufficiency which comes of hearing your own views echoed, and which needs "the animated No:" it makes you likelier to arrive at truth. To keep aloof from those

who differ from you, and associate only with such as agree with you in opinion, will cut you off from the great advantage of hearing what is to be said on the other side. No doubt to hear *that* may cause some painful perplexity and effort of decision, which would be saved by hearing only one side. We all have been told of the man (of course an Irishman), who complained that he saw quite clearly the merits of a case when he had heard one side, but was horribly perplexed when he had heard the other side too. It is to many a most painful effort to make up their mind what they are to think. And this painful effort will be quite escaped, by keeping away from such as think differently from ourselves. It is obvious that if you put all the weights in one scale, and none at all in the other, you will see with the greatest facility to which side the beam inclines. But if what you want to arrive at is truth, and not merely certainty of what may be quite false, you will weigh the pros and cons.

And further: in meeting and conversing with those who in many ways think very differently from ourselves, there is a reward beyond that of hearing what may be said against the views we hold. You may find among such people the most interesting, stimulating, and sympathetic of all companions. There may be great and deep sympathy of feeling, where there are strong differences of opinion: more sympathy, sometimes, by a great deal, than with those with whom you intellectually agree. Every one has known somebody with whom he was at one on almost every material point of belief; yet who

exercised the strongest power of repulsion, through the utter absence of spiritual sympathy. And where there is sympathy, combined with marked difference of belief, a raciness, a zest, is given to intercourse, which is wholly lacking in your conversation with those from whom you are always sure of an unintelligent assent.

But everything must come to its end; and this treatise like all the rest. I think I have said, somewhere or other, all I wished to say. Now, what is the conclusion from all this? I do not think we can get any further than a certain good man long ago, who, in a time of heated controversy, said, "Let us agree as far as we can; and where we cannot agree, in God's name let us agree to differ!" Let us all do this, too, without quarrelling: let us give our opponents credit for being honest: let us try to put ourselves in their place, and to look at things from their point of view: let us think how much a man's original constitution and the training of his life have to do with the formation of his opinions. Let us state the views of such as think differently, with a scrupulous and chivalrous fairness: let us never say the word of or to an opponent that is meant merely to give him pain: and let us make up our mind to this; that while this world stands, people who are able to form an opinion at all, will very often differ from us in opinion.

CHAPTER X.

AMONG SOUTH-WESTERN CATHEDRALS.

I AM sitting, quite alone, in a shabby comfortless little room, dimly lighted by two candles, not of wax. The room has a low ceiling: the walls are covered with a very ugly paper. The fire is small, and will not be made larger. The room is on the level of the street: and just outside, close at hand, there is a noise of loud and vulgar laughing. This is a little inn, in the chief street of a little town. I have had dinner: the meal was solitary. The dinner was extremely bad: and the hour at which it came plainly appeared to the landlord a very late one. I have written several letters, and dipped into a volume of dreary theology, the sole volume in the room. An hour must pass before one can well go to bed: for it is only nine o'clock. So let me begin a faithful record of events which happened in a period reaching from Monday morning to Saturday night, early in this month of October.

At six o'clock this evening, I was walking along a gravelled path, leading through fields, to the west. The grass was very rich and green: far more so than I am

used to see. There was a magnificent sunset: the air was bright blue overhead, but somewhat thicker in the western horizon, where all was glowing red. Around, everywhere, noble trees; and the scene was shut in by wavy hills. A solemn bell struck the hour, in deep tones. Look out towards the sound; and there, in the twilight, you may see three massive square towers. Let us go on a little, and we approach an ancient dwelling, surrounded by a wall and a moat. The wall is ivied: the moat is broad: the water clear as crystal, and not deep. Two swans, who are floating about on it, by turning themselves up in an ungraceful manner, can reach the ground with their bills. The water comes brawling into the moat by a little cascade; and it escapes by three sluices, on different sides of the large square space it encloses. Pollard elms of great age, the leaves thick and green as at midsummer, are on the further side of the broad walk which here skirts the water. This moat was made five hundred years ago. Pass on, under an ancient archway: pass into a great square expanse of green grass, with many fine trees. The grand cathedral rises in the midst: all round the Green (that is the name here) are antique houses. There is a charming deanery: you enter it by passing under an arch, and find yourself in an inner court, quaint and ivy-grown. No words can express the glory and quietness of the place: for this is the ancient city of Wells, amid the hills of Somersetshire. The moated dwelling is the episcopal palace. There dwelt holy Bishop Ken: and there Dr Kidder, who was found will-

ing to take the place from which that good man was cast out, was killed by the falling upon him of a stack of chimneys.

Vainly should I seek to express the beauty of the scenery, or the magnificence of the Gothic churches, which I have seen in these last few days. There is no country in the world to travel in, after all, like England. And though this be the tenth of October, you might have forgotten, for days past, that it was not summer. Bright and warm has been the sunshine: thick and green the trees; though sometimes there is the crisp rustle which follows the foot stepping on fallen leaves. Yet somehow the quiet of a cathedral close is inconsistent with the solitary feeling of a little-travelled stranger: one ought to feel at home to duly be aware of the genius of the place. Far, to-night, is the writer from his home: and no doubt a little lonely in the strange region.

Let me look back on what I have seen this week: it has been a great deal to one accustomed to a quiet, unvaried life. Sunday is beyond question the first day of the week: what passed on that day need not be recorded. On Monday morning, in a thick white fog, I entered a little steamer at the landing-stage at Liverpool. The steamer carried many human beings to a place on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, named Rock Ferry. There we embarked in another steamer: and went on, out into the river: till there loomed ahead a huge shape, quite familiar, though never seen before. It was the *Great Eastern*: and up its side did the writer go, following the

steps of its captain, who has won a name in history. It made a Scotchman proud, to look at the brave, quiet, sensible Scotch face, which reminded one a good deal of the portraits of George Stephenson. Well has Sir James Anderson earned the honour done him by his Queen. It must have been an awful charge, that great vessel, with her crew of five hundred and fifty men, and her historic burden of the Atlantic cable. You felt, looking at the man, with what implicit confidence you could have trusted to him in any emergency or danger. With great kindness and clearness he explained the machinery for paying out and picking up the cable. He told how on a very stormy night of pitchy darkness, he stood at the extremity of the stern beside the wheel over which the cable was passing; but could not see it. Only a faint phosphorescent point of light, a long way off, showed where the cable was entering the water. He told, with the vividness of reality, of the tedious endeavours to pick up the cable of the former year from where it lay three miles down at the bottom of the Atlantic. At last, standing on the prow, he heard a stir below, looked over, saw the cable fairly there above water; "and then," said the gallant man in his quiet way, "I was very thankful." A thing to be wondered at was how the slender cord was able to turn all that complex apparatus of heavy wheels.

Good-bye to the *Great Eastern* and its brave commander; and away from Birkenhead, by railway, in the bright sunshiny day. Not long, and there is not unfamiliar Chester: on, and Wrexham, with its grand and massive

church tower. How these things impress the lover of Gothic who dwells in a country of churches of inexpressible trumperiness and shabbiness! By Ruabon: leave on the right Llangollen, for Yarrow must remain unvisited to-day. Never were these eyes gladdened by the sight of a lovelier country. So to renowned Shrewsbury, on the famous Severn. Here let us stop for a little, and have a walk through the town. You pass from the railway station, under the shadow of an ancient castle: elevated a little, on the right, is a considerable Gothic edifice of red stone: if you ask what it is of the same man whom I asked, you will be told "The College." Then you may think of head-master Butler, who was made a bishop, and of Dr Kennedy, quite as good a scholar, the head-master of to-day. Quaint old wooden houses: queer names of streets: one is called *Murivance*. Rapidly let the eyes be feasted: then back to the railway. On, for a journey of two hours more. You must pass Ludlow unwillingly in the failing light: one cannot see everything. Then, in the dark, Hereford is reached: the end of the day's pilgrimage. Proceed in an omnibus to the hotel: there you may have tea, accompanied by mutton chops. Afterwards you may go out and enjoy the sensation of being in a new city, among new men; and in the starlight look at the cathedral. Cats, however, are the only creatures who see an edifice, or any other object, best in the dark.

Next day was a lovely summer day: nothing autumnal in the air, and hardly anything in the trees. Let us be

up early, and have a good walk about the city before the hour of service. By the city flows the Wye, "the babbling Wye." From the bridge which crosses it you have a fine view of the cathedral and the palace: here and there, about the streets, antique houses of wood. At ten o'clock let us pass into the cathedral, under the great porch leading to the nave: let us enter an undistinguished name in the large volume which lies on a table to that end; and, obeying the behests of the Dean and Chapter, drop into a box with a hole in the lid a great sum towards the complete restoration of the sacred building. And it is a noble church, nobly restored; at least in so far as that has been done by Mr George Gilbert Scott. Wyatt, unutterable Vandal, put up that execrable western front in place of a western tower and spire which fell. The floor is of tiles: the roof of the nave is illuminated: there is a magnificent rood screen: the choir is sacred to the clergy and those who perform the service: the congregation sit on rush-seated chairs in the nave. Pleasant it was to the writer, who seldom hears choral service now, when those whom he had seen enter their vestry a few minutes before as shabby little boys, came to their places in procession as surpliced choristers: twelve of them, with six singing men, making the double choir complete. The congregation was small: one did not feel any want of a greater. The service was beautifully given: the music was severely simple: and how the noble praise thrilled through one to whom it can never grow common and cheap! Pleasant, too, to see the perfect propriety of demeanour among the

choristers : it did not always use so to be in every cathedral church. There was an anthem, admirably sung. Let it be confessed, one thing revived the writer. Of another communion, because dwelling in another country and within the bounds of another national church, he felt, looking at the noble edifice and joining in the noble service, that for outward dignity and majesty, we in the North have nothing to compare with this : and he felt decidedly taken down and humbled. But in a little he was cheered. That morning there was a sermon. Oh, what a poor sermon ! Yes, at least we can beat *this*, he thought : and beat it by uncounted degrees. A church which makes the sermon too much the great thing in the worship of God, is likely at all events to give you good sermons. And though the South may have its great preacher here and there, yet sure it is that the average preaching of the North, in many a seedy little country church, is just as much better than that brief but unutterably tedious sermon at Hereford Cathedral, as Hereford Cathedral is better than the seedy little country church.

Walk all about the cathedral : all about the close. Deanery, palace, fine trees, Wye : grammar-school, pleasant walks by river side. Pervade the town : already it has grown quite familiar. And as day declines, depart by railway to Gloucester, distant little more than an hour : studying on the way the photographs of Hereford, city and cathedral, which you may buy at various shops.

Passing through the lovely English landscape, at last

you may look out on the right: there is the city of Gloucester: there the great square tower of the cathedral. Hasten to the *Bell*: let the luggage be left; we are just in time for afternoon service. Again the train of choristers: here the music was much more florid than at Hereford, and (so it seemed) not so careful and good. The church is a noble one: the eastern window, which has a curious grey sheen, is as large as any in England. But after trim Hereford, the church had a neglected look. In some places, plaster has dropped from the roof: plaster which should never have been there. And after brilliant encaustic pavement, the rude floor of stone in choir and sanctuary looked poor. Led by an intelligent vergers, let us examine the great edifice: the strange, rude crypt: the beautiful cloisters. Let us ascend to the triforium, and enjoy the varied views of choir and nave thence obtained. Here is buried the murdered Edward II.: there is a shrine of the richest decorated tabernacle work: a recumbent statue of the poor monarch which must be a likeness; there is inexpressible pathos in that beautiful but sorrowful face. Coming forth from the cathedral, let us pervade the close. It is a quiet and charming place. The deanery, built up to the west end of the church, is striking: the palace, on the north side of the choir, seems an ambitious architectural failure. Beautiful is the turf and rich the shrubbery at the east end of the choir: quaint and pretty various ancient houses in which cathedral authorities and functionaries dwell. Passing out of the close towards the west under an archway, you come

on the statue of Bishop Hooper, erected on the spot where he was burnt.

Various shops in Gloucester are rich in photographs of cathedrals, near and distant. If you walk down towards the Severn, you will find yourself amid the bustle of a considerable port. Docks of no small size, and abundant shipping, form a scene in contrast to the quiet one just left behind. But by half-past six it has grown dark: so to the *Bell*, and have dinner.

The next day was Wednesday: a beautiful warm sunshiny morning. Be early afoot: pervade the city: walk about the close. Never seen till yesterday, how familiar it looks to-day; and we sadly part from it as from an old friend. But we have far to go to-day; and at 11.15 A.M. again the railway train. An hour of rapid running, without a stop, through rich green fields: Berkeley Castle is off there to the right: and here is busy Bristol. The cathedral here is poor; but there is St Mary Redcliffe, the most magnificent of all parish churches, superior to many cathedrals. Yet there is lacking the envioning close: the grand church is surrounded by dirty streets. Here Chatterton, "the marvellous boy," spent the greater part of his feverish life; in a room in the tower he declared he found the Rowley manuscripts. To the train again; by Bath, Westbury (near which on a hill to the left is a large and quite symmetrical White Horse on the hill-side, made by cutting away the turf down to the chalk), and Witham. If you are fond of changing carriages, you may have enough of it here. At length, as the

sun is declining in glory, you reach that paragon of cathedral cities in which I am writing : beautiful Wells.

I have little doubt that if one were to live at Wells for several months, and still more for several years, the quiet little city would come to look and to feel like anywhere else. But now, to a stranger, it is "an unsubstantial, fairy place." Hard by is the vale of Avalon; and the ruins of Glastonbury : all round the Mendip Hills. And though England can boast of some bigger cathedrals, nowhere will you find one of more exquisite beauty. Nowhere, too, will you find the ancient cathedral seat so much like what it was in ancient days. I shall not be tempted into any architectural details : all I say is, Go and see the place, and you will be all but intoxicated with the loveliest forms of Gothic beauty.

Here I ceased for the night, in a sort of bewilderment. Next morning was a cloudy one, with flying gleams of sunshine. Long before service, let us enter the magnificent church and gaze at it. It is in exquisite preservation. The light colour of the stone of which the shafts are made adds to their airy grace. The four great piers at the intersection of the transepts threatened to yield under the pressure of the centre tower ; and their bearing power was increased by three curious inverted arches, the like of which I believe you will not see in England. It was a graceful disguising of a defect : but of course they would be better away. The stalls in the choir are of stone : an unusual material, but the effect is beautiful.

It is near the hour of morning service ; let us take our

place. Carelessly the choir straggles in; never were arrangements more slovenly. The little boys come in, not in procession, but in a huddled heap: in a little, by himself, the clergyman who is to perform the service. Then the dean and the canon in residence come in a free and easy way: two or three of the singing men rush hastily after them: two singing men scuttle in after service has begun. It was a painful contrast: the noble church and the ostentatiously irreverent arrangements. The music was good, after the choir got themselves settled to their work. But if I were Dean of Wells, there should be a thorough turn-over, and that without a day's delay. Slovenly, slovenly!

Worship over, let us see every corner of the church: then climb a winding stair in a transept wall; walk along the stone roof of the transept, the lofty wooden one still far above your head. Climb, higher and higher, till you come out to daylight on the top of the great central tower. The first thing that will strike you is not the grand prospect: it is the rusty creaking of the four weathercocks, one on each pinnacle: the sound is eerie. Look round. A richly-wooded green country, with undulating hills. To the west, the vale of Avalon: that pyramidal hill is Glastonbury Tor, three miles off. Below, on the left hand, the cloisters: beyond, the palace, with its moat, and expanse of greensward. On the other side the deanery, and the vicar's close, with a bridge leading from it across the road into the cathedral. The country round seems to be all grass. One turret of the tower has a bell

whereon a hammer strikes the hour, being pulled by a wire from below. The cloisters have perpendicular tracery. In the middle space there is an ancient yew. An amphitheatre of hills closes in all the scene. Oh! hard-working Scotland, where no one, except a few folk of political influence, is paid without toiling rigidly for it, when will you have such retreats for learning and religion, combined with very little to do?

I esteem Wells as the climax of my little journey, though I went next to Salisbury. I did not leave Wells, till I had gone over the beautiful church of St. Cuthbert, which is partially restored. Not completely, because the dissenters will not agree to a church-rate. I thought of the Cathedral, and the vale of Avalon, and could but hold up the hands of wonder, and exclaim "Dissenters here!" Two hours and a half by railway to Salisbury. Hasten to the close: let the most intelligent of vergers conduct you through the famous church. Dare we say, Disappointed? I do not allude to the horrible arrangement of the old monuments, one in each bay of the nave, on the floor, midway between the piers; nor to the stalls of shabby deal, painted brown; nor to the ugly way in which the Lady Chapel has been thrown into the choir. Even looking at the vast building, with its double transept, and its spire, the loftiest in England, I could but vaguely say, that I have seen cathedrals which impressed me infinitely more. Long neglect laid its hand on the great church, till Bishop Denison took it in hand. Much work is going on now: the west front is concealed

by scaffolding, and great saws are cutting stone at its base : but there is a vast deal yet to do. Rather to undo. The execrable hand of Wyatt has been here, obliterating and destroying. The spire, of near 400 feet, is a good deal off the perpendicular : at the capstone it is two feet to the south and near a foot and half to the west. No further deviation has occurred for many years. The close is large. The ancient deanery is opposite the west front of the church ; the palace stands within grounds of moderate extent near the Lady Chapel.

Two miles from Salisbury is Bemerton, hallowed by the memory of George Herbert : a mile further towards the west is Wilton, where a beautiful Byzantine church was built a few years ago by the late Mr Sydney Herbert. One regrets that so much cost should have been lavished on a building of an inferior style ; however splendid a specimen of that style it may be. And eight miles from the graceful cathedral of a somewhat wearisome perfection, you will find the grandest specimen of the rudest of all architecture. There, in the plain, is mysterious Stonehenge : "awful memorial, but of whom we know not."

Stay at the *White Hart*. In the evening, after dark, you may pervade the city, not without its bustle and stir. Next day, as long as may be, saunter about the close, and look at the cathedral from all points of view. Again wander through its interior. I am mistaken if you do not depart, vaguely disappointed.

So to the never-failing train. Basingstoke, Farnborough, on the skirts of Aldershot camp ; and in the

gathering dark approach awful London : awful with its bulk and ceaseless whirl to such as dwell amid quiet scenes ; awful with its contrasts of the greatest luxury and the most abject poverty. Here is Waterloo Station : enter the rapid Hansom. And, speeding this Saturday evening towards the place of sojourn, look back to Monday morning, and try to recall what has been beheld since then. You give it up, confused.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCERNING THE HEADS OF BATTERING-RAMS, WITH SOME THOUGHTS TOUCHING THE RE- VIVIFICATION OF MUMMIES.

IT is well understood by such as, in a philosophic and candid temper, have studied the histories of ancient Greece and Rome, what (in departed centuries) was meant by a BATTERING-RAM. There was a long and heavy beam, sometimes attaining a length of a hundred and twenty feet, to one end of which was affixed a massive iron head, in form like the head of a Ram. This Instrument was suspended by two strong ropes to a cross-beam, sustained by two great logs, which in their turn were sustained by the earth. When it was desired to break a way through the wall of a fortified city, the entire apparatus was set up within convenient reach of the fated wall. Then the heavy beam, armed with the iron head, was swung backwards and forwards by the vehement exertion of (possibly) some hundreds of men: the head coming at each swing with inexpressible violence against the hostile wall. No wall could long remain in-

tact under that usage. The stones were loosened : cracks became manifest : a small opening was made, which gradually became a large one : finally, a practicable breach was made, through which the besieging army was able to enter the city. It was comparatively easy to pass through the wall, after an opening had been made in it. It was exceedingly difficult to make the opening. The ram's head was of hard material. Fitly so ; for it had hard work to do. Persons of soft material, physically and morally, passed in with facility after the ram had done its work. And it is probable that a good many of them, thus easily entering, did not reflect much upon their obligations to the battered old head, which had borne the brunt, and cleared their way. By this time it had (likely enough) been taken down from its supports, and was lying in some neighbouring ditch, half concealed by mud. Practical and pushing spirits jumped over it, as they advanced towards the opening it made : possibly wiped their feet upon it. Here and there a man of a sentimental nature would put his hands in his pockets and look kindly at it for a little while : thinking of the services that iron-headed log had rendered : thinking how easy it was to enter now where it had been so hard to enter at the first.

Let us muse, kindly reader, on the Heads of Moral Battering-Rams : Human Heads that suffer many hard blows in opening a way through old prejudices and abuses. Let us think how hardly men fare who bravely set themselves to break through these. The days were, in which such a head would probably have been cut off altogether : and

even yet, all obloquy, all misrepresentation, all malignant railing, are the common portion of such men as propose improvements, political or social ; and try to bring these improvements about. Sorely beaten about the head are the Moral Battering-Rams ! Those who first proposed Corn-law repeal ; reform of the infamous penal laws which disgraced the statute-book till brave men like Sir Samuel Romilly saved this nation from the shame of them : reform of the scandalous abuses in the Church of England and the Establishment in Ireland ; reform in the Army, including the abolition of flogging human beings to death : the abolition of Negro Slavery ; the making the representation of the people in Parliament cease to be in great measure a grim farce ; the permission of organs in Scotch churches, and of Scotch congregations to kneel at prayer and stand at praise : how these men were vilified and misrepresented ! Look back over the files of various old Tory newspapers and magazines : and think what the poor Heads had to come through ! By and by, the breach is made in the thick wall of selfish interests and unreasoning prejudices : and then, people who had neither the courage nor the hardness of nature to stand the first buffets, get all the good of them, and quietly walk through the breach opened by sorely battered Heads of Moral Battering-Rams. After a while, everybody sees so plainly that the advocates of Reform had all the reason on their side, that people think it must have been quite easy to batter down the ancient abuse. They say, “ Well, that wall was so much off the perpen-

dicular : the mortar had so crumbled into dust ; that just a touch must have sent it down : the old Heads, now in their graves, or lying in obscure ditches, could not have had such a tough work to do as we fancied." And when one who has long survived the fight in which he won his fame, gets into the way (like Lord Brougham) of talking sometimes about the hard hits he received and dealt, we grow impatient of hearing about them. We think it is all an old man's talk about the long past.

Controversy is a hateful thing. Never has the writer joined in it, and he never will. But he has watched a good deal of it : and he can sincerely say that he never yet saw controversy carried on in good temper or in fairness. He has seen it carried on by men who, speaking generally, were good-tempered and fair-tempered men. And they began in tolerable fairness and good temper. But the controversy had not lasted long till the lurking devil was roused : insolence, misrepresentation, savage ill-temper, were largely developed ; at least on one side. He has seen controversy in which all the fairness and decency were on one side : all the opposite things on the other side. The more ordinary case is that there should be very little fairness or civility on either side. Yet, hateful as controversy is, the quiet easy-going men who shrink from it may well be thankful that there are pugnacious and hard-headed folk who rush into it with gusto, and seem to enjoy the strife. For these pugnacious folk do (as it were) batter a breach through which the easy-going men peacefully follow. Yes, you who know what cowards you

are : you who know that however sure you might be that you had truth on your side, you would shrink into your shell at the first outburst of abuse from those interested in maintaining some flagrant iniquity which you had been carried away into attacking ; look with profound respect on the hard heads that take and give hard blows ! *You* could not do it. And it is a pitiful sight to behold a man who has ventured to attack something that is wrong, instantly set upon by those who wish to keep up the wrong : then getting frightened ; beginning in a cowardly fashion to calculate the consequences of sticking to what he has said ; seeing that he will get into no end of trouble if he sticks to it ; and finally bullied into retracting what he and all who hear him know perfectly to be true. It is a terrible thing to have all the will to be the head of the moral battering-ram, without the needful hardness ! But it is a fine sight, to see a head which is entirely free from softness : which is quite hard enough for the work to which it is set. There are various things about John Knox which one cannot in any way like : but there is something sublime about his inflexible and fearless firmness. So with Luther : what an inexpressibly hard head of a battering-ram ! So in these days with Mr John Bright. You may think him wrong if you please : but you cannot deny his magnificent pluck. You cannot look at the determined face of the great popular leader, without feeling that there is the man to batter down what he thinks an injustice. Conservatism is ever the wall to be battered : aggressive reformers or revolutionisers are the head of the

battering-ram. And though conservatism serves many useful purposes, it is in the nature of things a losing cause. It is just a question of time, till any wall is battered down: that is, if there be the least show of sound reason that down it should go. For the essential idea of conservatism of course is, to keep things as they are: and that cannot be. It was conservatism that raised a terrible cry against the introduction of stage-coaches: they would drive the old stage-waggons off the road: horses would perish: diseases of the brain would be brought on by travelling through the atmosphere at the awful rate of eight miles an hour. Then it was conservatism to raise a cry against railways: they would drive off the road the old stage-coaches, the glory of England: they would "destroy the old English noblesse," as was touchingly remarked by a distinguished surgeon, who got a title for cutting a wen out of the king's neck. It was conservatism that maintained the fitness of hanging men and women for the theft of a few pence. It was conservatism that opposed every improvement in the laws of this country which has been made in the last thirty years; for that matter in the last five hundred. But the battering-ram has done its work: and the old walls have gone down, as other old walls will doubtless go. Progressive folk may well rejoice that there are those who gird themselves up and go forth to fight with what they think wrong, at whatever risk. For there are very many enlightened persons, who would plainly see the wrong, and privately despise the stupidity of such as stand up for it, yet who would have no mind at all for

the fight, and so would just let the wrong go on and flourish.

We all, daily, see many things wrong. We know that we should get much ill-will by pointing them out and trying to correct them. We have learned by experience how much trouble and sorrow come of proposing and carrying even a very small improvement. And so, there is a great temptation to sadly sit still, till a braver man of thicker skin appears and does the work. Of course, this is cowardly. But it is natural ; and grows always more congenial to our nature as we grow older. What is the use, we mournfully ask ourselves, of getting into all that hot water ; and likely enough failing to do any good after all ? You lose heart : you cannot bear the strife, the misapprehension, the misrepresentation.

In Scotland there is an association of clergymen called the *Church Service Society*. Its purpose is to foster the study of ancient Christian liturgies, and thus to cultivate a taste for more devotional and becoming language in public prayer. For public prayer, in the Scotch Church, must be prepared by each minister for his own use : and the days have been, in which the standard aimed at was a very bad one : partaking more of the nature of theological statement and discussion than of reverent prayer. Things are much better now : and this society desires, humbly and quietly, to promote and direct the better taste now prevailing. Its purpose is what has been said, and nothing more. But some individuals, of a suspicious temper, insist that it is founded to the end of plotting and conspir-

ing for the introduction of a liturgy into the worship of the national Church, which has hitherto regarded anything like an authoritative service-book with much aversion. These individuals persist in calling the association the *Liturgical Society*. They are well aware that this is not its name, and that such a name grossly misrepresents its declared design : but they think the name likely to create a prejudice in Scotland, and deem it all fair to do so. Some timid men have thus been impelled to hold off from the society. A good many more stick to it the closer. But he who knows the secret history of all the talks and all the correspondence that have been used to detach members from the society, and to hinder human beings from joining it, has beheld a specimen of how those fare, who, in a very small and harmless fashion, take the thankless position of the Moral Battering-Ram.

Suffer a voice of complaint touching the difficulty of revivifying mummies.

A mummy is a very ugly thing : but that is not the matter at present to be thought upon. The great point is, that a mummy is so thoroughly dried up. All life is gone from it, and all elasticity : and you cannot put them back again. Once, those sinews were soft and supple ; but that was long ago. Try to make those stiff limbs walk, those withered fingers hold. It will not do.

The mummy over which the writer moans is an old sermon. A sermon written with great care and preached with great heart, four or five years ago. Then it was a

living elastic thing : but try to preach it now, and you will find it quite withered and dried up. You fancied, in those old days when you wrote it, that it was a possession for ever : that is, for as long as each Sunday should call you to ascend your pulpit and speak to your congregation. And when you delivered it with great pleasure and emotion, you fancied you would always be able to give it with the like satisfaction and warmth. But when, after five years, you draw it from its receptacle, and some Sunday go and preach it, you will find the life has exhaled.

It is a great disappointment. And I am not thinking of the crudity and immaturity of your youthful extravagances. I do not mean that you find your discourse written in a turgid and fanciful style which now revolts your sobered sense. All those early compositions are in the fire, long ago. I mean the discourses you wrote after you had attained something like maturity of judgment and taste. It is not even that your intellectual and spiritual standpoint is greatly changed. All that is true, you feel as you read it. It is right, every word of it : you are sure of that. But the whole thing, that glowed with life as you wrote it with a heightened pulse, and as you gave it the first Sunday after it was written, is now dead and dried up. You are out of sympathy with it. It seems very poor. And oh how things to be said to a number of your fellow creatures depend for their interest and impression on your being able to throw your whole heart into them as you say them !

If a clergyman's mind be still active, and perceptive of

what is going on in the moral world round about him, he need not cherish the vain belief that when he goes to a new parish, he will have many days of tranquil ease, during which he will preach over again the sermons written in his old one. Each Sunday, at the first, he will take out a mummy, and with greater or less disappointment, try to make it live and move. Even if the people who hear the discourse seem interested in it, the preacher knows that all this is a pale shadow of what the thing used to be. The old fervour is fled : that fervour which never can be simulated, and which must come spontaneous or not come at all. I have heard a preacher who in the prime of his physical strength had exercised a wonderful power over all who listened to him, in advanced age when the old glow would not come. It was touching to hear him say the old words that used to touch and melt young and old, trying to say them in the old way ; and feeling, far more deeply than any one else, how grievous was the failure.

Talking thus of old sermons, let us have a little thought upon a question of interest to a good many people. May a clergyman, with propriety, now and then, preach one of his own published sermons ?

The common idea is that he ought not to do so : though I never yet found any one who could give any distinct reason for thinking so. This common idea appears to be a mere groundless prejudice. And it is a serious question to a man who has published a great number of sermons, doubtless those which he esteemed his best, whether in all

coming time he is to be debarred from making any use of that laboriously prepared material.

The purpose of preaching a sermon is to impress on those who hear it some important truth. Now, after having once pressed that truth on your hearers, are you never to recur to it? Are you to take for granted that everybody has read your sermons; and read them so recently that your views are still fresh in their memory? Then it is certain that now and then you will be aware of a strong desire to preach something that you have published. You know it would be useful to some one in the congregation: possibly you know that it is what you need yourself just then. Now, in the published discourse you have treated that subject as well as you could: are you to go and designedly treat it in an inferior way, for the sake of making a difference? Nothing of the sort. Just go and preach it manfully; and make no mystery of what you are doing. Ninety-nine out of every hundred in the congregation will not remember (even if they ever knew) a word of it. And those who recognise the thing, will be all the more interested in hearing what they have read as interpreted by its author. The writer knows, for himself, that in going to hear Mr Melvill preach, or Dean Alford, or Bishop Wilberforce, he would much rather hear from any one of them a sermon he has already read, than a quite new one probably not half so good.

Of course, published sermons are not to be preached habitually: not to be preached often: and never to be preached at all except to a man's own congregation. A

preacher must be very poverty-stricken indeed, if when he goes to a strange church, he has not something new to give. It is quite a different thing with his own, where he must produce an incredible quantity of matter in the course of the year. Few people have any notion of the immense amount of material which regular Sunday duty demands. I have a friend who for six years preached twice each Sunday in a certain church. In that time, he tells me, the sermons he preached in that church would make up thirty-four well-sized volumes of sixteen sermons each. Of course, that man is merely a specimen of hundreds more. Who that knows the long and hard work that goes to the composition of a sermon, but must be awe-stricken at the thought of so inconceivable a mass of manuscript? You will say, most of it, possibly all of it, was very poor. Likely enough: but then to the middling powers of the writer, it was just as great exertion to produce it, as to a man of greater ability and information it is to produce an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, or an equal quantity of a volume "which no gentleman's library should be without." Now, it seems to me that any fair means of lessening that fearful drain ought to be welcomed. If you ask what proportion the old should bear to the new, I should say that a twentieth part may very fitly be the former. That is, after each nineteen new sermons you preach, you may most properly enter your pulpit with a published one in your sermon-case.

Such are the writer's present views. Doubtless they may change; as others have changed.

CHAPTER XII.

GLASGOW DOWN THE WATER.*

UPON any day in the months of June, July, August, and September, the stranger who should walk through the handsome streets, crescents, and terraces which form the West End of Glasgow, might be led to fancy that the plague was in the town, or that some fearful commercial crash had brought ruin upon all its respectable families,—so utterly deserted is the place. The windows are all done up with brown paper: the door-plates and handles, erewhile of glittering brass, are black with rust: the flights of steps which lead to the front-doors of the houses have furnished a field for the chalked cartoons of vagabond boys with a turn for drawing. The more fashionable the terrace or crescent, the more completely is it deserted: our feet waken dreary echoes as we pace the pavement. We naturally inquire of the first policeman we meet, What is the matter with Glasgow,—has anything dreadful happened? And we receive for answer the highly intelligible explanation, that the people are all *Down the Water*.

* *Fraser's Magazine*, November 1856.

We are enjoying (shall we suppose) our annual holiday from the turmoil of Westminster Hall and the throng of London streets: and we have taken Glasgow on our way to the Highlands. We have two or three letters of introduction to two or three of the merchant-princes of the city; and having heard a great deal of the splendid hospitalities of the Western metropolis of the North, we have been anticipating with considerable satisfaction stretching our limbs beneath their mahogany, and comparing their *cuisine* and their cellar with the descriptions of both which we have often heard from Mr Allan M'Collop, a Glasgow man who is getting on fairly at the bar. But when we go to see our new acquaintances, or when they pay us a hurried visit at our hotel, each of them expresses his deep regret that he cannot ask us to his house, which he tells us is shut up, his wife and family being *Down the Water*. No explanation is vouchsafed of the meaning of the phrase, which is so familiar to Glasgow folk that they forget how oddly it sounds on the ear of the stranger. Our first hasty impression, perhaps, from the policeman's sad face (no cold meat for him now, honest man), was that some sudden inundation had swept away the entire wealthier portion of the population,—at the same time curiously sparing the toiling masses. But the pleasant and cheerful look of our mercantile friend, as he states what has become of his domestic circle, shows us that nothing very serious is amiss. At length, after much meditation, we conclude that the people are at the sea-side: and as *that* lies down the Clyde from Glasgow, when a Glasgow man

means to tell us that his family and himself are enjoying the fresh breezes and the glorious scenery of the Frith of Clyde, he says they are *Down the Water*.

Everybody everywhere of course longs for the country, the sea-side, change of air and scene, at some period during the year. Almost every man of the wealthier and more cultivated class in this country has a vacation, longer or shorter. But there never was a city whence the annual migration to the sea-side is so universal or so protracted as it is from Glasgow. By the month of March in each year, every house along the coast within forty miles of Glasgow is let for the season at a rent which we should say must be highly remunerative. Many families go to the coast early in May, and every one is *down the water* by the first of June. Most people now stay till the end of September. The months of June and July form what is called "the first season;" August and September are "the second season." Until within the last few years, one of these "seasons" was thought to furnish a Glasgow family with vigour and buoyancy sufficient to face the winter, but now almost all who can afford it stay at the sea-side during both. And from the little we have seen of Glasgow, we do not wonder that such should be the case. No doubt Glasgow is a fine city on the whole. The Trongate is a noble street; the park on the banks of the Kelvin, laid out by Sir Joseph Paxton, furnishes some pleasant walks; the Sauchyhall-road is an agreeable promenade; Claremont Crescent and Park Gardens consist of houses which would be of the first class even in Bel-

gravia or Tyburnia ; and from the West-end streets, there are prospects of valley and mountain which are worth going some distance to see. But the atmosphere, though comparatively free from smoke, wants the exhilarating freshness of breezes just arrived from the Atlantic. The sun does not set in such glory beyond Gilmore-hill, as behind the glowing granite of Goatfell ; and the trunks of the trees round Glasgow are (if truth must be spoken) a good deal blacker than might be desired, while their leaves are somewhat shrivelled up by the chemical gales of St Rollox. No wonder, then, that the purest of pure air, the bluest of blue waves, the most picturesque of noble hills, the most purple of heather, the greenest of ivy, the thickest of oak leaves, the most fragrant of roses and honeysuckle, should fairly smash poor old Glasgow during the summer months, and leave her not a leg to stand on.

The ladies and children of the multitudinous families that go *down the water*, remain there permanently, of course : most of the men go up to business every morning and return to the sea-side every night. This implies a journey of from sixty to eighty miles daily ; but the rapidity and the cheapness of the communication render the journey a comparatively easy one. Still, it occupies three or four hours of the day ; and many persons remain in town two or three nights weekly, smuggling themselves away in some little back parlour of their dismantled dwellings. But let us accept our friend's invitation to spend a few days at his place *down the water*, and gather up some particulars of the mode of life there.

There are two ways of reaching the coast from Glasgow. We may sail all the way down the Clyde, in steamers generally remarkably well-appointed and managed; or we may go by railway to Greenock, twenty-three miles off, and catch the steamer there. By going by railway we save an hour,—a great deal among people with whom emphatically time is money,—and we escape a somewhat tedious sail down the river. The steamer takes two hours to reach Greenock, while some express trains which run all the way without stopping, accomplish the distance in little more than half an hour. The sail down the Clyde to Greenock is in parts very interesting. The banks of the river are in some places richly wooded: on the north side there are picturesque hills; and the huge rock on which stands the ancient castle of Dumbarton, is a striking feature. But we have never met any Glasgow man or woman who did not speak of the sail between Glasgow and Greenock as desperately tedious, and by all means to be avoided. Then in warm summer weather the Clyde is nearly as filthy as the Thames; and sailing over a sewer, even through fine scenery, has its disadvantages. So we resolve to go with our friend by railway to Greenock, and thus come upon the Clyde where it has almost opened into the sea. Quite opened into the sea, we might say: for at Greenock the river is three miles broad, while at Glasgow it is only some three hundred yards.

“Meet me at Bridge Street station at five minutes to four,” says our friend, after we have agreed to spend a

few days on the Clyde. There are a couple of hours to spare, which we give to a visit to Lang's in Queen Street, the very best place in Great Britain to get one's lunch; and to a glance at the Cathedral, which is a magnificent specimen of the severest style of Gothic architecture. We are living at the Royal Hotel in George Square, and when our hour approaches, Boots brings us a cab. We are not aware whether there is any police regulation requiring a certain proportion of the cabs of Glasgow to be extremely dirty, and the horses that draw them to be broken-winded, and lame of not more than four nor less than two legs. Perhaps it is merely the general wish of the inhabitants that has brought about the present state of things. However this may be, the unhappy animal that draws us reaches Bridge Street station at last. As our carriage draws up we catch a glimpse of half-a-dozen men, in that peculiar green dress which railway servants affect, hastening to conceal themselves behind the pillars which decorate the front of the building, while two or three excited ticket-porters seize our baggage, and offer to carry it upstairs. But our friend, with Scotch foresight and economy, has told us to make the servants of the Company do their work. "Hands off," we say to the ticket-porters; and walking up the steps we round a pillar, and smartly tapping on the shoulder one of the green-dressed gentlemen lurking there, we indicate to him the locality of our portmanteau. Sulkily he shoulders it, and precedes us to the booking-office. The fares are moderate; eighteenpence to Greenock, first class:

and persons who go daily, by taking season tickets, travel for much less. The steamers afford a still cheaper access to the sea-side, conveying passengers from Glasgow to Rothesay, about forty-five miles, for sixpence cabin and threepence deck. The trains start from a light and spacious shed, which has the very great disadvantage of being at an elevation of thirty or forty feet above the ground level. Railway companies have sometimes spent thousands of pounds to accomplish ends not a tenth part so desirable as is the arranging their stations in such a manner as that people in departing, and still more in arriving, shall be spared the annoyance and peril of a break-neck staircase like that at the Glasgow railway station. It is a vast comfort when cabs can draw up alongside the train, under cover, so that people can get into them at once, as at Euston Square and King's Cross.

The railway carriages that run between Glasgow and Greenock have a rather peculiar appearance. The first-class carriages are of twice the usual length, having six compartments instead of three. Each compartment holds eight passengers; and as this accommodation is gained by increasing the breadth of the carriages, brass bars are placed across the windows, to prevent anyone from putting out his head. Should any one do so, his head would run some risk of coming in collision with the other train; and although, from physiological reasons, some heads might receive no injury in such a case, the carriage with which they came in contact would probably suffer. The

expense of painting is saved by the carriages being built of teak, which when varnished has a cheerful light-oak colour. There is a great crowd of men on the platform, for the four o'clock train is the chief down-train of the day. The bustle of the business-day is over; there is a general air of relief and enjoyment. We meet our friend punctual to the minute; we take our seat on the comfortable blue cushions; the bell rings; the engine pants and tugs; and we are off "down the water."

We pass through a level country on leaving Glasgow: there are the rich fields which tell of Scotch agricultural industry. It is a bright August afternoon: the fields are growing yellow; the trees and hedges still wear their summer green. In a quarter of an hour the sky suddenly becomes over-cast. It is not a cloud: don't be afraid of an unfavourable change of weather; we have merely plunged into the usual atmosphere of dirty and ugly Paisley. Without a pause, we sweep by, and here turn off to the right. That line of railway from which we have turned aside runs on to Dumfries and Carlisle; a branch of it keeps along the Ayrshire coast to Ardrossan and Ayr. In a little while we are skimming the surface of a bleak, black moor; it is a dead level, and not in the least interesting: but, after a plunge into the mirk darkness of a long tunnel, we emerge into daylight again; and there, sure enough, are the bright waters of the Clyde. We are on its south side; it has spread out to the breadth of perhaps a couple of miles. That rocky height on its north shore is Dumbarton Castle; that great mass beyond is Ben

Lomond, at whose base lies Loch Lomond, the queen of Scottish lakes, now almost as familiar to many a cockney tourist as a hundred years since to Rob Roy Macgregor. We keep close by the water's edge, skirting a range of hills on which grow the finest strawberries in Scotland. Soon, to the right, we see many masts, many great rafts of timber, many funnels of steamers; and there, creeping along out in the middle of the river, is the steamer we are to join, which left Glasgow an hour before us. We have not stopped since we left Glasgow; thirty-five minutes have elapsed, and now we sweep into a remarkably tasteless and inconvenient station. This is Greenock at last; but, as at Glasgow, the station is some forty feet above the ground. A railway cart at the foot of a long stair receives the luggage of passengers, and then sets off at a gallop down a dirty little lane. We follow at a run: and, a hundred and fifty yards off, we come on a long range of wharf, beside which lie half-a-dozen steamers, sputtering out their white steam with a roar, as though calling impatiently for their passengers to come faster. Our train has brought passengers for a score of places on the Frith; and in the course of the next hour and a half, these vessels will disperse them to their various destinations. By way of guidance to the inexperienced, a post is erected on the wharf, from which arms project, pointing to the places of the different steamers. The idea is a good one, and if carried out with the boldness with which it was conceived, much advantage might be derived by strangers. But a serious drawback about these indicators is, that they are

invariably pointed in the wrong direction, which renders them considerably less useful than they might otherwise be. Fortunately we have a guide, for there is not a moment to lose. We hasten on board, over an awkward little gangway, kept by a policeman of rueful countenance, who punches the heads of several little boys who look on with awe. Bareheaded and barefooted girls offer baskets of gooseberries and plums of no tempting appearance. Ragged urchins bellow "Day's Penny Paper! Glasgow *Daily News*!" In a minute or two, the ropes are cast off, and the steamers diverge as from a centre to their various ports.

We are going to Dunoon. Leaving the ship-yards of Greenock echoing with multitudinous hammerings, and rounding a point covered with houses, we see before us Gourrock, the nearest to Greenock of the places "down the water." It is a dirty little village on the left side of the Frith. A row of neat houses, quite distinct from the dirty village, stretches for two miles along the water's edge. The hills rise immediately behind these. The Frith is here about three miles in breadth. It is Renfrewshire on the left hand; a few miles on, and it will be Ayrshire. On the right, are the hills of Argyshire. And now, for many miles on either side, the shores of the Frith and the shores of the long arms of the sea that run up among those Argyshire mountains, are fringed with villas, castles, and cottages—the retreats of Glasgow men and their families. It is not, perhaps, saying much for Glasgow to state that one of its greatest advantages is the

facility with which one can get away from it, and the beauty of the places to which one can get. But true it is, that there is hardly a great city in the world which is so well off in this respect. For sixpence, the artisan of Bridgeton or Calton can travel forty miles in the purest air, over as blue a sea, and amid as noble hills, as can be found in Britain. The Clyde is a great highway: a highway traversed, indeed, by a merchant navy scarcely anywhere surpassed in extent; but a highway, too, whose gracious breezes, through the summer and autumn time, are ever ready to revive the heart of the pale weaver, with his thin wife and child, and to fan the cheek of the poor consumptive needlewoman into the glow of something like country health and strength.

After Greenock is passed, and the river has grown into the frith, the general features of the scene remain very much the same for upwards of twenty miles. The water varies from three to seven or eight miles in breadth; and then suddenly opens out to a breadth of twenty or thirty miles. Hills, fringed with wood along their base, and gradually passing into moorland as they ascend, form the shores on either side. The rocky islands of the Great and Little Cumbrae occupy the middle of the Frith, about fourteen or fifteen miles below Greenock: to the right lies the larger island of Bute; and further on the still larger island of Arran. The hills on the Argyleshire side of the Frith are generally bold and precipitous: those on the Ayrshire side are of much less elevation. The character of all the places "down the water" is almost iden-

tical: they consist of a row of houses, generally detached villas or cottages, reaching along the shore, at only a few yards' distance from the water, with the hills rising immediately behind. The beach is not very convenient for bathing, being generally rocky; though here and there we find a strip of yellow sand. Trees and shrubs grow in the richest way down to the water's edge. The trees are numerous, and luxuriant rather than large; oaks predominate; we should say few of them are a hundred years old. Ivy and honeysuckle grow in profusion: for several miles along the coast, near Largs, there is a perpendicular wall of rock from fifty to one hundred feet in height, which follows the windings of the shore at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards from the water, enclosing between itself and the sea a long ribbon of fine soil, on which shrubs, flowers, and fruits grow luxuriantly; and this natural rampart, which advances and retreats as we pursue the road at its base, like the bastions and curtains of some magnificent feudal castle, is in many places clad with ivy, so fresh and green that we can hardly believe that for months in the year it is wet with the salt spray of the Atlantic. Here and there, along the coast, are places where the land is capable of cultivation for a mile or two inland; but, as the rule, the hill ascends almost from the water's edge into granite and heather.

Let us try to remember the names of the places which reach along the Frith upon either hand: we believe that a list of them will show that not without reason it is said that Glasgow is unrivalled in the number of her sea-side

retreats. On the right hand, as we go down the Frith, there are Helensburgh, Row, Roseneath, Shandon, Gareloch-head, Cove, Kilcreggan, Lochgoil-head, Arrochar, Ardentinny, Strone, Kilmun, Kirn, Dunoon, Inellan, Toward, Port Bannatyne, Rothesay, Askog, Colintrave, Tynabruach. Sometimes these places form for miles one long range of villas. Indeed, from Strone to Toward, ten or twelve miles, the coast is one continuous street. On the left hand of the Frith are Gourock, Ashton, Inverkip, Wemyss Bay, Skelmorlie, Largs, Fairlie : then comes a bleak range of sandy coast, along which stand Ardrossan, Troon, and Ayr. In the island of Cumbrae is Millport, conspicuous by the tall spire which marks the site of an Episcopal chapel and college of great architectural beauty, built within the last few years. And in Arran are the villages of Lamlash and Brodick. The two Cumbrae islands constitute a parish. A simple-minded clergyman, not long deceased, who held the cure for many years, was wont, Sunday by Sunday, to pray (in the church service) for "the islands of the Great and Little Cumbrae, and also for the *adjacent islands* of Great Britain and Ireland."

But all this while the steam has been fiercely chafing through the funnel as we have been stopping at Gourock quay. We are away at last, and are now crossing the Frith towards the Argyleshire side. A mile or two down, along the Ayrshire side, backed by the rich woods of Ardgowan, tall and spectral-white, stands the Cloch lighthouse. We never have looked at it without think-

ing how many a heart-broken emigrant must be remembering that severely-simple white tower as almost the last thing he saw in Scotland when he was leaving it for ever. The Frith opens before us as we advance : we are running at the rate (quite usual among Clyde steamers) of sixteen or seventeen miles an hour. There, before us, is Cumbrae : over Bute and over Cumbrae look the majestic mountains of Arran ; that great granite peak is Goatfell. And on a clear day, far out, guarding the entrance to the Frith, rising sheer up from the deep sea, at ten miles' distance from the nearest land, looms Ailsa, white with sea-birds, towering to the height of twelve or thirteen hundred feet. It is a rocky islet of about a mile in circumference, and must have been thrown up by volcanic agency ; for the water around it is hundreds of feet deep.

Out in the middle of the Frith we can see the long, low, white line of buildings on either side of it, nestling at the foot of the hills. We are drawing near Dunoon. That opening on the right is the entrance to Loch Long and Loch Goyle ; and a little farther on we pass the entrance to the Holy Loch, on whose shore is the ancient burying-place of the family of Argyle. How remarkably tasteful many of these villas are ! They are generally built in the Elizabethan style : they stand in grounds varying from half an acre up to twenty or thirty acres, very prettily laid out with shrubbery and flowers ; a number, (we can see, for we are now skirting the Argyleshire coast at the distance of only a few hundred yards,) have conservatories and hot-houses of more or less extent :

flag-staffs appear to be much affected, (for send a landsman to the coast, and he is sure to become much more marine than a sailor :) and those pretty bow-windows, with the crimson fuchsias climbing up them—those fantastic gables and twisted chimneys—those shining evergreens and cheerful gravel walks—with no lack of pretty girls in round hats, and sportive children rolling about the trimly-kept grass plots—all seen in this bright August sunshine—all set off against this blue smiling expanse of sea—make a picture so gay and inviting, that we really do not wonder any more that Glasgow people should like to “go down the water.”

Here is Dunoon pier. Several of the coast places have, like Dunoon, a long jetty of wood running out a considerable distance into the water, for the accommodation of the steamers, which call every hour or two throughout the day. Other places have deep water close inshore, and are provided with a wharf of stone. And several of the recently founded villages, (and half of those we have enumerated have sprung up within the last ten years,) have no landing-place at which steamers can touch; and *their* passengers have to land and embark by the aid of a ferry-boat. We touch the pier at last: a gangway is hastily thrown from the pier to the steamer, and in company with many others we go ashore. At the landward end of the jetty, detained there by a barrier of twopence each of toll, in round hats and alpaca dresses, are waiting our friend's wife and children, from whom we receive a welcome distinguished by that frankness which is charac-

teristic of Glasgow people. But we do not intend so far to imitate the fashion of some modern tourists and biographers, as to give our readers a description of our friend's house and family, his appearance and manners. We shall only say of him what will never single him out—for it may be said of hundreds more—that he is a wealthy, intelligent, well-informed, kind-hearted Glasgow merchant. And if his daughters *did* rather bore us by their enthusiastic descriptions of the sermons of “our minister,” Mr Macduff, the still grander orations of Mr Caird, and the altogether unexampled eloquence of Dr Cumming, why, they were only showing us a thoroughly Glasgow feature; for nowhere in Britain, we should fancy, is there so much talk about preaching and preachers.

In sailing down the Frith, one gets no just idea of the richness and beauty of its shores. We have said that a little strip of fine soil,—in some places only fifty or sixty yards in breadth,—runs like a ribbon, occasionally broadening out to three or four times that extent, along the sea-margin; beyond this ribbon of ground come the wild moor and mountain. In sailing down the Frith, our eye is caught by the large expanse of moorland, and we do not give importance to the rich strip which bounds it, like an edging of gold lace (to use King James's comparison) round a russet petticoat. When we land we understand things better. We find next the sea, at almost any point along the Frith, the turnpike road, generally nearly level, and beautifully smooth. Here and there, in the places of older date, we find quite a street of con-

tiguous houses; but the general rule is of detached dwellings of all grades, from the humblest cottage to the most luxurious villa. At considerable intervals, here are residences of a much higher class than even this last, whose grounds stretch for long distances along the shore. Such places are Ardgowan, Skelmorlie Castle, and Kelburne, on the Ayrshire side; and on the other shore of the Frith, Roseneath Castle, Toward Castle, and Mountstuart. And of dwellings of a less ambitious standing than these really grand abodes, yet of a mark much above that suggested by the word villa, we may name the very showy house of Mr Napier, the eminent maker of marine steam-engines, on the Gareloch, a building in the Saracenic style, which cost we are afraid to say how many thousand pounds; the finely-placed castle of Wemyss, built from the design of Billings; and the very striking piece of baronial architecture called Knock Castle, the residence of Mr Steel, a wealthy shipbuilder of Greenock. The houses along the Frith are, in Scotch fashion, built exclusively of stone, which is obtained with great facility. Along the Ayrshire coast, the warm-looking red sandstone of the district is to be had everywhere, almost on the surface. One sometimes sees a house rising, the stone being taken from a deep quarry close to it: the same crane often serving to lift a block from the quarry, and to place it in its permanent position upon the advancing wall. We have said how rich is vegetation all along the Frith, until we reach the sandy downs from Ardrossan to Ayr. All evergreens grow with great rapidity: ivy covers

dead walls very soon. To understand in what luxuriance vegetable life may be maintained close to the sea-margin, one must walk along the road which leads from the West Bay at Dunoon towards Toward. We never saw trees so covered with honeysuckle; and fuchsias a dozen feet in height are quite common. In this sweet spot, in an Elizabethan house of exquisite design, retired within grounds where fine taste has done its utmost, resides, during the summer vacation (and the summer vacation is six months!), Mr Buchanan, the Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow. It must be a very fair thing to teach logic at Glasgow, if the revenue of that chair maintains the groves and flowers, and (we may add) the liberal hospitalities, of Ardfillane.

One pleasing circumstance about the Frith of Clyde, which we remark the more from its being unhappily the exception to the general rule in Scotland, is the general neatness and ecclesiastical character of the churches. The parish church of Dunoon, standing on a wooded height rising from the water, with its grey tower looking over the trees, is a dignified and commanding object. The churches of Roseneath and Row, which have been built within a year or two, are correct and elegant specimens of ecclesiastical Gothic: indeed they are so thoroughly *like* churches, that John Knox would assuredly have pulled them down had they been standing in his day. And here and there along the coast the rich Glasgow merchants and the neighbouring proprietors have built pretty little chapels, whose cross-crowned gables, steep-pitched

roofs, dark oak woodwork, and stained windows, are pleasant indications that old prejudice has given way among cultivated Scotchmen; and that it has come to be understood that it is false religion as well as bad taste and sense to make God's house the shabbiest, dirtiest, and most uncomfortable house in the parish. Some of these sea-side places of worship are crowded in summer by a fashionable congregation, and comparatively deserted in winter when the Glasgow folks are gone.

A very considerable number of the families that go "down the water" occupy houses which are their own property. There must be, one would think, a special interest about a house which is one's own. A man must become attached to a spot where he himself planted the hollies and yews, and his children have marked their growth year by year. Still, many people do not like to be tied to one place, and prefer varying their quarters each season. Very high rents are paid for good houses on the Frith of Clyde. From thirty to fifty pounds a month is a common charge for a neat villa at one of the last founded and most fashionable places. A little less is charged for the months of August and September than for June and July: and if a visitor takes a house for the four months which constitute *the season*, he may generally have it for May and October without further cost. Decent houses, or parts of houses (*flats* as they are called), may be had for about ten pounds a month; and at those places which approach to the character of a town, as Largs, Rothesay, and Dunoon, lodgings may be obtained

where attendance is provided by the people of the house.

A decided drawback about the sea-side places within twenty miles from Greenock, is their total want of that fine sandy beach, so firm and dry and inviting when the tide is out, which forms so great an attraction at Ardrosson, Troon, and Ayr. At a few points, as for instance the West Bay at Dunoon, there is a beautiful expanse of yellow sand: but as a rule, where the shore does not consist of precipitous rocks, sinking at once into deep water, it is made of great rough stones, which form a most unpleasant footing for bathers. In front of most villas a bathing place is formed by clearing the stones away. Bathing machines, we should mention, are quite unknown upon the Frith of Clyde.

So much for the locality which is designated by the phrase, *Down the Water*: and now we can imagine our readers asking what kind of life Glasgow people lead there. Of course there must be a complete breaking-up of all city ways and habits, and a general return to a simpler and more natural mode of living. Our few days at Dunoon, and a few days more at two other places on the Frith, were enough to give us some insight into the usual order of things. By seven or half-past seven o'clock in the morning the steam is heard by us, as we are snug in bed, fretting through the waste-pipe of the early boat for Glasgow; and with great complacency we picture to ourselves the unfortunate business-men, with whom we had a fishing excursion last night, already up, and break-

fasted, and hurrying along the shore towards the vessel which is to bear them back to the counting-house and the Exchange. Poor fellows! They sacrifice a good deal to grow rich. At each village along the shore the steamer gets an accession to the number of her passengers; for the most part of trim, close-shaved, well-dressed gentlemen, of sober aspect and not many words; though here and there comes some whiskered and moustached personage, with a shirt displaying a pattern of ballet-dancers, a shooting coat of countless pockets, and trousers of that style which, in our college days, we used to call *loud*. A shrewd bank-manager told us that he always made a mental memorandum of such individuals, in case they should ever come to him to borrow money. Don't they wish they may get it! The steamer parts with her entire freight at Greenock, whence an express train rapidly conveys our friends into the heat and smoke of Glasgow. Before ten o'clock all of them are at their work. For us, who have the day at our own disposal, we have a refreshing dip in the sea at rising, then a short walk, and come in to breakfast with an appetite foreign to Paper Buildings. It is quite a strong sensation when the post appears about ten o'clock, bearing tidings from the toiling world we have left behind. Those families which have their choice dine at two o'clock—an excellent dinner hour when the day is not a working one: the families whose male members are in town, sometimes postpone the most important engagement of the day till their return at six or half-past six o'clock. As for the occupations of the day,

there are boating and yachting, wandering along the beach, lying on the heather looking at Arran through the sun-mist, lounging into the reading-room, dipping into any portion of *The Times* except the leading articles, turning over the magazines, and generally enjoying the blessing of rest. Fishing is in high favour, especially among the ladies. Hooks baited with mussels are sunk to the ground by leaden weights (the fishers are in a boat), and abundance of whittings are caught when the weather is favourable. We confess we don't think the employment ladylike. Sticking the mussels upon the hooks is no work for fair fingers; neither is the pulling the captured fish off the hooks. And, even in the pleasantest company, we cannot see anything very desirable in sitting in a boat, all the floor of which is covered by unhappy whittings and codlings flapping about in their last agony. Many young ladies row with great vigour and adroitness. And as we walk along the shore in the fading twilight, we often hear, from boats invisible in the gathering shadows, music mellowed by the distance into something very soft and sweet. The lords of the creation have come back by the late boats; and we meet *Pater-familias* enjoying his evening walk, surrounded by his children, shouting with delight at having their governor among them once more. No wonder that, after a day amid the hard matter-of-fact of business life, he should like to hasten away to the quiet fireside and the loving hearts by the sea.

Few are the hard-wrought men who cannot snatch an entire day from business sometimes: and *then* there is a

pic-nic. Glasgow folk have even more, we believe, than the average share of stiff dinner parties when in town: we never saw people who seemed so completely to enjoy the freshness and absence of formality which characterise the well-assorted entertainment *al fresco*. We were at one or two of these; and we cannot describe the universal gaiety and light-heartedness, extending to grave Presbyterian divines and learned Glasgow professors; the blue sea and the smiling sky; the rocky promontory where our feast was spread; its abundance and variety; the champagne which flowed like water; the joviality and cleverness of many of the men; the frankness and pretty faces of *all* of the women.* We had a pleasant yachting excursion one day; and the delight of a new sensation was well exemplified in the intense enjoyment of dinner in the cramped little cabin where one could hardly turn. And great was the sight when our host, with irrepresible pride, produced his preserved meats and vegetables, as for an Arctic voyage, although a messenger sent in the boat towing behind could have procured them fresh in ten minutes.

A Sunday at the sea-side is an enjoyable thing. The steamers that come down on Saturday evening are crammed to the last degree. Houses which are already

* We do not think, from what we have seen, that Glasgow is rich in *beauties*; though pretty faces are very common. Times are improved, however, since the days of the lady who said, on being asked if there were many beauties in Glasgow, "Oh, no; very few; there are only THREE OF US."

fuller than they can hold, receive half-a-dozen new inmates,—how stowed away we cannot even imagine. We cannot but reject as apocryphal the explanation of a Glasgow *wut*, that on such occasions poles are projected from the upper windows, upon which young men of business roost until the morning. Every one, of course, goes to church on Sunday morning; no Glasgow man who values his character durst stop away. We shall not soon forget the beauty of the calm Sunday on that beautiful shore: the shadows of the distant mountains; the smooth sea; the church-bells, faintly heard from across the water; the universal turning-out of the population to the house of prayer, or rather of preaching. It was almost too much for us to find Dr Cumming here before us, giving all his old brilliances to enraptured multitudes. We had hoped he was four hundred and odd miles off; but we resigned ourselves, like the Turk, to what appears an inevitable destiny. This gentleman, we felt, is really one of the institutions of the country, and no more to be escaped than the income-tax.

Morning service over, most people take a walk. This would have been regarded in Scotland a few years since as a profanation of the day. But there is a general air of quiet; people speak in lower tones; there are no joking and laughing. And the Frith, so covered with steamers on week-days, is to-day unruffled by a single paddle-wheel. Still it is a mistake to fancy that a Scotch Sunday is necessarily a gloomy thing. There are no excursion trains, no pleasure trips in steamers, no tea-gardens open:

but it is a day of quiet domestic enjoyment, not saddened but hallowed by the recognised sacredness of the day. The truth is, the feeling of the sanctity of the *Sabbath* is so ingrained into the nature of most Scotchmen by their early training, that they *could not enjoy* Sunday pleasuring. Their religious sense, their superstition if you choose, would make them miserable on a Sunday excursion.

The Sunday morning service is attended by a crowded congregation: the church is not so full in the afternoon. In some places there is evening service, which is well attended. We shall not forget one pleasant walk, along a quiet road bounded by trees as rich and green as though they grew in Surrey, though the waves were lapping on the rocks twenty yards off, and the sun was going down behind the hills of Cowal, to a pretty little chapel where we attended evening worship upon our last Sunday on the Clyde.

Every now and then, as we are taking our saunter by the shore after breakfast, we perceive, well out in the Frith, a steamer, decked with as many flags as can possibly be displayed about her rigging. The strains of a band of music come by starts upon the breeze; a big drum is heard beating away when we can hear nothing else; and a sound of howling springs up at intervals. Do not fancy that these yells imply that anything is wrong; *that* is merely the way in which working folk enjoy themselves in this country. That steamer has been hired for the day by some wealthy manufacturer, who is giving his "hands" a day's pleasure-sailing. They left Glasgow at

seven or eight o'clock: they will be taken probably to Arran, and there feasted to a moderate extent; and at dusk they will be landed at the Broomielaw again. We lament to say that very many Scotch people of the working class seem incapable of enjoying a holiday without getting drunk and uproarious. We do not speak from hearsay, but from what we have ourselves seen. Once or twice we found ourselves on board a steamer crowded with a most disagreeable mob of intoxicated persons, among whom, we grieve to say, we saw many women. The authorities of the vessel appeared entirely to lack both the power and the will to save respectable passengers from the insolence of the "roughs." The Highland fling may be a very picturesque and national dance, but when executed on a crowded deck by a maniacal individual, with puffy face and blood-shot eyes, swearing, yelling, dashing up against peaceable people, and mortally drunk, we should think it should be matter less of æsthetical than of police consideration. Unless the owners of the Clyde steamers wish to drive all decent persons from their boats, they must take vigorous steps to repress such scandalous goings-on as we have witnessed more than once or twice. And we also take the liberty to suggest that the infusion of a little civility into the manner and conversation of some of the steam-boat officials on the quay at Greenock, would be very agreeable to passengers, and could not seriously injure those individuals themselves.

What sort of men are the Glasgow merchants? Why, courteous reader, there are great diversities among them.

Almost all we have met give us an impression of shrewdness and strong sense; some, of extraordinary tact and cleverness—though these last are by no means among the richest men. In many cases we found extremely unaffected and pleasing address, great information upon general topics—in short, all the characteristics of the cultivated gentleman. In others there certainly was a good deal of boorishness; and in one or two instances, a tendency to the use of oaths which have long been unknown in good society. The reputed wealth of some Glasgow men is enormous, though we think it not unlikely that there is a great deal of exaggeration as to that subject. We did, however, hear it said that one firm of iron merchants realised for some time profits to the extent of nearly four hundred thousand a-year. We were told of an individual who died worth a million, all the produce of his own industry and skill; and one hears incidentally of such things as five-hundred-pound bracelets, thousand-guinea necklaces, and other appliances of extreme luxury, as not unknown among the fair dames of Glasgow.

And so, in idle occupations, and in gleaning up particulars as to Glasgow matters according to our taste wherever we went, our sojourn upon the Frith of Clyde pleasantly passed away. We left our hospitable friends, not without a promise that when the Christmas holidays come we should visit them once more, and see what kind of thing is the town life of the winter time in that warm-hearted city. And meanwhile, as the days shorten to chill November,—as the clouds of London smoke drift by

our windows,—as the Thames runs muddy through this mighty hum and bustle away to the solitudes of its last level,—we recal that cheerful time with a most agreeable recollection of the kindness of Glasgow friends,—and of all that is implied in *Glasgow Down the Water*.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LITTLE TOUR IN MAY.

IF the reader, on any occasion when he has a few days to spare, will preach twice every Sunday for twenty months, likewise a great many times on week days, besides doing as well as he can all the other duty of the incumbent of a large parish, it may be predicted with considerable confidence that the result will be, that the reader will feel very tired and exceedingly stupid. The work comes to be grinding : it loses its zest : foot and heart are heavy. Then the reader will know the blessing of a little rest : that is, if he can get it. Likewise he will understand the blessing of a season of change, as total as may be, out of the wonted round. Great will be the enjoyment of change and rest : animated the rebound with which the daily task will be returned to, after these.

Total has been the change from the writer's common habitude of life, through certain days of this ungenial May : complete his rest from the regular round of duty. These days began with the Monday morning of one week, and ended with the Friday evening of the next. How many fresh scenes : how many pleasing impressions : what

views of new cities and men; may be included in that space! How the wonted burden falls from the back, when all the parochial worries, all the sick, the schools, even the church with its pulpit ever craving more sermons, are hundreds of miles away.

A little reflection will enable the intelligent reader to discern that the day before the first Monday of which mention has been made, must have been Sunday. And indeed it was so. On that Sunday the writer preached twice: once in a Scotch parish church of great size and immemorial years: once in a modest chapel, Norman in its architecture, needful for the further accommodation of his parishioners. On Monday morning let us arise from slumber at half-past four o'clock: shiver in the wonted tub, specially chilly at that early hour: earnestly reflect whether or not everything has been packed up that needed so to be: solemnly partake of the unseasonable breakfast, at which two little faces attended with the air of dissatisfaction and sorrow: and finally at 6.20 A.M. roll away in a railway carriage, leaving the same little faces behind on the seedy platform, to go away home alone.

In this world we must be always saying good-bye: and in many cases to say good-bye can never cease to be a trial, less or greater. Yet let us fare onward, through the raw air, somewhat cheered by a certain clever weekly publication, made up of a series of dissertations on matters political and literary. You are made to feel, studying that document, that the political dissertations are done by the stronger hands, and the literary by the weaker.

Three hours does that travelling by railway last : the miles are forty-five only ; but the stations are many and grievous ; and at a certain period of the way you must quit your carriage, and hasten down a broad and sloping pier, where you enter a lumpish but serviceable steam-vessel, which will bear you five miles across a stormy arm of the sea, ever vexed by a tumbling swell. Here you may luxuriously sit in a large cabin on deck ; and, as a growing squeamishness overtakes you, survey your sickening fellow-passengers. Having crossed that rolling water, you may enter another railway carriage, which, after a stiff pull up-hill, and a season in a specially gloomy tunnel, will suddenly place you in the midst of a great and beautiful city, ever fair to see.

Here you stop for half-an-hour : and when you again proceed, you will find the rate of progress quite different. For the leisurely train, that stops every few miles, doing its five and forty miles in three hours, you are taken in hand by a swift express, which in ten hours and a half devours four hundred miles. It is known to many by the name of the *English Express* : such as regard it from a southern point of view have been known to call it the *Flying Scotchman*. Passing forth from the ancient city, you scurry at a tremendous rate through rich fields, perfect in their agriculture : till at length, traversing a lofty bridge of many arches which spans a broad river, you enter upon another country : and here, if a Scotchman, you may drop a tear at having quitted your native land. Various Scotchmen and several Scotchwomen has the writer beheld,

upon that spot, thus quit their native soil : but so firm is the Scottish self-command, so iron is the Scottish will, that never once did he behold a compatriot drop a tear. But as they read their newspaper or their novel, with a composed countenance that disguised the throbbing heart, the thoughtless stranger would have deemed that they did not care a straw. In Mrs Barrett Browning's beautiful poem called *The Mask*, you may find apposite reflections.

We are in Northumberland : for some miles the sea is near, on the left hand. And passing onward through a territory of no special interest, we plunge into the smoke of Newcastle. Dreary are the views of human habitations, caught from the rapid train as you look down in passing by. Doubtless there are many of our race who live amid scenes of unutterable ugliness: a life of constant struggle and pinching, year after year. Passing near the black and worn walls of the castle, built by Robert, the son of the Conqueror, you enter the curious station, whose long roofs are singularly twisted round. The station is a segment of a circle : and so many are its trains and platforms, so considerable its distances, so many its waiting rooms, so great its bustle, that here the stranger has oftentimes found it easy to lose his way. A little pause here : then the train departs from the station by the way it entered : but in a few yards turns sharp to the right, and is on Stephenson's wonderful high-level bridge, whence you look down from a great elevation on the very dirty Tyne. The bridge is wonderful, but not in the least beautiful. A succession of great piers, rising from the

river bed, bears up the railway track ; beneath which a way for ordinary carriages and foot passengers is hung. On, not very many miles, till a human voice, strongly exerted, proclaims the name of *Leamside*. That word falls with thrilling effect upon the ear of the pilgrim from the North : the pilgrims, indeed, for now there are two. Rapidly are the things which strew the carriage accumulated : many papers and books are engulfed in the ready maw of a black morocco bag, wonderful in its power of continence : and emerging from the carriage door, the pilgrim who takes the larger part of the trouble hastens to the van at the end of the train. With joy he finds that the van has already disgorged that which is to him of greater interest than all the rest of the luggage put together. Admirable is the civility of the officials of that railway : perfect their accuracy. There, on the platform, they lie, all right. Ye might see a portmanteau, of the hue of the spring daffodil, or of the rising sun of summer : and likewise a large trunk, black as the raven's wing, or the ebon shades of starless night. I am gratified by these examples of poetic imagery. They remind me, touchingly, of the prize essays I used to write in my earlier years at college, ere yet the buoyancy of the youthful spirit had been sobered down.

Yes, all this way have we travelled, to the end of visiting a spot, now but a few miles away. For when the bustle of the bigger and more important train has passed, and that train is winging its rapid way towards the May hailstones of the frozen South, you may turn to

the other side of the platform on which you stand. There you discover another and shorter train. On its carriages you may read the words *Durham and Bishop Auckland*. You enter one of these: only for ten minutes will you have to sit within it. At the end of that time you stop at a station set on a high ground, whence you look down on a little rambling city, dominated by a magnificent church of great length, with two massive though low western towers, and a vast central one. In the same view with the magnificent church, standing on the same vantage ground, you see what was once a grand castle, the residence of bishops who were princes of the church. It is now allotted to the use of a university, of small political account.

That is the first impression of Durham Cathedral. The railway leaves you only on the outskirts of the little city. Entering an omnibus, you will be conveyed away down a steep hill, halfway down which you will twice pass underneath a great viaduct of lofty arches, that spans the town, and carries the railway on towards Bishop Auckland. Twice will you cross the river, which winds about and about the ancient spot, the etymological meaning of whose name is *the hill with the cincture of water*: and you will go up and down several steep though short hills; before you stop at the door of the *County Hotel*. There let the baggage be left: and forthwith hasten to the cathedral. Evening prayers are at four o'clock: and there is yet an hour to make a first acquaintance with the site and aspect of the glorious pile.

St Cuthbert, as every one knows, found it difficult to make up his mind after his death as to the place where his bones should rest. He tried various places, but was dissatisfied. Finally he rested in this beautiful place,

Where his cathedral, huge and vast
Looks down upon the Wear.

And Sir Walter has exactly caught the main characteristic of this church's unrivalled situation. It does look down upon the Wear. The wooded bank falls away from the cathedral to the river : and the river so winds that it passes close under both the eastern and the western ends of the church. The church, with its length of 464 feet, stands across the isthmus which keeps a little peninsula from being wholly an island. The bank seems some fifty feet in height : it is richly wooded with trees now covered with their first fresh green : and below there runs the deep and rapid river. The elevated ground on which the cathedral stands is large enough to include the noble old castle, and the many houses of the close, some with beautiful gardens going down to the water. Let us enter the sacred place. A door, in the nave, near its west end, is covered by a large and heavy leathern cushion : push it aside ; and by the time it has banged back to its place, you are within. What words can express the overwhelming grandeur of the first cathedral of the first class you enter, after a good many months where cathedrals are not at all ? You see the noble church from end to end ; no screen parts choir from nave. Fifty feet of the length named must be deducted from the vista, the Galilee of five

aisles at the west end of the nave. "Rocky solidity and indeterminate duration" were the things that impressed Johnson here. Here it has stood, the same building, though often touched by hands reverent and sacrilegious, for near nine hundred years. In the main, the architecture is Norman: round headed arches everywhere. There is a lack of stained glass: at the east end is a grand rose window, filled with fragments of ancient glory: but below, throwing into shadow the beautiful reredos, with a relief of the Last Supper for altar-piece, are three glaring lancets, unsubdued by colour of any kind.

So much one can see before the hour of service: as that approaches, sit down on one of a number of open seats, placed under the great central lantern, outside the choir. The choristers straggle in without order: the congregation is small. The service is carefully and well done: the music very beautiful: several very fine voices in the choir, specially among the boys. The anthem was Spohr's *As pants the hart*: one little fellow sang the soprano solo in a voice of exquisite quality and great power.

Service being over, you may further survey the unrivalled situation of this grand church. The sloping wooded bank that reaches to the river is traversed by the most charming walks, free to all comers. And from many points in these, notably from a bridge that spans the river amid what looks like the park around some princely dwelling, you have diverse but ever beautiful views of the cathedral. It is utterly vain, by any words, to try to express the awe and delight with which, coming

from a region where the old ecclesiastical buildings are mainly in ruins or else debased into hideousness, you will regard this majestic pile. People who see it every day probably become accustomed to it, and care very little about it. Well, we have the advantage of them.

But not even under the shadow of Durham Cathedral can human nature be sustained without food. Let us return to the hotel, where by this time dinner waits. And then, in the fading light, again to the cathedral, and stand and look at it. Let the reader believe that the writer is quite capable of giving an exact account of its architectural peculiarities: but not on this page shall that be found. Yet it may be noted, as something distinctive, that the east end of the choir is formed by a sort of transept, which internally takes the place of a Lady chapel, and bears the name of the *chapel of the nine altars*. Otherwise the place preserves the usual outline: choir, nave, and transepts: two western towers and a central one: the Galilee at the west end: the cloisters at the south side of the nave, with a flat roof of antique oak. And if it should happen to you as it did to me, as you stand by a western tower you will be startled by a bell of the deepest tone, telling nine o'clock, and then gradually dying into silence through a long vibration.

If on the next morning you are up early, surveying the cathedral from many points of view: if you go to service at ten o'clock, and pervade every part of the interior; refusing to be distracted by monuments and statues of bishops earlier and later, and seeking only to drink in and

appropriate the character and feeling of the place: then you may go away from Durham by the train at 11.45 A.M., feeling that you have made it a possession for ever. Indeed by a visit no longer than that here related, the lover of Gothic architecture may know this or any other grand church far better than many a man who has lived beside it for years. Other cathedrals invite us: this is but the first: wherefore we depart.

Leamside again. For several miles after leaving that station, you have many striking prospects of the cathedral now left behind: so look out sharply on the right hand of the train. Darlington, where are many Quakers: a large red station with a broad platform: and at three o'clock you are at York. You have passed within a quarter of an hour of Ripon Cathedral: and when time abounds, it would be worth while visiting it. But to-day it must be left. Time is short: and far other than that respectable structure are those which lie before us.

In the minds of many, the railway station at York is associated with the hurried dinner of the express train from North to South, or South to North: of which (who can say why?) roast mutton and brown potatoes never fail to form part. Now, there is the sense of comparative leisure. Let rooms be secured at the station hotel: then depart from the railway, and in a little you will cross the Ouse by a handsome iron bridge. Every time you pass it, there recurs the irritation of paying a halfpenny. This, recurring many times in the day, is in a high degree exasperating. Soon after passing the bridge, the noble

west front of the minster comes into view : two massive towers, and a glimpse of the lofty central one, over the intersection of the transepts. On the left hand, as you approach the cathedral, there stands a Roman Catholic church, lately finished. Its door is open : its interior is worth a visit. As you quit it, a grave man, in ecclesiastical habit, presents an oaken box, into which you drop a moderate sum. Quitting the graceful but slight Roman edifice, you appreciate the better the great mass of the Anglican. York Minster has not the wonderful advantages of situation which Durham Cathedral possesses. It stands on a level space : a street skirts it on the south side ; at the north is a green enclosure of refreshing grass and trees, where are the handsome deanery and the residence of the canon for the time being. Here, as at Durham, the episcopal palace is miles away : doubtless a loss. Enter by a lesser western door. You are struck first by the great breadth of the nave. Then the roof of the central vault is loftier than Durham : the choir here has a height of 102 feet • Durham but 76. But the choir here is the loftiest in England, surpassing Westminster Abbey by one foot ; yet only 12 feet higher than the choir of the comparatively small cathedral of Glasgow. Here, too, stained glass abounds : there is a grand eastern window : a like western one : and the window of the north transept is the famous Five Sisters of York. No long time now for details, for evening prayer is at half-past four. Durham choir seemed fine, to one who had not heard choral service for many months : but that of

York is incomparably better. It is far more powerful. At Durham the choir consisted of six men and ten boys: here were fourteen boys and eleven men. Then the congregation was large enough to give a warm and hearty look to the worship: almost all the stalls were filled. Among the occupants of these were several ladies, dressed as nuns. They are Anglican sisters of mercy. It is easy to ridicule the unbecoming garb: yet we can see various reasons for it. Never was heartier or more beautiful service in a cathedral on a common week-day afternoon.

Let us not be worried with the monuments of departed archbishops, in most of whom one feels no special interest: just walk about the church and look at it. The choir and nave are equal in length: the choir is narrower than the nave. East and west ends of the minster are square. The transept, with aisles, is half the length of the whole church. The nave is of the decorated style of Gothic: the choir is perpendicular, and towards its eastern end the walls are almost all window. The roof looks like stone, but is of wood. Twice has this church been on fire. In 1829, a maniac named Martin, brother of the painter, set it on fire of deliberate purpose: the stalls and roof of the choir perished. Eleven years later, through the neglect of some workmen, the centre vault of the roof was burnt, though even the windows of the clerestory were mainly unharmed. The bell in the north-west tower is the Great Peter; it weighs near eleven tons. The chapter-house has been restored. It has a high-pitched wooden roof, wanting any central shaft. Having

satiated yourself with the interior, you may come out, and walk a great many times round the cathedral. What can be said in its praise? Surely it is worthy of the worship to which it is dedicated! And looking at it outside and in, one recalls the ancient story, that a devout woman, accustomed to attend the early worship at six each morning, awoke too early on a sunshiny summer day, and hastened to the cathedral, fearing to be late. Then, entering the door, she beheld the choir crowded by angels, offering their praises in such sublime music as human ear never heard before.

Finally turn away, and walk as far as you can on the wall which still partly encircles the town. At one spot, by two pointed arches of great span, it reaches across the railway. Descending from the wall, when you can follow it no farther, pervade the city in all directions. There are many antique streets, many quaint nooks, many curious and ancient churches.

Next day was Wednesday. It was a cold dark day, with a bitter east wind. Service is at ten: but before that, there is time to visit the curious town-hall, with a wooden roof, aisled: and farther to explore the streets. At service the cathedral was beautiful as ever: but the congregation was small; and though the music was still very good, the choir was abated in numbers. No anthem: the litany takes up more than the time for it. The litany is sung from a litany stool, placed near the west end of the choir. At length, with the feeling that York Minster will always be to us a familiar place, we turn away from it:

and by a very crowded train, which goes at 12.10, and which seems to be the favourite train whereby Yorkshire folk go to London, we pass beneath one of the large pointed arches under the city wall, and hasten fast towards the south.

A good many miles are traversed, and here is Doncaster. That is the beautiful parish church, about which Mr Denison wrote his pleasant lectures on church-building. Nave, chancel, transepts, massive square tower where transepts intersect. On again, and here is Retford. This is the place where we must leave the train. Wait awhile, in a keen wind, till another is drawn up at the platform, wherein we proceed towards the east. Often we look out, looking from the left side of the carriage. At last, on a height towering above the flat Fen country, there it is : Lincoln Cathedral. Three hours convey the traveller from the one grand church to the other. Let it be said at once, the first view of Lincoln, from the railway from Retford, is disappointing. You come full on the west end of the cathedral : and the towers do not make a pleasing group. The two western towers look slight, after the massive ones of York and Durham : and the beautiful details of the incomparable central tower are not visible at a distance. By and by, the railway leaves the cathedral a little to the left : and here one sees the great length of the pile, and its commanding position. Lincoln and York are precisely equal in length : 486 feet.

Having stopped at Lincoln railway station, you may give your baggage in charge to the porter of the Great

Northern Hotel, which stands hard by the railway, a hundred yards from the station. The trains run under its windows: and the yell of passing engines and the tremor of heavy carriages pervade the hotel night and day. Otherwise, it is good and comfortable. Speedily quitting its walls, you go away, right up the hill. You pass, at right and left, two very quaint and tumble-down looking churches. You pass under an ancient gateway, spanning the street, here crowded with country-folk, the holiday garb of the men being chiefly characterised by waistcoats of gorgeous colour, not hidden by any coat. Then the climb becomes steeper: till at length the street becomes the most truly precipitous which the writer has ever trod. Finally, passing under an ancient gateway, you stand close beneath the western front of the church.

The western front is very curious. It was originally Norman: then an early English screen has been built before it, which however does not conceal the central part of the old front. There remain two rude-looking Norman arches, set in a frame of rich pointed arcade work. One certainly feels the want of glass to break the great flat expanse of masonry. This front has a breadth of 173 feet: thus surpassing York by more than 60 feet. But then at York you see the *bona fide* breadth of the church: here it is a deceptive screen stuck on. Within it the two western towers rise: rather awkwardly rising above the screen, in a way that is suggestive of chimneys: between the two is a steep gable. We must not look longer at the outside now. Entering, you see before you the

magnificent length, broken somewhat by the organ set on the screen between the choir and the nave. The roof is nearly 30 feet lower than that of York: but the eye is entirely satisfied. The ordinary visitor, in any first-class cathedral, misses nothing through such inferiority. And while the roof of York is of wood in the central alley, here the entire roof is of stone. Then, for perfect purity of the best style of Gothic architecture, surely this interior greatly surpasses York. The tabernacle work of the stalls here is very fine: the seats beneath very shabby. The rich windows effectually give you the "dim religious light" which is fitting. I do not know if the service is usually such at Lincoln, but assuredly it was very carelessly gone through on that afternoon. The whole thing was heartless: the music was exceedingly bad. There was an anthem, very unimpressive, and miserably sung. Anything worse than the feeble peeping of two weak and ugly voices singing a long duet, could hardly be. Among the surpliced members of the choir, were four boys wearing purple gowns. The air of neglect which invested the worship, extends to the entire building. Nothing can be more unkempt than the grass plot surrounded by the fine cloisters, one side of which the sacrilegious Wren took away, substituting a hideous and inexpressibly shabby Doric arcade. In the middle of the grass plot stands a wretched edifice, apparently a pigsty, but really erected to protect a bit of old Roman pavement, discovered many years ago.

The plan of the church consists of nave and choir, each

with aisles : a great transept and a choir transept ; while the western front may be esteemed as a third transept. There is a Galilee porch at the south-west corner of the great transept. The chapter-house has a high-pitched roof. The central tower, over the intersection of the great transept, is of incomparable grandeur and decoration. It is 268 feet in height, and once carried a spire, of 100 feet additional. The western towers, 206 feet in height, were likewise crowned by lofty spires. These were of wood, and the central one was blown down three hundred years ago.

The close here is less attractive than at many other cathedral cities. The palace is several miles distant : the deanery seems a pleasant abode. The city has no features of special interest, beyond a number of curious and generally rather shabby churches. The glory of the place lies in the cathedral, and the ancient buildings around it. From all parts of the town, you have varied views of the noble church : and the deep tones of the famous bell, the Great Tom of Lincoln, pervade the surrounding air.

Next day was Thursday. The service yesterday afternoon was so badly done that it would be simply mortifying to go back. The utter lack of what could be called a congregation, and the general air of slovenliness, are disheartening in the presence of the magnificent results of the piety of departed ages. So let us walk about the great building without again entering it, and hope that some day it may be worthily beautified, and have a worship worthier of its pristine glory.

Not very far away, there is something which has power to arrest us for a little on our way to our next cathedral. So by a train that goes at 11.15 A.M., let us speed away through flat and sometimes flooded tracts of fenland, by the river Witham, towards the ancient town of Boston, with its splendid parish church. An hour will bring the traveller thither. Never before beheld, how thoroughly familiar looks that grand tower, the famous Boston Stump, at the first view of it! Its height is 262 feet: you will commonly hear it called 300. Quitting the railway station, you make towards the tower. You cross a bridge that spans the Witham, flowing between muddy banks in a strong and turbid current: then turning sharp to the left, you soon reach the west end of the church, which rises from the river side. An officer, of especial civility and intelligence, will show you over the edifice. It is a grand interior: 240 feet in length, without transepts, but with aisles: merely a nave and chancel. Finally, having possessed yourself of a key, furnished by the intelligent verger, you enter a little door, and go away, up and up a winding stair, till you emerge upon a stone gallery, half way up the tower. Hence the view is vast in extent: but it may be vaster. So away up and up again, opening a red door with the key provided, till you find yourself at the very top of Boston tower. What a thin egg-shell of a thing it is! At the summit a decorated circular wall enclosing vacancy. You might as easily fall down inside the tower as outside. The stone parapet is so high, that you cannot see the ground immediately under the tower.

But you have a wide view of a flat region, which a few years since would have been mainly under water. That sea near is the Wash, into which the Witham flows and ends. In the other direction, you see as far as Lincoln. Boston is an interesting enough town: but the church is the sight. In the shop windows were many of the bright waistcoats, already seen. It was a fair day, and booths and shows abounded. Get dinner at an hotel overlooking the market-place: and then at five o'clock enter a train, which in an hour's time will convey you, through the most fenny of fen countries, by various places bearing the name of Deeping, to Peterborough. The Great Northern Hotel is just across a narrow yard from the station. And there is yet abundance of light for a first glance at the cathedral.

There is no more charming close than at Peterborough. Cathedral, palace, and deanery are all here together: and nowhere will you find greener grass or more luxuriant foliage. A few minutes' walk from the hotel brings you to an antique gateway. Entering, you have the palace on the right, and the deanery on the left: the west front of the church is before you. What peacefulness and beauty are in this retired spot! And trees, walks, grass, all are tended with the most pleasing care. You can walk all round the cathedral, close to its walls: upon its south side are many beautiful old buildings and quaint corners and courts, the remains of the ancient monastic pile. Failing though the light be, we must have one glance at the interior. The nave is of great length, con-

sisting of eleven bays: the choir has but four. The east end of it is apsidal. The walls and pillars of the nave are whitewashed: the wooden roof is flat, but painted in bright colours. The choir is free from whitewash: the wooden roof is brilliantly painted: the stalls are not yet forty years old.

The plan consists of nave, choir, transept, and Lady chapel: the choir and nave having aisles. There is a great square tower where the transept intersects. You will find here the same arrangement as at Lincoln: a new west front built before a former one. The older front had two square towers, only one of which was carried up to its full height. In front of this has been placed a great western transept, flanked by two spires: the result being that the west end of the church forms a somewhat confused, though most beautiful mass of building. Three magnificent arches, each surmounted by a gable, form the west front: its breadth is 156 feet. The length of the church is 479 feet: the transept 184: the central tower is 150 feet high: the western spires 156.

The light fails, and we must leave the fuller appreciation of the cathedral till to-morrow. Returning to the temporary resting-place, the writer enters the railway station, and there for a little walks up and down. Years ago, when he had seen almost nothing, he saw this quiet city for the first time at seven o'clock on a misty summer morning: and simply wondered what life would be like to one living amid scenes so peaceful. Several times since then, passing through this station in a great express train,

he had beheld it in circumstances of desperate crowd and hurry. It is curious now to examine it leisurely, when all the bustle is gone. It is not nearly so big as it seemed before: like many things and men, it loses by familiar knowledge. Let us examine the bookstalls on either platform, and discover what orders of literature find most favour with the travelling Briton. Surely the quiet of this station is greatly interrupted during the hours of night. A fine moon shone through the window of that chamber where the writer strove to sleep: the window was unprovided with shutters: and the most awful shrieks of engines resounded all the night long. Doubtless the Great Northern engines are provided with louder whistles than any other engines, anywhere. Yet several railways converge at Peterborough: the Great Eastern, the Midland, the North-Western, as well as the Great Northern. No engine that passed appeared to create a less horrible noise than the rest. And to the aching head, the passing engines seemed innumerable.

But morning comes at last; and morning service at the cathedral is at ten o'clock. Let it be said briefly, the service was very slovenly and bad: worse than the writer ever saw it in any cathedral whatsoever. The choir looked (whatever they really were) very irreverent and inattentive. The singing was excessively bad. Among boys and men, there was not a fine voice. Among the singing men were several of the very ugliest ever beheld, and several with voices of the most disagreeable quality. None, bad as they were, were so disagreeable as that of a

short-winded clergyman, who intoned the prayers. His voice was unpleasant beyond expression, and it put one out of breath to listen to him. The gentleman who sat in the dean's place, came scuttling into church by himself some little time after the service had begun : and if he was paying devout attention to the service, which I do not doubt, I cannot but say that his manner did him grievous injustice. Many were the shapes into which he twisted himself; many the leaves he turned over while a few other folk sought to say their prayers. I never saw mouths opening in so wide yawns as those of the choristers, big and little. The organ was hardly touched : but an old man with gray hair wandered in a conspicuous and most irritating manner about the organ gallery, turning over the leaves of large music books while the prayers were going on, as if to show he did not care a straw for them. Lamentable was the contrast between the noble church, and the careless and heartless worship. Considering that a dean and canons-residentiary and some other folk are paid what would be a large stipend for a hard-working parish priest for doing very little, surely that little ought to be carefully and reverentially done. I do not know how the Peterborough service is commonly done : but no choir becomes horribly bad all of a sudden.

Come away to the close, and try to forget this slovenly worship, walking under green trees and amid green graves. Yes, this can soothe the irritation of nerves and heart. Peacefulness and quiet beauty : much of the old monastic character lingers about the ancient Medehamstede. Trim

walks, verdant grass: and everywhere in its circuit you can approach and lay a friendly hand on the church's ancient stones. It is a hardship, when a bit of a cathedral is turned into the wall of a private garden: all round it ought to be accessible to everybody. Graceful and beautiful is the apse, rising above the lower aisles: graceful and airy the western spires: and nowhere else will you find anything exactly like those three great arches, with deep recesses within them, which form the western front. Here Queen Catharine of Arragon was buried in 1537, and Mary Queen of Scots forty-nine years later: both buried by the same sexton.

Our train goes at 3 P.M. A crafty waiter told me he always told people the train went at 2.50, as he found human beings tend to be too late. Drive to another station, crossing the river Nene by an ugly wooden bridge, flouted by a grand railway viaduct of stone. Away towards the east. A wide flat plain, now mainly under water: you look back on the receding cathedral as across an inland sea. It is easy to think what all this must have been before the fen country began to be drained. The towers and spires of beautiful churches are many: and perfect the taste must have been of the old builders who set them in their places. You cross the wide and turbid current of the Ouse, by a bridge of great length; the train sometimes seems to have lost its way amid the waters. In an hour and a quarter, stopping at a station on an elevation above a flooded tract, you look out on the right hand. There is a slope, rich and green: hedges and

trees : a little city : and a church of great length and very peculiar aspect : the city and cathedral of Ely.

As we had journeyed along in the train, we had determined to be disappointed. It was impossible, we thought, to equal what we had already seen of princely Christian architecture. The first glance, and the thought of disappointment vanished. Longer acquaintance ; and we were here from Friday till Monday afternoon ; and Ely stands forth in our memory as all but the loveliest church, for exquisite decoration and glorious colour, amid all the lovely churches of England.

Issuing from the railway station, you may enter a bus, which offers to convey you to the *Lamb*. Down a little slope : then a long, steady pull up-hill. A street of little promise ; then on the right hand a grand gateway, through which a park-like bit of green grass and green trees, horse-chestnuts in their full bloom. On a little further, and the ancient deanery is on the right, and the ancient palace on the left ; and you pass under the west front of the cathedral. The *Lamb* is but a few yards off : and speedily the pilgrims are under that massive tower.

Ely varies much from other cathedrals. Of course there are choir, nave, and transepts. But at the west end, instead of two towers, or two spires, or nothing but a lofty gable, there is one great tower. Then, over the intersection of the great transept, taking the place of a central tower which fell five hundred and forty years since, is an octagon tower, from which rises an octagon of two stories, of wood covered with lead. The effect is, that in the dis-

tant view of the cathedral the western tower is the greater object, and the central octagon comparatively insignificant. Then the Lady chapel, instead of occupying the usual space, is parallel with the north side of the choir, reaching to the east aisle of the transept. It is plainly fitted up for worship, and occupied as a parish church. Except Winchester, this is the longest cathedral in England: 540 feet. If the Lady chapel had stood in the usual place, it would have added 100 feet more. Thus it would have transcended Old St Paul's, whose length was 629 feet; but whose unmatched spire, "the glory of the Christian world," was 534 feet in height. Strasburg, the highest remaining in the world, is 468: Salisbury is 404.

Entering Ely Cathedral through the Galilee porch at the west end, having lamented the ruin of the half of the turreted western front to the left of the great western tower, the first thing that impresses one is the length and narrowness of the central alley of the church. This greatly adds to the apparent height; the actual height is 76 feet. The roof is of wood: the aisles have stone vaulting. The nave is under repair: half the pavement was up, and lying about in great blocks. It is upon the octagon and choir that the incomparable hand of Mr Gilbert Scott has hitherto spent its pains: no words can express the glory of the result. Many open benches are set under the octagon, for the use of the congregation: the rood screen cuts off the choir, almost too effectually. The stalls are perfect: the stained glass rich and gorgeous: the use of colour on walls and roof brilliant, but not

too brilliant. The place is not for an unskilled visitor to criticise, but simply to stand and humbly enjoy. The reredos, elaborate and lovely as in no other cathedral in England, is of alabaster: bloodstones and other pebbles are inlaid. We must walk about here a great many times before the details can in any worthy degree be taken in. Then, the day's worship being over before our coming, we go forth, and walk round the church. Before the west front is an expanse of grass and trees: the quaint old palace stands on its south side. The deanery, curious and old, is hard by the palace. An expanse of graveyard lies to the north of the cathedral, enclosed by the backs of old houses which front a street. Among these houses is a place, looking like a hayloft over a coach-house, which is inhabited by a loud bell: when that bell rings, people may know there is to be parochial service in the Lady chapel. At the east end, a little expanse of grass: on the south side various old houses: and passing through an avenue of horse-chestnuts, blazing with blossoms, you are in the little park-like space which we discerned through the ancient gateway at our first entrance into Ely. Pleasant walks traverse it: shady and quiet. And from many points in them you realise the vast length of the church, crowning the summit of the swelling ground it stands on. Once Ely was indeed an island, famous for the eels which gave the name. And the desolate and scarcely passable fens stretching all around, made it an almost impregnable fastness, where the last of the Saxons maintained their independence of the Norman yoke a while.

While the light of that Friday evening lasts, let Ely be pervaded till it is well known. Sunday shall be spent here, but Saturday must be given to another place.

Saturday was the loveliest, warmest and brightest of summer days. At 10.45 a Great Eastern train bears us through a great plain, to a great degree under water. Blossoming hawthorns arise amid the watery expanse: flooded gardens and fields speak of recent rain not yet poured out into the German Ocean. Deep drains are at the ends of the fields; and in the Fen country one comes to have a dignified idea of a drain: it is sometimes a great artificial river. Beautiful church spires and towers rise over the trees, on a host of spots somewhat raised above the flooded level. After a while, we enter on the rich undulating lands of Norfolk, well-wooded and beautiful. Here the railway stations and houses are built mainly of flints. At last in the distance there rises one great and graceful spire; many houses crown a height to the left: and we have arrived at the ancient city of Norwich, two hours and a quarter from Ely.

Of all our cathedrals hitherto, this is the poorest: yet to a mind unsophisticated by Lincoln, Peterborough, Ely, it is a very noble church. It has this graceful central spire, of 313 feet: no western towers; ending simply in a gable. It has choir, nave, transept: the largest cloisters in England, shady and beautiful in the glaring day: and a length of 411 feet. You may enter by either of several gateways into the close: large, pretty, abounding in bright grass, and the fragrant shadiness of limes. The deanery,

a pleasant-looking ancient house, is near the cloisters, on the south side of the church: the ancient palace, with its fine old trees, has the nave for its park fence or garden wall; and the ruins of an old hall and chapel. The nave, of fourteen bays, vaulted in stone, and with the heavy round arches of the triforium as large as those below, makes the choir, of four bays, ending in a pentagon, seem small in comparison. But the church has great capabilities: and we learned with joy that the present dean has had Mr Gilbert Scott looking at it. Already Dr Goulburn has taken the choir from their former place in the organ gallery, and put them in the usual position of cathedral choirs. Norwich was the only cathedral which had this ugly arrangement, now happily at an end. But the choristers still wear blue gowns at service, except on Saturday evenings and Sundays, when they are clad in surplices as usual.

We must return at four o'clock: so there is time for no more than a hasty glance at two or three of the many remarkable old churches of Norwich. A great crowd of people fills the large station. These are left; and we journey on through excessive heat and dust, till at 6.10 we are again at Ely. There, in the growing darkness, the band of the militia regiment, now out for training, played very prettily before the hotel.

Here is Sunday morning, sunshiny and still: how beautiful that great tower, rising into the sapphire blue! Service is at 10.30. The militia regiment passed, its band playing the tunes heard last night: the stock of

music is not great. Let us be in good time. The militia form the larger part of the congregation : not a great one. The care and reverence with which the service is performed, are admirable. Gathering first in the south transept, the choir and clergy come in decorous procession : thirty-two surplined men and boys in the choir. Dean Goodwin came, a man to be looked at with interest : and an old dignitary, looking very like an old country gentleman. The choir and clergy took their places in the choir, imperfectly discerned through the too-massive rood-screen. Pugin's idea, that Christian worship ought to consist in the performance by the officiating persons of certain rites which are imperfectly seen by the outside worshippers, prevails here. With difficulty did the writer, seated close to the screen, and familiarly knowing the liturgy, follow the prayers : the distant militia, not very familiar with the liturgy, plainly did (for the most part) follow them not at all. Most of them yawned awfully and constantly : they were manifestly very tired of the whole thing. The service was too fine for these plain folk. And indeed it was very beautiful. I could not but admire the not wholly unsuccessful attempts of the dean to read the commandments from the altar loud enough to be heard outside the choir. In due time the old dignitary, not the dean, ascended the beautiful pulpit of stone, just outside the choir. Why was not the pulpit to-day wooden ? It would have been more consistent with the sermon. The sermon lasted twenty-seven minutes : while it was going on, I thought it had been three

hours and a half. It was awfully tiresome. The congregation, with rare exceptions, did not listen to it at all. I surveyed diligently my friends of the militia: hardly a face had the faintest trace of attention to what was going on. Of course they could not attend. The writer, by a great effort, forced himself to attend carefully. The preacher made many feeble and well-intentioned remarks: one felt getting a faint push in the right direction. But of his subject he had not the slightest grasp. He did not in the least understand what his text meant, though it was a very fine one. Oh why, after that sublime service, this wretched anti-climax? Why did not Dean Goodwin preach that day? I don't know what kind of preacher he is: but I know he was second wrangler: and I should hopefully have taken my chance. Yet the preacher was most gentlemanlike, and quite unaffected: doubtless a pious old man. I venture to think he used words, never to be used in church, when he said that "ladies and gentlemen, rich and poor," must be saved in one way. I have lately heard of a Scotch parson, who in performing a certain marriage ceremony, said to the man, "Do you take this *lady*," and so on: but to say nothing of the bad taste of any reference to social distinctions where they ought to count for nothing, nothing could be more needless than the solemn warning at Ely. Who thinks anything else? There was a day, whereon a godless old reprobate died, saying he felt sure that where he was going due respect would be paid to any one of his family: but that day is fled for ever, in this tract of the universe

The writer lives in a hard-headed country, wherein to state such a thing would be too much like teaching Sir Isaac Newton the multiplication table. *That* is understood: let us get on to something else! Service was over at 12.30: two hours. Then the procession departed with all decorous solemnity.

After service, let us go and walk about that park-like expanse, under the blossoming horse-chestnuts, till the heat drives us in. At four o'clock, to evening service. The militia gone: the congregation small. The music was very good; and there was no sermon. At half-past six there was service under the octagon. The cathedral staff was gone, and the choir closed: but the parochial congregation, usually assembling in the Lady chapel, worship here in the evening. The cathedral bells do not ring for this service, but the loud bell in the seeming hay-loft. Nor do the worshippers find entrance at the western door, but by a little door in the transept. There was a large congregation, of humble appearance: evincing a hearty interest in the service. A few surpliced choristers appear, followed by two clergymen: they are arranged on benches placed outside the rood-screen. The prayers and psalms were intoned: the music very poor after that of the former services of the day. Carefully did the two clergymen wheel about to the east, as the *Gloria* returned: so far as I could see, not a soul besides them did so. The sight recalled to me a day, on which I worshipped in another cathedral far away, yet within the realm of England. There, among many clergymen, there was a young lad, a

deacon just ordained, who was often wheeling about to the east, and often bowing very low, when not one of the other clergymen did so. The effect was indescribably ludicrous. This I saw : and thought that the lad should either have stayed away, or conformed to the ways of his betters. Willingly would the wise man turn to the east, amid a congregation in use to do the same : willingly, likewise, to the west, north, south, or NNW. : but wherefore obtrude these little matters, wherein no principle earthly is involved, on good folk who may not like them ? Finally, one of the clergymen ascended the pulpit, and preached most admirably. He preached extempore, with entire fluency : he thoroughly arrested attention from the first word ; and before he closed, had risen into most animated and pathetic eloquence. The views he set forth were unmistakably " high : " but he showed great ingenuity in trying to make them appear consistent with common sense. I could not but think that a man who could preach such a sermon, in spite of all the depressing influence of being a curate, (as I learned he was,) might, placed in a position which would give him greater confidence, make a truly great and eloquent preacher. And oh, the contrast with the dismal twaddle which the gentlemanly old dignitary had preached from the same pulpit on the same day !

Cheered by this discourse, (in hardly a sentence of which I agreed,) let us return to the shady paths lying to the south of the great church. The hawthorn perfume fills the air : the blossoming chestnuts please the eye :

the perfect stillness becomes the evening of the day of rest. And from this scene I pass in thought to another cathedral city, with a grander history by far than Ely : a city with just the same population : whose princely cathedral lies in desolate ruins by the shore of a lonely sea ; and whose historic days are done. And I wonder how things have gone to-day in the services of that city's church : in the conduct of whose services the writer has a grave responsibility.

Next morning at ten o'clock, service again. There was hardly any congregation : yet the service was most heartily and beautifully done. York, on a weekday, is as good as this : but no other church at this time visited. At 12.50 we bid Ely farewell, and speeding through a flat country, in half an hour are at Cambridge, never seen before. In the *Bull*, situated amid the most academic surroundings, we find our resting-place.

In the time between Monday afternoon and Thursday morning, it is possible for the diligent traveller, who can spend all day abroad, to make Cambridge a possession, and a clear remembrance. Let me not emulate the guide-books : but say that it does not take very long, under judicious direction, to walk through every corner of every college, and visit the chapel and hall of each : to inspect every church worthy of inspection ; and to pace every gravelled path on either side the Cam till the aspect of trees, grass, water, bridges, has grown familiar. Noble trees, verdant grass, glorious retreats of academic quiet and learning, with what feeling shall the homely Scot,

Glasgow-bred, regard you? Each day in Cambridge, let the visitor go at half-past four to service at King's College chapel. A college chapel indeed, but three hundred feet long : and divided by a great screen, supporting an organ, into chapel and ante-chapel. Doubtless it is the finest specimen of perpendicular Gothic ; and (specially the interior) grand beyond expression : but it cannot hinder one's feeling that the perpendicular style is Gothic in its decadence. The marvellous stone roof, with its fan tracery, is a miracle of mechanical skill, and the stained windows are never to be forgotten : but yet there is not the charm about that huge oblong room which is about Ely choir and octagon, with their lights and shades and recesses. It is remarkable, too, how devoid of pretension is the altar end : there has been no endeavour to make it the cynosure of all eyes. A plain little table, with a couple of candlesticks on it : no reredos : no blaze of glory : just a dull corner, which you do not care to look at twice. But the service is all you can desire. On three successive afternoons there was a congregation that made the place look clothed and hearty. At the appointed hour, sixteen little choristers, in blue gowns, tripped up along the marble floor ; and diving underneath their desk, gained their seats in unceremonious fashion. The grown-up men, eight, were in surplices. The music was hearty and beautiful ; the anthem each day was splendid. The lessons were read by students, two each day, in a very nice unaffected manner. The stalls are ugly : the shafts are like a series of whip-tops stuck together by the ends ;

and they are united by round arches. The organ is a grand one; and the voluntary after service was played plainly with the purpose of waking the grand echoes of that astounding roof whereof Wordsworth sung.

My space draws in: and it is not safe to begin any relation of the glories of the great University. Suffice it to say that a rapt attention and a tolerable memory may in a few days turn these into familiar things. Thursday morning comes: at eight o'clock the pilgrims depart, without a tear. Hitchin, Peterborough: thence the swift Scotch express. York, Newcastle, Berwick: and at half-past eight here is Edinburgh. Rest for the night: traverse the well-known scenes next day, till the afternoon is melting into evening. Then the tunnel again: the stormy Frith: the railway that traverses an ancient kingdom: till amid the gathering shadows we reach that sacred spot whence the pilgrimage began, and gratefully find the little faces all right.

Here, too, we have our cathedral: and on this sunshiny afternoon we may go and contrast it with those elsewhere seen. A noble church, four hundred feet in length: with nave of twelve bays, choir of five bays, transept a hundred and sixty feet long, having an eastern aisle; chapter-house and Galilee. No western towers: the nave ended in a gable, with turrets, each a hundred feet high. And over the intersection of the transept, there was doubtless something: but whether tower alone, or tower and spire, no one knows. Alas, alas! the noble

church is a desolate ruin. Only the eastern and western gables remain, with the south wall of the nave, the beautiful windows framing bits of sky. Almost everywhere, you can trace the foundations : and the bases of the shafts that bore up the central vault remain. In this carefully tended grave-yard, with innumerable daisies growing over them, Christian folk have been buried for twelve hundred years : through niches in the fortified wall, that looks north and east, you discern the ceaseless fluctuation of the wide sea. Doubtless the Reformation brought inestimable gains : yet in this country we had to take them accompanied by grievous æsthetic loss, which need not at all have been.

CONCLUSION.

LET a small essayist, departing from the field wheron he has had his day, say a word about his craft.

He has always tried to write fairly and kindly : to say what he thought true : and if possible to help his anxious fellow-pilgrims to bear the burden of the day. He has sought to set things in an encouraging and consolatory light. To this end he has turned away as far as might be from the great field of the tragical and distressing, of which we have all known only too much. I knew well that round my little precinct there howls a great stormy wicked world : I did not want to see or hear more of it than I could help. I have kept to a small region of unexciting topics, fit to be thought of quietly. We have quite enough of vexation and worry in our actual life : I wished that any one taking up such a volume should be sure that he would not find any additional vexation here. There are wild tracts in the world of thought : very sublime, very awful, very heart-breaking : sometimes no worse than stinging with a million little envenomed stings. Other feet walk these. Great geniuses, in fiction

and in tragedy, have led us through these realms, fascinated, shuddering, catching glimpses of awful black chasms, of irremediable wrong, of grinding misery, of inexpiable crime. Doubtless it is good for us sometimes to give ourselves up to that grand guidance: but it is not rest that we get under it. Many human beings find it hard wear of heart and head. "Of course, I read it," said Dr Parr of *Sardanapalus*; "and could not sleep a wink after it." Not such should be the result of reading an essay. Indeed, just the contrary. I wished that whoever came with me should (as it were) turn into a little green corner of a quiet garden, to rest a while. I was quite sure that we should not be suffered to rest too long. Something would soon come, and call us away from the peaceful place. But one would go back to the worry, the better for the quiet. And written in little intervals of rest, these pages were meant to be read in the little intervals of rest intercalated in the lives of busy people.

Not without awe does the humble essayist think of the feverish wear through which writers of great genius do their work. These distinguished men work at an immensely high pressure. Most human beings work at low pressure. They do not know what they are capable of doing, under some awful necessity. We are told that any one seeing the fearful effort with which the French galley-slaves bent to their oars, would have said that no human being could have kept it up for so much as half an hour: yet by the very extremity of savage cruelty these poor wretches were often forced to

row with that mortal exertion for fifteen hours at a stretch. Something analogous to that unutterable strain is in the case of writers who delineate the grander passions. Shakspeare, indeed, probably wrote with pulse unquickened the wildest bursts of Othello: not so with lesser men. Once upon a time, there sat a man at a London window, whence he looked across the narrow street into an opposite chamber. Therein he beheld another man, who appeared to him as one mad. For he wildly strode the floor: tore his hair: dashed his head against the wall: then with eldritch laughter flew towards a little table, and sitting down wrote a few words on an awfully blotted leaf. But it proved not to be a madman at all; but an eminent dramatic author composing a tragedy. And Mr Dickens has put on record that when he had written that beautiful and touching chapter which records little Paul Dombey's death, he restlessly walked the streets of Paris all night, with a heavy heart. Yes: he had himself experienced the emotion whose reflection was to draw tears from scores of thousands of women and men. Very differently is the essayist's work done. There is no tearing of the hair: no wearily pacing the midnight streets. When he intermits his toil for a few minutes, he rather sits down by the fire in an easy chair, and with a thoughtful face looks into the flame. And when his theme would lead to exciting and painful reflections, he has learned by much use to evade them. Doubtless the essay-writing I mean would be a school of unworthy self-indulgence, were

it not that it takes up so small a part of the writer's life.

It soothed and quieted one, amid much work and worry, to write all these pages : it was meant to do the like to read them. And the writer has reason to believe that in the case of many it has done so. Good people in his own country have shaken their heads at the notion of a clergyman giving his little leisure to the production of such essays ; and have said his small ability might be better employed, in a way reminding one of the words of the country magistrate : " Prisoner at the bar, Providence has blest you with health and strength, instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks." For the opinion of these good people the writer can say sincerely he never in any degree cared. But he is resolved not to go on with the old thing till it becomes a weariness. And so, thanking many unknown friends for their patience, I cease for the while : in all likelihood, for altogether.

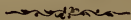
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